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HARRISON'S

British Classics

VOL. VIII.

Containing  
The Idler,

Fitz Osbornes Letters,  
Shenstones Essays,  
Launcelot Temple's Sketches,  
And the Lover.



W D P P P P

Printed for Harrison and C<sup>o</sup>, 178, Bartholomew Row.

1787.



HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE

I D L E R.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By *Samuel*

DUPLEX LIBELLI DORS EST, QUOD RISUM MOVET,  
ET QUOD PRUDENTI VITAM CONSILIO MONET.

PHAEDEUS.

*Σάμης μωροῦσι.*



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXXVII.

M 17.









THE  
I D L E R.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

N<sup>o</sup> I. SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1758.

VACUI SUB UMBRA  
LUSIMUS.

HOR.

**T**HOSE who attempt periodical Essays seem to be often stopped in the beginning, by the difficulty of finding a proper title. Two writers, since the time of the Spectator, have assumed his name, without any pretensions to lawful inheritance; an effort was once made to revive the Tatler; and the strange appellations, by which other papers have been called, show that the authors were distressed, like the natives of America, who come to the Europeans to beg a name.

It will be easily believed of the Idler, that if his title had required any search, he never would have found it. Every mode of life has it's conveniences. The Idler, who habituates himself to be satisfied with what he can most easily obtain, not only escapes labours which are often fruitless, but sometimes succeeds better than those who despise all that is within their reach, and think every thing more valuable as it is harder to be acquired.

If similitude of manners be a motive to kindness, the Idler may flatter himself with universal patronage. There is no single character under which such numbers are comprised. Every man is,

or hopes to be, an Idler. Even those who seem to differ most from us are hastening to increase our fraternity; as peace is the end of war, so to be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy.

There is perhaps no appellation by which a writer can better denote his kindred to the human species. It has been found hard to describe Man by an adequate definition. Some philosophers have called him a reasonable animal, but others have considered reason as a quality of which many creatures partake. He has been termed likewise a laughing animal; but it is said that some men have never laughed. Perhaps Man may be more properly distinguished as an Idle animal; for there is no man who is not sometimes idle. It is at least a definition from which none that shall find it in this paper can be excepted; for who can be more idle than the reader of the Idler?

That the definition may be complete, Idleness must be not only the general, but the peculiar characteristic of man; and perhaps man is the only being that can properly be called Idle, that does by others what he might do himself, or sacrifices duty or pleasure to the love of ease.

Scars

The 1<sup>st</sup> of the Idler appears in the 1<sup>st</sup> of the Spectator.



Scarcely any name can be imagined from which less envy or competition is to be dreaded. The Idler has no rivals or enemies. The man of business forgets him; the man of enterprise despises him; and though such as tread the same track of life, fall commonly into jealousy and discord, Idlers are always found to associate in peace; and he who is most famed for doing nothing, is glad to meet another as idle as himself.

What is to be expected from this Paper, whether it will be uniform or various, learned or familiar, serious or gay, political or moral, continued or interrupted, it is hoped that no reader will enquire. That the Idler has some scheme, cannot be doubted; for to form schemes is the Idler's privilege. But though he has many projects in his head, he is now grown sparing of communication, having observed, that his hearers are apt to remember what he forgets himself; that his tardiness of execution exposes him to the encroachments of those who catch a hint and fall to work; and that very specious plans, after long contrivance and pompous displays, have subsided in weariness without a trial, and without miscarriage have been blasted by derision.

Something the Idler's character may be supposed to promise. Those that are curious after diminutive history, who watch the revolutions of families, and the rise and fall of characters either male or female, will hope to be gratified by this Paper; for the Idler is always inquisitive, and seldom retentive. He

that delights in obloquy and satirises to see clouds gathering & reputation that dazzles him & brightness, will snatch up the Essays with a beating heart. It is naturally censorious; those tempt nothing themselves thin thing easily performed, and consequently unsuccessful always as criminal

I think it necessary to give not I make no contract, nor incur a gation. If those who depend Idler for intelligence and entertainment should suffer the disappointment commonly follows ill-placed notions, they are to lay the blame themselves.

Yet hope is not wholly to away. The Idler, though sluggish yet alive, and may sometimes be lated to vigour and activity. descend into profoundness, or to sublimity; for the diligence of is rapid and impetuous, as pe bodies forced into velocity the violence proportionate to their

But these vehement exertion tellect cannot be frequent, and therefore gladly receive help from correspondent, who shall enable please without his own labour. cludes no style, he prohibits no only let him that writes to the member, that his letters must long; no words are to be squandered declarations of esteem, or confession of inability; conscious dullness is right to be prolix, and praise welcome to the Idler as quiet.

## Nº II. SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

TOTO VIX QUATER ANNO  
MEMBRANAM

HOR.

**M**ANY positions are often on the tongue, and seldom in the mind; there are many truths which every man being acknowledges and forgets. It is generally known, that he who expects much will be often disappointed; yet disappointment seldom cures us of expectation, or has any other effect than that of producing a moral sentence, or peevish exclamation. He that embarks in the voyage of life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar; and

many founder in the passage, & lie waiting for the gale that is them to their wish.

It will naturally be suspected Idler has lately suffered some discoment, and that he does not sit gravely for nothing. No man quired to betray his own secrets however, confess, that I have not a Writer almost a week, and yet heard a single word of progress received one hint from any correspondent.

Whence this negligence proceeds I am not able to discover. Many of my predecessors have thought themselves obliged to return their acknowledgments in the second paper, for the kind reception of the first; and in a short time, apologies have become necessary to those ingenious gentlemen and ladies, whose performances, though in the highest degree elegant and learned, have been unavoidably delayed.

What, then, will be thought of me, who, having experienced no kindness, have no thanks to return; whom no gentleman or lady has yet enabled to give any cause of discontent, and who have therefore no opportunity of shewing how skilfully I can pacify resentment, extenuate negligence, or palliate rejection?

I have long known, that splendor of reputation is not to be counted among the necessities of life; and therefore shall not much repine if praise be withheld till it is better deserved. But surely I may be allowed to complain that, in a nation of Authors, not one has thought me worthy of notice, after so fair an invitation.

At the time when the rage of writing has seized the old and young, when the cook warbles her lyrics in the kitchen, and the tinker vociferates his heroics in the barn; when our traders deal out knowledge in bulky volumes, and our girls forsake their samplers to teach kingdoms wisdom; it may seem very unnecessary to draw any more from their proper occupations, by affording new opportunities of literary fame.

I should be indeed unwilling to find that, for the sake of corresponding with the Idler, the smith's iron had cooled on the anvil, or the spinner's distaff stood unemployed. I solicit only the contributions of those who have already devoted themselves to literature, or, without any determinate attention, wander at large through the expanse of life, and wear out the day in hearing at one place, what they utter at another.

Of these, a great part are already writers. One has a friend in the country upon whom he exercises his powers; whose passions he raises and depresses; whose understanding he perplexes with paradoxes, or strengthens by argument; whose admiration he courts, whose praises he enjoys; and who serves him abroad of a senate or a theatre; as the

young soldiers in the Roman camp learned the use of their weapons by fencing against a post in the place of an enemy.

Another has his pockets filled with essays and epigrams, which he reads, from house to house, to select parties; and which his acquaintances are daily entreating him to withhold no longer from the impatience of the public.

If, among these, any one is persuaded that, by such preludes of composition, he has qualified himself to appear in the open world, and is yet afraid of those censures which they who have already written, and they who cannot write, are equally ready to fulminate against public pretenders to fame, he may, by transmitting his performances to the Idler, make a cheap experiment of his abilities, and enjoy the pleasure of success, without the hazard of miscarriage.

Many advantages, not generally known, arise from this method of stealing on the public. The standing author of the paper is always the object of critical malignity. Whatever is mean will be imputed to him, and whatever is excellent be ascribed to his assistants. It does not much alter the event, that the author and his correspondents are equally unknown; for the author, whoever he be, is an individual, of whom every reader has some fixed idea, and whom he is therefore unwilling to gratify with applause; but the praises given to his correspondents are scattered in the air, none can tell on whom they will light, and therefore none are unwilling to bestow them.

He that is known to contribute to a periodical work, needs no other caution than not to tell what particular pieces are his own: such secrecy is indeed very difficult; but if it can be maintained, it is scarcely to be imagined at how small an expence he may grow considerable.

A person of quality, by a single paper, may engross the honour of a volume. Fame is indeed dealt with a hand less and less bounteous through the subordinate ranks, till it descends to the professed author, who will find it very difficult to get more than he deserves; but every man who does not want it, or who needs not value it, may have liberal allowances; and, for five letters

in the year sent to the Idler, of which perhaps only two are printed, will be promoted to the first rank of writers by those who are weary of the present race

of wits, and wish to sink them into obscurity before the lustre of a name not yet known enough to be detected.

### Nº III. SATURDAY, APRIL 29.

OTIA VITÆ  
SOLAMUR CANTU. STAT.

**I**T has long been the complaint of those who frequent the theatres, that all the dramatic art has been long exhausted, and that the vicissitudes of fortune, and accidents of life, have been shown in every possible combination, till the first scene informs us of the last, and the play no sooner opens, than every auditor knows how it will conclude. When a conspiracy is formed in a tragedy, we guess by whom it will be detected; when a letter is dropt in a comedy, we can tell by whom it will be found. Nothing is now left for the poet but character and sentiment, which are to make their way as they can, without the soft anxiety of suspense, or the enlivening agitation of surprize.

A new paper lies under the same disadvantages as a new play. There is danger lest it be new without novelty. My earlier predecessors had their choice of vices and follies, a d selected such as were most likely to raise merriment or attract attention; they had the whole field of life before them, untroubled and unsurveyed; characters of every kind set up in their way, and those of the most luxuriant growth, or most conspicuous colours, were naturally crept by the first scribe. They that follow are forced to peep into neglected corners, to note the casual varieties of the same species, and to recommend themselves by minute industry, and distinctions too subtle for common eyes.

Sometimes it may happen, that the haste or negligence of the first enquirers, has left enough behind to reward another search; sometimes new objects start up under the eye, and he that is looking for one kind of matter, is amply gratified by the discovery of another. But still it must be allowed, that, as more is taken, less can remain, and every truth brought newly to light, impoverishes the mine, from which succeeding intellects are to dig their treasures.

Many philosophers imagine that the elements themselves may be in time exhausted; that the sun, by shining long, will effuse all it's light; and that, by the continual waste of aqueous particles, the whole earth will at last become a sandy desert.

I would not advise my readers to disturb themselves by contriving how they shall live without light and water. For the days of universal thirst and perpetual darkness are at a great distance. The ocean and the sun will last our time, and we may leave posterity to shift for themselves.

But if the stores of Nature are limited, much more narrow bounds must be set to the modes of life; and mankind may want a moral or amusing paper, many years before they shall be deprived of drink or day-light. This want, which to the busy and the inventive may seem easily remediable by some substitute or other, the whole race of Idlers will feel with all the sensibility that such torpid animals can suffer.

When I consider the innumerable multitudes that, having no motive of desire, or determination of will, lie freezing in perpetual inactivity, till some external impulse puts them in motion; who awake in the morning, vacant of thought, with minds gaping for the intellectual food, which some kind essayist has been accustomed to supply; I am moved by the commiseration with which all human beings ought to behold the distresses of each other, to try some expedients for their relief, and to enquire by what methods the listless may be actuated, and the empty be replenished.

There are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the Idler only can conceive. These miseries I have often felt, and often bewailed. I know, by experience, how welcome is every avocation

## THE IDLER.

9

none the thoughts to a new  
d how much languor and lassitude  
relieved by that officiousness  
is a momentary amusement to  
is unable to find it for him-

turally indifferent to this race  
at entertainment they receive,  
but entertained. They catch,  
eagerness, at a moral lecture,  
moirs of a robber; a predic-  
e appearance of a comet, or  
tion of the chances of a lot-

ight therefore easily be pleased,  
sulted only their own minds;  
who will not take the trouble  
for themselves, have always  
that thinks for them; and the  
n writing is to please those  
n others learn to be pleased.  
 mischief is done in the world  
little interest or design. He  
s the character of a critic,  
s his claim by perpetual cen-  
sures that he is hurting none

but the author, and him he considers as  
a pestilent animal, whom every other  
being has a right to persecute; little does  
he think how many harme men he in-  
volves in his own guilt, by teaching  
them to be noxious without malignity,  
and to repeat objections which they do  
not understand; or how many honest  
minds he debars from pleasure, by ex-  
citing an artificial fastidiousness, and  
making them too wise to concur with  
their own sensations. He who is taught  
by a critic to dislike that which pleased  
him in his natural state, has the same  
reason to complain of his instructor, as  
the madman to rail at his doctor, who,  
when he thought himself master of Peru,  
phylicked him to poverty.

If men will struggle against their own  
advantage, they are not to expect that  
the Idler will take much pains upon  
them; he has himself to please as well  
as them, and has long learned, or en-  
deavoured to learn, not to make the  
pleasure of others too necessary to his  
own.

## Nº IV. SATURDAY, MAY 6.

πάντας γὰρ φιλοῦσιν.

Hom.

ITY, or tenderness for the  
which is now justly consider-  
reat part of mankind, as in-  
rom piety, and in which al-  
e goodness of the present age  
s, I think, known only to  
enjoy, either immediately or  
ission, the light of revelation.  
ncient nations who have given  
st models of government, and  
test examples of patriotism,  
stitutions have been transcribed  
ceding legislators, and whose  
studied by every candidate for  
r military reputation, have yet  
d them no mention of alms-  
hospitals, of places where age  
ose, or sickness be relieved.  
oman emperors, indeed, gave  
atives to the citizens and sol-  
these distributions were al-  
oned rather popular than vir-  
thing more was intended than  
ion of liberality, nor was any  
e expected, but suffrages and  
ns.

Their beneficence was merely occa-  
sional; he that ceased to need the favour  
of the people, ceased likewise to court  
it; and therefore, no man thought it ei-  
ther necessary or wise to make any stand-  
ing provision for the needy, to look for-  
wards to the wants of posterity, or to  
secure successions of charity, for succes-  
sions of distress.

Compassion is by some reasoners, on  
whom the name of philosophers has been  
too easily conferred, resolved into an af-  
fection merely selfish, an involuntary  
perception of pain at the involuntary  
sight of a being like ourselves languish-  
ing in misery. But this sensation, if  
ever it be felt at all from the brute in-  
stinct of unimpaired nature, will only  
produce effects desultory and transient;  
it will never settle into a principle of ac-  
tion, or extend relief to calamities un-  
seen, in generations not yet in being.

The devotion of life or fortune to the  
succour of the poor, is a height of virtue,  
to which humanity has never risen by  
it's own power. The charity of the

B 2 Mahometans

Mahometans is a precept which their teacher evidently transplanted from the doctrines of Christianity; and the care with which some of the Oriental sects attend, as is said, to the necessities of the diseased and indigent, may be added to the other arguments, which prove Zoroaster to have borrowed his institutions from the law of Moses.

The present age, though not likely to shine hereafter among the most splendid periods of history, has yet given examples of Charity, which may be very properly recommended to imitation. The equal distribution of wealth, which long commerce has produced, does not enable any single hand to raise edifices of piety like fortified cities, to appropriate manors to religious uses, or deal out such large and lasting beneficence as was scattered over the land in ancient times, by those who possessed counties or provinces. But no sooner is a new species of misery brought to view, and a design of relieving it professed, than every hand is open to contribute something, every tongue is busied in solicitation, and every art of pleasure is employed for a time in the interest of virtue.

The most apparent and pressing miseries incident to man, have now their peculiar houses of reception and relief; and there are few among us raised however little above the danger of poverty, who may not justly claim, what is implored by the Mahometans in their most ardent benedictions, the prayers of the poor.

Among those actions which the mind can most securely review with unabated pleasure, is that of having contributed to an hospital for the sick. Of some kinds of Charity the consequences are dubious; some evils which beneficence has been busy to remedy, are not certainly known to be very grievous to the sufferer, or detrimental to the community; but no man can question whether wounds and sickness are not really painful; whether it be not worthy of a good man's care to restore those to ease and usefulness, from whose labour infants

and women expect their bread, and who, by a casual hurt, or lingering disease, lie pining in want and anguish, burthen-some to others, and weary of themselves.

Yet as the hospitals of the present time subsist only by gifts bestowed at pleasure, without any solid fund of support, there is danger lest the blaze of Charity, which now burns with so much heat and splendour, should die away for want of lasting fuel; lest Fashion should suddenly withdraw her smile, and Inconstancy transfer the public attention to something which may appear more eligible, because it will be new.

Whatever is left in the hands of Chance must be subject to vicissitude; and when any establishment is found to be useful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.

But man is a transitory being, and his designs must partake of the imperfections of their author. To confer duration is not always in our power. We must snatch the present moment, and employ it well, without too much sollicitude for the future, and content ourselves with reflecting that our part is performed. He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions, and barren zeal.

The most active promoters of the present schemes of Charity cannot be cleared from some instances of misconduct, which may awaken contempt or censure, and hasten that neglect which is likely to come too soon of itself. The open competitions between different hospitals, and the animosity with which their patrons oppose one another, may prejudice weak minds against them all. For it will not be easily believed, that any man can, for good reasons, wish to exclude another from doing good. The spirit of Charity can only be continued by a reconciliation of these ridiculous feuds; and therefore, instead of contentions who shall be the only benefactors to the needy, let there be no other struggle than who shall be the first.

N<sup>o</sup> V. SATURDAY, MAY 13.

ΚΑΛΛΟΣ

Ἀνὶ ἰγνίαν ἀπώλειαν  
Ἀνὶ ἀσπίδων ἀπώλειαν.

ANAC.

OUR military operations are at last begun; our troops are marching in all the pomp of war, and a camp is marked out on the Isle of Wight; the heart of every Englishman now swells with confidence, though somewhat softened by generous compassion for the consternation and distresses of our enemies.

This formidable armament and splendid march produce different effects upon different minds, according to the boundless diversities of temper, occupation, and habits of thought.

Many a tender maiden considers her lover as already lost, because he cannot reach the camp but by crossing the sea; men, of a more political understanding, are persuaded that we shall now see, in a few days, the ambassadors of France supplicating for pity. Some are hoping for a bloody battle, because a bloody battle makes a vendible narrative; some are composing songs of victory; some planning arches of triumph; and some are mixing fire-works for the celebration of a peace.

Of all extensive and complicated objects different parts are selected by different eyes; and minds are variously affected, as they vary their attention. The care of the public is now fixed upon our soldiers, who are leaving their native country to wander, none can tell how long, in the pathless deserts of the Isle of Wight. The tender sigh for their sufferings, and the gay drink to their success. I, who look, or believe myself to look, with more philosophic eyes on human affairs, must confess, that I saw the troops march with little emotion; my thoughts were fixed upon other scenes, and the tear stole into my eyes, not for those who were going away, but for those who were left behind.

We have no reason to doubt but our troops will proceed with proper caution; there are men among them who can take care of themselves. But how shall the ladies endure without them? By what arts can they, who have long had no joy but from the civilities of a soldier, now

amuse their hours, and solace their separation?

Of fifty thousand men, now destined to different stations, if we allow each to have been occasionally necessary only to four women, a short computation will inform us, that two hundred thousand ladies are left to languish in distress; two hundred thousand ladies, who must run to sales and auctions without an attendant; sit at the play, without a critic to direct their opinion; buy their fans by their own judgment; dispose shells by their own invention; walk in the mall without a gallant; go to the gardens without a protector; and shuffle cards with vain impatience, for want of a fourth to complete the party.

Of these ladies, some, I hope, have lap-dogs, and some monkeys; but they are unsatisfactory companions. Many useful offices are performed by men of scarlet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot, indeed, is as fine as a colonel; and if he has been much used to good company, is not wholly without conversation; but a parrot, after all, is a poor little creature, and has neither sword nor shoulder-knot, can neither dance nor play at cards.

Since the soldiers must obey the call of their duty, and go to that file of the kingdom which faces France, I know not why the ladies, who cannot live without them, should not follow them. The prejudices and pride of man have long presumed the sword and spindle made for different hands, and denied the other sex to partake the grandeur of military glory. This notion may be confidently enough received in France, where the Salic Law excludes females from the throne; but we, who allow them to be sovereigns, may surely suppose them capable to be soldiers.

It were to be wished that some man, whose experience and authority might enforce regard, would propose that our encampments for the present year should comprise an equal number of men and women, who should march and fight in mingling

mingled bodies. If proper colonels were once appointed, and the drums ordered to beat for female volunteers, our regiments would soon be filled without the reproach or cruelty of an impress.

Of these heroines, some might serve on foot, under the denomination of the Female Buffs; and some on horseback, with the title of Lady Hussars.

What objections can be made to this scheme I have endeavoured maturely to consider, and cannot find that a modern soldier has any duties, except that of obedience, which a lady cannot perform. If the hair has lost its powder, a lady has a puff; if a coat be spotted, a lady has a brush. Strength is of less importance since fire-arms have been used; blows of the hand are now seldom

exchanged; and what is there in the charge or the retreat but powers of a sprightly maiden?

Our masculine squadrons would pose themselves disgraced by ladies, till they have done which women could not do. The troops of Braddock never vanquished enemies, and perhaps were defeated by women. If our American general headed an army of girls, he might have built a fort, and taken Minorca been defended by a fortress, it might have been taken as it was, without a breach; not but think, that seven thousand men might have ventured to take Rochfort, sack a village, rob a yard, and return in safety.

## Nº VI. SATURDAY, MAY 20.

Ταπεινὸν ἀγέλης γυναικῶν γυνή.

GR. PRO.

**T**HE lady who had undertaken to ride on one horse a thousand miles in a thousand hours, has completed her journey in little more than two-thirds of the time stipulated, and was conducted through the last mile with triumphal honours. Acclamation shouted before her, and all the flowers of the Spring were scattered in her way.

Every heart ought to rejoice when true merit is distinguished with public notice. I am far from wishing either to the Amazon or her horse any diminution of happiness, or fame, and cannot but lament that they were not more amply and suitably rewarded.

There was once a time when wreaths of bays or oak were considered as recompences equal to the most wearisome labours and terrific dangers, and when the miseries of long marches and stormy seas were at once driven from the remembrance by the fragrance of a garland.

If this heroine had been born in ancient time, she might perhaps have been delighted with the simplicity of ancient gratitude; or if any thing was wanting to full satisfaction, she might have supplied the deficiency with the hope of deification, and anticipated the altars that would be raised, and the vows that would be made, by future candidates

for equestrian glory, to the goddess of the race and the goddess of the chariot.

But Fate reserved her for a more enlightened age, which has exchanged leaves and flowers to be trifles, which considers profit as the end of the journey; and rates the event of undertaking only by the more or less gained or lost. In these days the road with daisies and flowers will mock merit and delude hope. A man will not give his jewel for a mercer measure out his silks for a table coin. A primrose, that grows up under the feet of the most powerful courser, will neither be reckoned as a stake at cards, nor procure a seat at an opera, nor buy candles for a coach-lace for a livery. And though many virtuosos, whose sole ambition is to possess something which is in no other hand, yet some are so accustomed to store their treasure by theft than purchase, and not by purchase, would either steal or buy one of the heroes of gratulation till he knows the rest are totally destroyed.

Little therefore did it avail a powerful lady to be received, handsomely, with such obsolete and monies of praise. Had she been covered with guineas, though the tenth part of the last mis-

have considered her skill and diligence as not wholly lost; and might have rejoiced in the speed and perseverance which had left her such superfluity of time, that she could at leisure gather her reward without the danger of Atalanta's miscarriage.

So much ground could not, indeed, have been paved with gold but at a large expence; and we are at present engaged in war, which demands and enforces frugality. But common rules are made only for common life, and some deviation from general policy may be allowed in favour of a lady, that rode a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

Since the spirit of antiquity so much prevails amongst us, that even on this great occasion we have given flowers instead of money, let us at least complete our imitation of the ancients, and endeavour to transmit to posterity the memory of that virtue, which we consider as superior to pecuniary recompence. Let an equestrian statue of this heroine be erected, near the starting-post on the heath of Newmarket, to fill kindred souls with emulation, and tell the grand-daughters of our grand-daughters what an English maiden has once performed.

As events, however illustrious, are soon obscured if they are intrusted to tradition, I think it necessary, that the pedestal should be inscribed with a concise account of this great performance. The composition of this narrative ought not to be committed rashly to improper hands. If the rhetoricians of Newmarket, who may be supposed likely to conceive in it's full strength the dignity of the subject, should undertake to express it, there is danger lest they admit some phrases which, though well understood

at present, may be ambiguous in another century. If posterity should read on a public monument, that *the lady carried her horse a thousand miles in a thousand hours*, they may think that the statue and inscription are at variance, because one will represent the horse as carrying his lady, and the other tell that the lady carried her horse.

Some doubts likewise may be raised by speculators, and some controversies be agitated among historians, concerning the motive as well as the manner of the action. As it will be known, that this wonder was performed in a time of war, some will suppose that the lady was frightened by invaders, and fled to preserve her life or her chastity: others will conjecture, that she was thus honoured for some intelligence carried of the enemy's designs: some will think that she brought news of a victory; others, that she was commissioned to tell of a conspiracy; and some will congratulate themselves on their acuter penetration, and find, that all these notions of patriotism and public spirit are improbable and chimerical; they will confidently tell, that she only ran away from her guardians, and that the true causes of her speed were fear and love.

Let it therefore be carefully mentioned, that by this performance, *she won her wager*; and, lest this should, by any change of manners, seem an inadequate or incredible incitement, let it be added, that at this time the original motives of human actions had lost their influence; that the love of praise was extinct; the fear of infamy was become ridiculous; and the only wish of an Englishman was, *to win his wager*.

## Nº VII. SATURDAY, MAY 27.

ONE of the principal amusements of the Idler is to read the works of those minute historians the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but to observe the lives and fortunes of the other.

To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are supplied from day to day with mate-

rials for conversation, it is difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a news-paper, or to what entertainment companies can assemble, in those wide regions of the earth that have neither Chronicles nor Magazines, neither Gazettes nor Advertisers, neither Journals nor Evening Posts.

There are never great numbers in any nation, whose reason or invention can find employment for their tongues, who can raise a pleasing discourse from the own stock of sentiments and imag-



and those few who have qualified themselves by speculation for general disquisitions, are soon left without an audience. The common talk of men must relate to facts in which the talkers have, or think they have, an interest; and where such facts cannot be known, the pleasures of society will be merely sensual. Thus the natives of the Mahometan empires, who approach most nearly to European civility, have no higher pleasure at their convivial assemblies than to hear a piper, or gaze upon a tumbler, and no company can keep together longer than they are diverted by sounds or shows.

All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence, which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.

This universal diffusion of instruction is, perhaps, not wholly without its inconveniences; it certainly fills the nation with superficial disputants; enables those to talk who were born to work; and affords information sufficient to elate vanity, and stiffen obstinacy, but too little to enlarge the mind into compleat skill for full comprehension.

Whatever is found to gratify the public, will be multiplied by the emulation of venders beyond necessity or use. This plenty indeed produces cheapness, but cheapness always ends in negligence and depravation.

The compilation of news-papers is often committed to narrow and mercenary minds, not qualified for the task of delighting or instructing; who are content to fill their paper, with whatever matter, without industry to gather, or discernment to select.

Thus journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told again in the evening, and the narratives of the evening are hought again in the morning. These repetitions, indeed, waste time, but they do not shorten it. The most eager peruser of news is tired before he has compleated his labour, and many a man who enters the coffee-house in his night-gown and slippers, is called away to his shop, or his dinner, before he has well considered the state of Europe.

It is discovered by Reaumur, that

spiders might make silk, if they could be persuaded to live in peace together. The writers of news, if they could be confederated, might give more pleasure to the public. The morning and evening authors might divide an event between them; a single action, and that not of much importance, might be gradually discovered, so as to vary a whole week with joy, anxiety, and conjecture.

We know that a French ship of war was lately taken by a ship of England; but this event was suffered to burit upon us all at once, and then what we knew already was echoed from day to day, and from week to week.

Let us suppose these spiders of literature to spin together, and enquire to what an extensive web such another event might be regularly drawn, and how six morning and six evening writers might agree to retail their articles.

On *Monday Morning* the captain of a ship might arrive, who left the Friseur of France, and the Bulldog, Captain Grim, in sight of one another, so that an engagement seemed unavoidable.

*Monday Evening.* A sound of cannon was heard off Cape Finisterre, supposed to be those of the Bulldog and Friseur.

*Tuesday Morning.* It was this morning reported, that the Bulldog engaged the Friseur, yard-arm and yard-arm, three glasses and a half, but was obliged to sheer off for want of powder. It is hoped that enquiry will be made into this affair in a proper place.

*Tuesday Evening.* The account of the engagement between the Bulldog and Friseur was premature.

*Wednesday Morning.* Another express is arrived, which brings news, that the Friseur had lost all her masts, and three hundred of her men, in the late engagement; and that Captain Grim is come into harbour much shattered.

*Wednesday Evening.* We hear that the brave Captain Grim, having expended his powder, proposed to enter the Friseur sword in hand; but that his lieutenant, the nephew of a certain nobleman, remonstrated against it.

*Thursday Morning.* We wait impatiently for a full account of the late engagement between the Bulldog and Friseur.

*Thursday Evening.* It is said that the Order of the Bath will be sent to Captain Grim.

*Friday Morning.* A certain lord of the



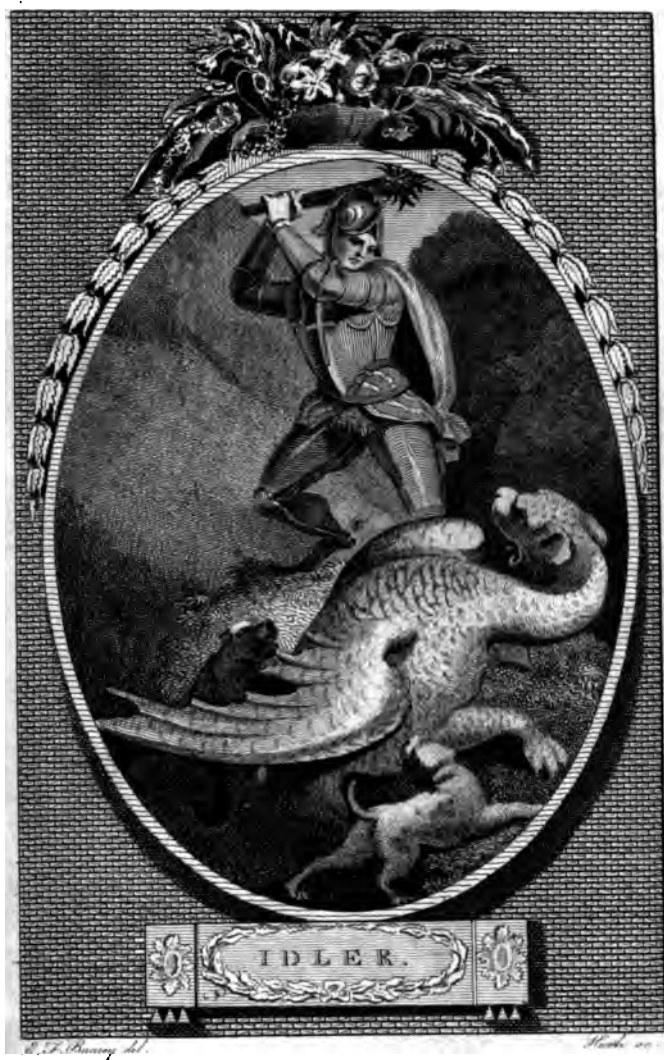


Plate IV.

Published at the Author's request by Mackenzie & Co. April 1837.

rality has been heard to say of a captain, that if he had done his certain French ship might have n. It was not thus that merit ended in the days of Cromwell.

*Evening.* There is certain in at the Admiralty, that the *Frisen*, after a resistance of about

*by Morning.* A letter from gunners of the *Bulldog* men- making of the *Frisen*, and at- cir success wholly to the bravery

and resolution of Captain Grim, who never owed any of his advancement to borough-jobbers, or any other corrupters of the people.

*Saturday Evening.* Captain Grim arrived at the Admiralty, with an account that he engaged the *Frisen*, a ship of equal force with his own, off Cape Finisterre, and took her after an obstinate resistance, having killed one hundred and fifty of the French, with the loss of ninety-five of his own men.

## Nº VIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

### TO THE IDLER.

e of publick danger, it is man's duty to withdraw his in some measure from his pri- rest, and employ part of his the general welfare. National ought to be the result of na- sdom, a plan formed by ma- ideration and diligent selection ll the schemes which may be and all the information which ocured.

battle, every man should fight was the single champion; in ons for war, every man should s if the last event depended on sel. None can tell what disco- re within his reach, or how may contribute to the public

of these considerations, I have reviewed the proceis of the I find, what every other man d, that we have hitherto added to our military reputation: that time we have been beaten by whom we did not see; and at have avoided the sight of ene- ft we should be beaten.

her our troops are defective in e or in courage, is not very use- inquire; they evidently want ng necessary to success; and he il supply that want will deserve his country.

rn of an enemy has always been ad politic and honourable, and : I hope it will raise no preju- ainst my project, to confess that ved it from a Frenchman.

When the Isle of Rhodes was, many centuries ago, in the hands of that mi- litary order now called the Knights of Malta, it was ravaged by a Dragon, who inhabited a den under a rock, from which he issued forth when he was hun- gry or wanton, and without fear or mercy devoured men and beasts as they came in his way. Many councils were held, and many devices offered, for his destruction; but as his back was armed with impenetrable scales, none would venture to attack him. At last Dudon, a French knight, undertook the deli- verance of the island. From some place of security he took a view of the dra- gon, or, as a modern soldier would say, reconnoitered him, and observed that his belly was naked and vulnerable. He then returned home to take his arrange- ments; and, by a very exact imitation of nature, made a dragon of pasteboard, in the belly of which he put beef and mutton, and accustomed two sturdy matiffs to feed themselves, by tearing their way to the concealed flesh. When his dogs were well practised in this me- thod of plunder, he marched out with them at his heels, and shewed them the dragon; they rushed upon him in quest of their dinner; Dudon battered his scull, while they lacerated his belly; and neither his sting nor claws were able to defend him.

Something like this might be practised in our present state. Let a fortification be raised on Salisbury Plain, resembling Brest, or Toulon, or Paris itself, with all the usual preparations for defence: let the inclosure be filled with beef and ale: let the soldiers, from some proper eminence, see shirts waving upon lines,

and here and there a plump landlady hurrying about with pots in her hands. When they are sufficiently animated to advance, lead them in exact order, with file and drum, to that side whence the wind blows, till they come within the scent of roast meat and tobacco. Con- trive that they may approach the place fasting about an hour after dinner-time, assure them that there is no danger, and command an attack.

If nobody within either moves or speaks, it is not unlikely that they may carry the place by storm; but if a panic should seize them, it will be proper to defer the enterprize to a more hungry hour. When they have entered, let them fill their bellies and return to the camp.

On the next day let the same place be shewn them again, but with some additions of strength or terror. I cannot pretend to inform our generals through what gradations of danger they shall train their men to fortitude. They best know what the soldiers and what themselves can bear. It will be proper that the war should every day vary it's appearance. Sometimes, as they mount the rampart, a cook may throw fat upon the fire, to accustom them to a sudden blaze; and sometimes, by the clatter of empty pots, they may be inured to formidable noises. But let it never be forgotten, that victory must repose with a full belly.

In time it will be proper to bring our French prisoners from the coast, and

place them upon the walls in order. At their first appearance hands must be tied, but they allowed to grin. In a month guard the place with their hands provided that on pain of death forbidden to strike.

By this method our army be brought to look an enemy. But it has been lately observed is received by the ear as well and the Indian war-cry is very too dreadful to be endured; that will force the bravest veteran to desert his weapon, and deafen his ear, and chill that will neither suffer him to shudder or to feel shame, or reticence but the dread of death.

That the savage clamour of barbarians should thus be disciplined to war, and range with arms in their hands, is strange. But this is no time for I am of opinion, that, by a mixture of asses, bulls, turkeys, tragedians, a noise might be equally horrid with the war-cry. Our men have been encouraged by frequent victories, nothing will so qualify them for extreme exertion as a sudden concert of terrific voices. When they have endured this, let them be led to action, and are no longer to be frightened by who can bear at once the Gauls, and the howl of the Americans.

## Nº IX. SATURDAY, JUNE 10.

### TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I have read you; that is a favour few authors can boast of having received from me besides yourself. My intention in telling you of it is to inform you, that you have both pleased and angered me. Never did writer appear so delightful to me as you did when you adopted the name of the Idler. But what a falling-off was there when your first production was brought to light! A natural irresistible attachment to that favourable *passion, idling*, had led me to hope for indulgence from the Idler, but I find him a stranger to the title,

What rules has he proposed to unbrace the slackened nerve, to steady the heavy eye of inattention, to smooth the feature and the un- muscled; or procure insensitiveness to whole animal composition.

These were some of the things I promised myself to do, when I committed myself, by mustering up all to set about reading you; but I am disappointed in them all; and at eleven in the morning is still to me as before, and I find my cloaths still as painful as ever. Oh that our climate would be more temperate, that original nakedness which

happy Indians to this day enjoy! How many unsolicited hours should I bask away, warmed in bed by the sun's glorious beams, could I, like them, tumble from thence in a moment, when necessity obliges me to endure the torment of getting upon my legs.

But wherefore do I talk to you upon subjects of this delicate nature; you who seem ignorant of the inexpressible charms of the elbow-chair, attended with a soft stool for the elevation of the feet! Thus, vacant of thought, do I indulge the live-long day.

You may define happiness as you please; I embrace that opinion which makes it consist in the absence of pain. To reflect is pain; to stir is pain; therefore I never reflect or stir but when I cannot help it. Perhaps you will call my scheme of life Indolence, and therefore think the Idler excused from taking any notice of me: but I have always looked upon Indolence and Idleness as the same; and so desire you will now and then, while you profess yourself of our fraternity, take some notice of me, and others in my situation, who think they have a right to your assistance; or relinquish the name.

You may publish, burn, or destroy this, just as you are in the humour; it is ten to one but I forget that I wrote it, before it reaches you. I believe you may find a motto for it in Horace, but I cannot reach him without getting out of my chair; that is a sufficient reason for my not affixing any. And being obliged to sit upright to ring the bell for my servant to convey this to the penny-post, if I slip the opportunity of his being now in the room, makes me break off abruptly.

This correspondent, whoever he be, is not to be dismissed without some tokens of regard. There is no mark more certain of a genuine Idler, than uneasiness without molestation, and complaint without a grievance.

Yet my gratitude to the contributor of half a paper shall not wholly overpower my sincerity. I must inform you, that, with all his pretensions, he that calls for directions to be idle, is yet but in the rudiments of Idleness, and has attained neither the practice nor theory of *walking life*. The true nature of Idleness he will know in time, by *con-  
sisting to be idle*. Virgil tells us of

an impetuous and rapid being, that acquires strength by motion. The Idler acquires weight by lying still.

The *vis inertiae*, the quality of resisting all external impulse, is hourly increasing; the reflex and troublesome faculties of attention and distinction, reflection on the past, and solicitude for the future, by a long indulgence of Idleness, will, like tapers in unelastic air, be gradually extinguished; and the officious lover, the vigilant soldier, the busy trader, may, by a judicious composure of his mind, sink into a state approaching to that of brute matter; in which he shall retain the consciousness of his own existence, only by an obtuse languor, and drowsy discontent.

This is the lowest stage to which the favourites of Idleness can descend; these regions of undelighted quiet can be entered by few. Of those that are preparing to sink down into their shade, some are roused into action by Avarice or Ambition, some are awakened by the voice of Fame, some allured by the smile of Beauty, and many withheld by the importunities of Want. Of all the enemies of Idleness, Want is the most formidable. Fame is soon found to be a sound, and Love a dream; Avarice and Ambition may be justly suspected of privy confederacies with Idleness; for when they have for a while protected their votaries, they often deliver them up to end their lives under her dominion. Want always struggles against Idleness, but Want herself is often overcome; and every hour shews the careful observer, those who had rather live in ease than in plenty.

So wide is the reign of Idleness, and so powerful her influence. But she does not immediately confer all her gifts. My correspondent, who seems, with all his errors, worthy of advice, must be told, that he is calling too hastily for the last effusion of total insensibility. Whatever he may have been taught by unskilful Idlers to believe, labour is necessary in his initiation to Idleness. He that never labours may know the pains of Idleness, but not the pleasure. The comfort is, that if he devotes himself to insensibility, he will daily lengthen the intervals of Idleness, and shorten those of labour, till at last he will be down to rest, and no longer disturb the world or himself by bustle or competition.

Thus I have endeavoured to give him that information which, perhaps, after all, he did not want; for a true Idler

often calls for that which he knows never to be had, and asks questions he does not desire ever to be answered.

## Nº X. SATURDAY, JUNE 17.

**C**REDULITY, or Confidence of opinion too great for the evidence from which opinion is derived, we find to be a general weakness imputed by every sect and party to all others, and indeed by every man to every other man.

Of all kinds of Credulity, the most obstinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men, who, being numbered, they know not how or why, in any of the parties that divide a state, resign the use of their own eyes and ears, and resolve to believe nothing that does not favour those whom they profess to follow.

The bigot of philosophy is seduced by authorities which he has not always opportunities to examine, is entangled in systems by which truth and falsehood are inextricably complicated, or undertakes to talk on subjects which nature did not form him able to comprehend.

The Cartesian, who denies that his horse feels the spur, or that the hare is afraid when the hounds approach her; the disciple of Malbranche, who maintains that the man was not hurt by the bullet, which, according to vulgar apprehension, swept away his legs; the follower of Berkeley, who, while he sits writing at his table, declares that he has neither table, paper, nor fingers; have all the honour at least of being deceived by fallacies not easily detected, and may plead that they did not forsake truth, but for appearances which they were not able to distinguish from it.

But the man who engages in a party has seldom to do with any thing remote or abstruse. The present state of things is before his eyes; and, if he cannot be satisfied without retrospection, yet he seldom extends his views beyond the historical events of the last century. All the knowledge that he can want is within his attainment, and most of the arguments which he can hear are within his capacity.

Yet so it is that an Idler meets every hour of his life with men who have different opinions upon every thing past, present, and future; who deny the most

notorious facts, contradict the most evident truths, and persist in asserting day what they asserted yesterday, defiance of evidence, and contempt of refutation.

Two of my companions, who are grown old in idleness, are Tompeff and Jack Sneaker. Both consider themselves as neglected by parties, and therefore intitled to for why should they favour ingrates. They are both men of integrity, no factious interest is to be pro and both lovers of truth, when they are not heated with political debate.

Tompeff is a steady friend of the house of Stuart. He can recollect prodigies that have appeared in England and the calamities that have afflicted the nation every year from the Revolution and is of opinion, that if the exiled family had continued to reign, there would have neither been worms in our nor caterpillars on our trees. He declares that the nation was not awed by the hard frost to a revocation of the true king, and is hourly afraid that the whole island will be lost in the sea. He believes that King William at Whitehall, that he might steal the picture, and that Tillotson died a martyr. Of Queen Anne he speaks with more tenderness, owns that she was well, and can tell by whom she was poisoned. In the succeeding reigns all has been corruption, and design. He believes that the Revolution will never happen for the next years by chance or error; he holds the battle of Dettingen was won by the Duke of Marlborough, and that of Fontenoy lost by the Duke of Newcastle; that the Victory was taken by private order; that Cornhill was built by emissaries from the council; that the arch of Westminster Bridge was erected as to sink, on purpose that the nation might be put to charge in considering the new road to India as an encroachment on liberty, and asserts that broad wheels will be the ruin of England.

Tom is generally vehement and

but nevertheless has some secrets, which he always communicates in a whisper. Many and many a time has Tom told me, in a corner, that our miseries were almost at an end, and that we should see, in a month, another monarch on the throne; the time elapses without a revolution; Tom meets me again with new intelligence; the whole scheme is now settled, and we shall see great events in another month.

Jack Sneaker is a hearty adherent to the present establishment; he has known those who saw the hed into which the Pretender was conveyed in a warming-pan. He often rejoices that the nation was not enslaved by the Irish. He believes that King William never lost a battle, and that if he had lived one year longer, he would have conquered France. He holds that Charles the First was a Papist. He allows there were some good men in the reign of Queen Anne; but the peace of Utrecht brought a blast upon the nation, and has been the cause of all the evil that we have suffered to the present hour. He believes that the scheme of the South Sea was well in-

tended, but that it miscarried by the influence of France. He considers a standing army as the bulwark of liberty, thinks us secured from corruption by septennial parliaments, relates how we are enriched and strengthened by the Electoral dominions, and declares that the public debt is a blessing to the nation.

Yet, amidst all this prosperity, poor Jack is hourly disturbed by the dread of Popery. He wonders that some stricter laws are not made against Papists, and is sometimes afraid that they are busy with French gold among the bishops and judges.

He cannot believe that the Non-jurors are so quiet for nothing, they must certainly be forming some plot for the establishment of Popery; he does not think the present oaths sufficiently binding, and wishes that some better security could be found for the succession of Hanover. He is zealous for the naturalization of foreign Protestants, and rejoiced at the admission of the Jews to the English privileges, because he thought a Jew would never be a Papist.

## Nº XI. SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

IT is commonly observed, that when two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather; they are in haste to tell each other, what each must already know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm.

There are, among the numerous lovers of subtilties and paradoxes, some who derive the civil institutions of every country from its climate, who impute freedom and slavery to the temperature of the air, can fix the meridian of vice and virtue, and tell at what degree of latitude we are to expect courage or timidity, knowledge or ignorance.

From these dreams of idle speculation, a slight survey of life, and a little knowledge of history, is sufficient to awaken any enquirer, whose ambition of distinction has not overpowered his love of truth. Forms of government are seldom the result of much deliberation; they are framed by chance in popular assemblies, or in conquered countries by despotic authority. Laws are often occasional, often capricious, made always by a few, and sometimes by a

single voice. Nations have changed their characters; slavery is now no where more patiently endured, than in countries once inhabited by the zealots of liberty.

But national customs can arise only from general agreement; they are not imposed, but chosen, and are continued only by the continuance of their cause. An Englishman's notice of the weather is the natural consequence of changeable skies and uncertain seasons. In many parts of the world, wet weather and dry are regularly expected at certain periods; but in our island every man goes to sleep, unable to guess whether he shall behold in the morning a bright or cloudy atmosphere, whether his rest shall be lulled by a shower, or broken by a tempest. We therefore rejoice mutually at good weather, as at an escape from something that we feared, and mutually complain of bad, as of the loss of something that we hoped.

Such is the reason of our practice; and who shall treat it with contempt? Surely not the attendant on a court, whose bu-

business



finest is to watch the looks of a being weak and foolish as himself, and whose vanity is to recount the names of men, who might drop into nothing, and leave no vacancy; not the proprietor of funds, who stops his acquaintance in the street to tell him of the loss of half-a-crown; not the enquirer after news, who fills his head with foreign events, and talks of skirmishes and sieges, of which no consequence will ever reach his hearers or himself. The weather is a nobler and more interesting subject; it is the present state of the skies and of the earth, on which plenty and famine are suspended, on which millions depend for the necessities of life.

The weather is frequently mentioned for another reason, less honourable to my dear countrymen. Our dispositions too frequently change with the colour of the sky; and when we find ourselves cheerful and good-natured, we naturally pay our acknowledgments to the powers of sun-shine; or if we sink into dullness and peevishness, look round the horizon for an excuse, and charge our discontent upon an easterly wind or a cloudy day.

Surely nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reason, than to resign its powers to the influence of the air, and live in dependance on the weather and the wind, for the only blessings which Nature has put into our power, tranquillity and benevolence. To look up to the sky for the nutriment of our bodies, is the condition of nature; to call upon the sun for peace and gaiety, or deprecate the clouds lest sorrow should overwhelm us, is the cowardice of Idleness, and the idolatry of Folly.

Yet, even in this age of enquiry and knowledge, when superstition is driven away, and omens and prodigies have lost their terrors, we find this folly countenanced by frequent examples. Those that laugh at the portentous glare of a

comet, and hear a crow with equanimity from the right or left, who talk of times and situations pro intellectual performances, will in the fancy exalted by vernal breezes the reason invigorated by a bright

If men who have given up their to fanciful credulity would confine conceits in their own minds, they regulate their lives by the bare with inconvenience only to their but to fill the world with accords intellects subject to ebb and flow, genius that awakened in the East and another that ripened in the West of one mind expanded in the Sun and of another concentrated in the North, is no less dangerous than children of bugbears and goblins: will find every house haunted, and a necessity will wait for ever for the rays of illumination.

This distinction of seasons is produced only by imagination opera luxury. To temperance every bright, and every hour is propit diligence. He that shall resolutely cite his faculties, or exert his powers will soon make himself superior seasons, and may set at defiance morning mist, and the evening the blasts of the east, and the calm the south.

It was the boast of the Stoic philosophy, to make man unshaken by misfortune, and unelated by success, ruptible by pleasure, and invulnerable by pain; these are heights of which none ever attained, and to which few can aspire; but there are low degrees of constancy necessary to a virtuous man; and every man, however distrust himself in the extremes of good or evil, might at least struggle against the tyranny of the climate, and not enslave his virtue or his reason most variable of all variations changes of the weather.

## Nº XII. SATURDAY, JULY 1.

**T**HAT every man is important in his own eyes, is a position of which we all either voluntarily or unwarily at least once an hour confess the truth; and it will unavoidably follow, that every man believes himself important to the public.

The right which this importance gives us to general notice and distinction, is one of those distinguished privileges which we have not courage to assert; and which we fore suffer to lie dormant till for a moment of mind, or vicissitude of

to declare our pretensions and demands. And hopeless as vulgar characters may seem, scilicet and severe, there are not at one time or other engaged to step forward beyond their do not make some struggles and shew that they think all eniences and delights imper-  
 yed without a name.

a name, can happen but to name, even in the most com-  
 mon, is one of the few things not be bought. It is the free-  
 ankind, which must be de-  
 ore it will be granted, and is  
 illingly bestowed. But this  
 uest only encreases desire in  
 believes his merit sufficient to  
 it.

is a particular period of life, in  
 fondness for a name seems  
 to predominate in both sexes.  
 couple comes together, but  
 ists are declared in the news-  
 encomiums on each party.

eye, ranging over the page  
 r curiosity in quest of states-  
 heroes, is stopped by a mar-  
 raged between Mr. Buckram,  
 nt salesman in Threadneedle  
 d Mrs Dolly Juniper, the only  
 of an eminent distiller, of the  
 St. Giles's in the Fields, a  
 ly adorned with every accom-  
 that can give happiness to the  
 ate. Or we are told, amidst  
 ience for the event of a battle,  
 certain day Mr. Winker, a  
 r at Yarmouth, was married  
 Cackle, a widow lady of great  
 hments, and that as soon as  
 iony was performed they set  
 off-chaise for Yarmouth.  
 are the enquiries which such  
 e must undoubtedly raise, but  
 this world is lasting. When  
 has contemplated with envy,  
 gladness, the felicity of Mr.  
 and Mr. Winker, and ran-  
 memory for the names of Ju-  
 Cackle, his attention is di-  
 other thoughts, by finding that  
 ll not cover this season; or that  
 as been lost or stolen, that an-  
 be name of Ranger.

as it arises that on the day of  
 all agree to call thus openly  
 re, I am not able to discover,

Some, perhaps, think it kind, by a pub-  
 lic declaration, to put an end to the  
 hopes of rivalry and the fears of jea-  
 lousy; to let parents know that they may  
 set their daughters at liberty whom they  
 have locked up for fear of the bride-  
 groom; or to dismiss to their counters  
 and their offices the amorous youths  
 that had been used to hover round the  
 dwelling of the bride.

These connubial praises may have  
 another cause. It may be the intention  
 of the husband and wife to dignify  
 themselves in the eyes of each other;  
 and, according to their different tempers  
 or expectations, to win affection, or en-  
 force respect.

It was said of the family of Lucas,  
 that it was *noble*, for *all the brothers*  
*were valiant, and all the sisters were*  
*virtuous*. What would a stranger say of  
 the English nation, in which on the day  
 of marriage all the men are *eminent*, and  
 all the women *beautiful, accomplished,*  
 and *rich*?

How long the wife will be persuaded  
 of the eminence of her husband, or the  
 husband continue to believe that his wife  
 has the qualities required to make mar-  
 riage happy, may reasonably be ques-  
 tioned. I am afraid that much time  
 seldom passes before each is convinced  
 that praises are fallacious, and particu-  
 larly those praises which we confer upon  
 ourselves.

I should therefore think, that this  
 custom might be omitted without any  
 loss to the community, and that the sons  
 and daughters of lanes and alleys might  
 go hereafter to the next church, with no  
 witnesses of their worth or happiness  
 but their parents and their friends; but  
 if they cannot be happy on the bridal  
 day without some gratification of their  
 vanity, I hope they will be willing to  
 encourage a friend of mine who proposes  
 to devote his powers to their service.

Mr. Settle, a man whose *eminence*  
 was once allowed by the *eminent*, and  
 whose *accomplishments* were confessed by  
 the *accomplished*, in the latter part of a  
 long life supported himself by an un-  
 common expedient. He had a standing  
 Elegy and Epithalamium, of which  
 only the first and last were leaves varied  
 occasionally, and the intermediate pages  
 were, by general terms, left applicable  
 alike to every character. When any  
 marriage became known, Settle ran to  
 the

the bridegroom with his Epithalamium; and when he heard of any death, ran to the heir with his Elegy.

Who can think himself disgraced by a trade that was practised so long by the rival of Dryden, by the poet whose Empress of Morocco was played before princes by ladies of the court?

My friend purposes to open an office in the Fleet for matrimonial panegy-

rics, and will accommodate praise who think their own expression inadequate to their will sell any man or woman the qualification which is most for or most desired; but desires hers to remember, that he sets the highest price, and Riches and, if he be well paid, throw due for nothing.

## Nº XIII. SATURDAY, JULY 8.

TO THE IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

**T**HOUGH few men of prudence are much inclined to interpose in disputes between man and wife, who commonly make peace at the expence of the arbitrator; yet I will venture to lay before you a controversy, by which the quiet of my house has been long disturbed, and which, unless you can decide it, is likely to produce lasting evils, and embitter those hours which Nature seems to have appropriated to tenderness and repose.

I married a wife with no great fortune, but of a family remarkable for domestic prudence, and elegant frugality. I lived with her at ease, if not with happiness, and seldom had any reason of complaint. The house was always clean, the servants were active and regular, dinner was on the table every day at the same minute, and the ladies of the neighbourhood were frightened when I invited their husbands, lest their own economy should be less esteemed.

During this gentle lapse of life, my dear brought me three daughters. I wished for a son to continue the family; but my wife often tells me, the boys are dirty things, and are always troublesome in a house, and declares that she has hated the sight of them ever since she saw Lady Fondle's eldest son ride over a carpet with his hobby-horse all mire.

I did not much attend to her opinion, but knew that girls could not be made boys; and therefore composed myself to hear what I could not remedy, and resolved to bestow that care on my daughters, to which only the sons are commonly thought entitled.

*But my wife's notions of education*

differ widely from mine. She reconcilable enemy to Idleness considers every state of life as in which the hands are not employed some art acquired, by which money may be got or saved.

In pursuance of this principle calls up her daughters at a ce and appoints them a task of not to be performed before break are confined in a garret, where window in the roof, both because is best done at a sky-light, a children are apt to lose time about them.

They bring down their work fast, and as they deserve are corrected or reprov'd; they are then set a new task till dinner; if not expected, their mother sits with whole afternoon, to direct them, and to draw patterns, at times denied to her nearest when she is engaged in teaching new stitch.

By this continual exercise of diligence, she has obtained a considerable number of laborious ances. We have twice as many screens as chimneys, and three quilts for every bed. Half are adorned with a kind of *tapes*, which imitate tapestry their work is not set out to has boxes filled with knitted braided shoes. She has two for side-saddles embroidered flowers, and has curtains wrought in various figures, which solves some time or other to All these she displays to her whenever she is elated with eager for praise; and amidst which her friends and herself

on her merit, she never fails to turn to me, and ask what all these would cost, if I had been to buy them.

I sometimes venture to tell her, that many of the ornaments are superfluous; that what is done with so much labour might have been supplied by a very easy purchase; that the work is not always worth the materials; and that I know not why the children should be persecuted with useless tasks, or obliged to make shoes that are never worn. She answers, with a look of contempt, that men never care how money goes, and proceeds to tell of a dozen new chairs for which she is contriving covers, and of a couch which she intends to stand as a monument of needle-work.

In the mean time the girls grow up in total ignorance of every thing past, present, and future. Molly asked me the other day, whether Ireland was in France, and was ordered by her mother to mend her hem. Kitty knows not, at sixteen, the difference between a Protestant and a Papist, because she has been employed three years in filling the side of a closet with a hanging that is to represent Cranmer in the flames. And Dolly, my eldest girl, is now unable to

read a chapter in the Bible, having spent all the time, which other children pass at school, in working the Interview between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

About a month ago, Tent and Turkey-kitch seemed at a stand; my wife knew not what new work to introduce: I ventured to propose that the girls should now learn to read and write, and mentioned the necessity of a little arithmetic; but, unhappily, my wife has discovered that linen wears out, and has bought the girls three little wheels, that they may spin hukkaback for the servants table. I remonstrated, that with larger wheels they might dispatch in an hour what must now cost them a day; but she told me, with irresistible authority, that any business is better than idleness; that when these wheels are set upon a table, with mats under them, they will turn without noise, and keep the girls upright; that great wheels are not fit for gentlewomen; and that with these, small as they are, she does not doubt but that the three girls, if they are kept close, will spin every year as much cloth as would cost five pounds if one was to buy it.

#### Nº XIV. SATURDAY, JULY 15.

**W**HEN Diogenes received a visit in his tub from Alexander the Great, and was asked, according to the ancient forms of royal courtesy, what petition he had to offer—‘I have nothing,’ said he, ‘to ask, but that you would remove to the other side, that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine, take from me what you cannot give me.’

Such was the demand of Diogenes from the greatest monarch of the earth; which those, who have less power than Alexander, may, with yet more propriety, apply to themselves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do sometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence should at least be vigilantly preserved.

It is well known, that time once past never returns; and that the moment which is lost, is lost for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invasion; and

yet there is no man who does not claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement; the predation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy, will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather them-

selves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame.

The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward. To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured, need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible encroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself, in a great measure, to the convenience or humour of those who surround him. Every man, who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the even-

ing to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He, who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances; to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this succession of usurpers, is beyond my power and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, some stop might be put to this unmerciful periecutation, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

## Nº XV. SATURDAY, JULY 22.

### TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Have the misfortune to be a man of business; that, you will say, is a most grievous one: but what makes it the more so to me, is, that my wife has nothing to do; at least she had too good an education, and the prospect of too good a fortune in reversion when I married her, to think of employing herself either in my shop affairs, or the management of my family.

Her time, you know, as well as my own, must be filled up some way or other. For my part, I have enough to mind, in weighing my goods out,

and waiting on my customers: but my wife, though she could be of as much use as a shopman to me, if she would put her hand to it, is now only in my way. She walks all the morning sauntering about the shop with her arms through her pocket-holes, or stands gaping at the door-sill, and looking at every person that passes by. She is continually asking me a thousand frivolous questions about every customer that comes in and goes out; and all the while that I am entering any thing in my day-book, she is lolling over the counter, and staring at it, as if I was only scribbling or drawing figures for her amusement. Sometimes,

times, indeed, she will take a needle: but as she always works at the door, or in the middle of the shop, she has so many interruptions, that she is longer hemming a towel, or darning a stocking, than I am in breaking forty loaves of sugar, and making it up into pounds.

In the afternoon I am sure likewise to have her company, except she is called upon by some of her acquaintance: and then, as we let out all the upper part of our house, and have only a little room backwards for ourselves, they either keep such a chattering, or else are calling out every moment to me, that I cannot mind my business for them.

My wife, I am sure, might do all the little matters our family requires; and I could wish that she would employ herself in them; but, instead of that, we have a girl to do the work, and look after a little boy about two years old, which I may fairly say is the mother's own child. The brat must be humoured in every thing: he is therefore suffered constantly to play in the shop, pull all the goods about, and clamber up the shelves to get at the plumbs and sugar. I dare not correct him; because, if I did, I should have wife and maid both upon me at once: As to the latter, she is as lazy and sluttish as her mistress; and because she complains she has too much work, we can scarce get her to do any thing at all: nay, what is worse than that, I am afraid she is hardly honest; and as she is entrusted to buy in all our provisions, the jade, I am sure, makes a market-penny out of every article.

But to return to my deary.—The evenings are the only time, when it is fine weather, that I am left to myself; for then she generally takes the child out to give it milk in the Park. When she

comes home again, she is so fatigued with walking, that she cannot stir from her chair: and it is an hour, after shop is shut, before I can get a bit of supper, while the maid is taken up in undressing and putting the child to bed.

But you will pity me much more, when I tell you the manner in which we generally pass our Sundays. In the morning she is commonly too ill to dress herself to go to church, she therefore never gets up till noon; and, what is still more vexatious, keeps *me* in bed with her, when I ought to be busily engaged in better employment. It is well if she can get her things on by dinner-time; and when that is over, I am sure to be dragged out by her either to Georgia, or Hornsey Wood, or the White Conduit House. Yet even these near excursions are so very fatiguing to her, that, besides what it costs me in tea and hot rolls, and syllabubs, and cakes for the boy, I am frequently forced to take a hackney-coach, or drive them out in a one-horse chair. At other times, as my wife is rather of the fattest, and a very poor walker, besides bearing her whole weight upon my arm, I am obliged to carry the child myself.

Thus, Sir, does she constantly drawl out her time, without either profit or satisfaction; and, while I see my neighbours wives helping in the shop, and almost earning as much as their husbands, I have the mortification to find, that mine is nothing but a dead weight upon me. In short, I do not know any greater misfortune can happen to a plain hard-working tradesman, as I am, than to be joined to such a woman, who is rather a clog than an helpmate to him. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ZACHARY TREACLE.

## Nº XVI. SATURDAY, JULY 29.

**I** Paid a visit yesterday to my old friend Ned Drugget, at his country lodgings. Ned began trade with a very small fortune; he took a small house in an obscure street, and for some years dealt only in remnants. Knowing that *light gains make a heavy purse*, he was content with moderate profit; having observed or heard the effects of civility, he bowed down to the counter edge at the entrance and departure of every cus-

tomers, listened without impatience to the objections of the ignorant, and refused without resentment the offers of the penurious. His only recreation was to stand at his own door and look into the street. His dinner was sent him from a neighbouring alehouse, and he opened and shut the shop at a certain hour with his own hands.

His reputation soon extended from one end of the street to the other; and

Mr. Drugget's exemplary conduct was recommended by every master to his apprentice, and by every father to his son. Ned was not only considered as a thriving trader, but as a man of elegance and politeness, for he was remarkably neat in his dress, and would wear his coat thread-bare without spotting it; his hat was always brushed, his shoes glossy, his wig nicely curled, and his stockings without a wrinkle. With such qualifications it was not very difficult for him to gain the heart of Miss Comfit, the only daughter of Mr. Comfit the confectioner.

Ned is one of those whose happiness marriage has increased. His wife had the same disposition with himself, and his method of life was very little changed, except that he dismissed the lodgers from the first floor, and took the whole house into his own hands.

He had already, by his parsimony, accumulated a considerable sum, to which the fortune of his wife was now added. From this time he began to grasp at greater acquisitions; and was always ready, with money in his hand, to pick up the refuse of a sale, or to buy the stock of a trader who retired from business. He soon added his parlour to his shop, and was obliged, a few months afterwards, to hire a warehouse.

He had now a shop splendidly and copiously furnished with every thing that time had injured, or fashion had degraded, with fragments of tiffues, odd yards of brocade, vast bales of faded silk, and innumerable boxes of antiquated ribbands. His shop was soon celebrated through all quarters of the town, and frequented by every form of ostentatious poverty. Every maid, whose misfortune it was to be taller than her lady, matched her gown at Mr. Drugget's; and many a maiden who had passed a winter with her aunt in London, dazzled the rustics at her return, with cheap finery which Drugget had supplied. His shop was often visited in a morning by ladies who left their coaches in the next street, and crept through the alley in linen gowns. Drugget knows the rank of his customers by their bashfulness; and when he finds them unwilling to be seen, invites them up stairs, or retires with them to the back window.

I rejoiced at the increasing prosperity of my friend, and imagined that as he

grew rich, he was growing happy. His mind has partaken the enlargement of his fortune. When I stepped in for the first five years, I was welcomed only with a shake of the hand; in the next period of his life, he beckoned across the way for a pot of beer; but, for six years past, he invites me to dinner; and, if he bespeaks me the day before, never fails to regale me with a fillet of veal.

His riches neither made him uncivil nor negligent: he rose at the same hour, attended with the same assiduity, and bowed with the same gentleness. But for some years he has been much inclined to talk of the fatigues of business, and the confinement of a shop, and to wish that he had been so happy as to have renewed his uncle's lease of a farm, that he might have lived without noise and hurry, in a pure air, in the artless society of honest villagers, and the contemplation of the works of nature.

I soon discovered the cause of my friend's philosophy. He thought himself grown rich enough to have a lodging in the country, like the mercers on Ludgate Hill, and was resolved to enjoy himself in the decline of life. This was a revolution not to be made suddenly. He talked three years of the pleasures of the country, but passed every night over his own shop. But at last he resolved to be happy, and hired a lodging in the country, that he may steal some hours in the week from business; 'For,' says he, '*when a man advances in life, he loves to entertain himself sometimes with his own thoughts.*'

I was invited to this seat of quiet and contemplation among those whom Mr. Drugget considers as his most reputable friends, and desires to make the first witnesses of his elevation to the highest dignities of a shopkeeper. I found him at Islington, in a room which overlooked the high road, amusing himself with looking through the window, which the clouds of dust would not suffer him to open. He embraced me, told me I was welcome into the country, and asked me, if I did not feel myself refreshed. He then desired that dinner might be hastened, for fresh air always sharpened his appetite, and ordered me a toast and a glass of wine after my walk. He told me much of the pleasure he found in retirement, and wondered what had kept him so long out of the country. After dinner, company came in, and Mr. Drugget

Drugget again repeated the praises of the country, recommended the pleasures of meditation, and told them, that he had

been all the morning at the window, counting the carriages as they passed before him.

## Nº XVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 5.

**T**HE rainy weather, which has continued the last month, is said to have given great disturbance to the inspectors of barometers. The oraculous gists have deceived their votaries; shower has succeeded shower, though they predicted sunshine and dry skies; and by fatal confidence in these fallacious promises, many coats have lost their gloss, and many curls been moistened to flaccidity.

This is one of the distresses to which mortals subject themselves by the pride of speculation. I had no part in this learned disappointment, who am content to credit my senses, and to believe that rain will fall when the air blackens, and that the weather will be dry when the sun is bright. My caution indeed does not always preserve me from a shower. To be wet, may happen to the genuine Idler; but to be wet in opposition to theory, can befall only the Idler that pretends to be busy. Of those that spin out life in trifles, and die without a memorial, many flatter themselves with high opinions of their own importance, and imagine that they are every day adding some improvement to human life. To be idle and to be poor, have always been reproaches; and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmost care, to hide his poverty from others, and his *idleness* from himself.

Among those whom I never could persuade to rank themselves with Idlers, and who speak with indignation of my morning sleeps and nocturnal rambles; one passes the day in catching spiders, that he may count their eyes with a microscope; another erects his head, and exhibits the dust of a marigold separated from the flower with a dexterity worthy of Leeuwenhoeck himself. Some turn the wheel of electricity, some suspend rings to a loadstone, and find that what they did yesterday they can do again to-day. Some register the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable.

There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colourless liquids may produce a colour by union,

and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled: they mingle them, and produce the effect expected, say it is strange, and mingle them again.

The Idlers that sport only with inanimate nature may claim some indulgence; if they are useless, they are still innocent: but there are others, whom I know not how to mention without more emotion than my love of quiet willingly admits. Among the inferior professors of medical knowledge, is a race of wretches, whose lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty; whose favourite amusement is to nail dogs to tables, and open them alive; to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the excision or laceration of the vital parts; to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon; and whether the more lasting agonies are produced by poison forced into the mouth or injected into the veins.

It is not without reluctance that I offend the sensibility of the tender mind with images like these. If such cruelties were not practised, it were to be desired that they should not be conceived; but since they are published every day with ostentation, let me be allowed once to mention them, since I mention them with abhorrence.

Mead has invidiously remarked of Woodward, that he gathered shells and stones, and would pass for a philosopher. With pretensions much less reasonable, the anatomical novice tears out the living bowels of an animal, and styles himself Physician, prepares himself by familiar cruelty for that profession which he is to exercise upon the tender and the helpless, upon feeble bodies and broken minds, and by which he has opportunities to extend his arts of torture, and continue those experiments upon infancy and age, which he has hitherto tried upon cats and dogs.

What is alledged in defence of these hateful practices, every one knows; but the truth is, that by knives, fire, and poison, knowledge is not always sought, and is very seldom attained. The experi-  
ment



riments that have been tried, are tried again; he that burned an animal with irons yesterday, will be willing to amuse himself with burning another to-morrow. I know not, that by living dissections any discovery has been made by which a single malady is more easily cured. And if the knowledge of physiology has been somewhat increased,

he surely buys knowledge dear, who learns the use of the lasticals at the expence of his humanity. It is time that universal repentment should arise against these horrid operations, which tend to harden the heart, extinguish those sensations which give man confidence in man, and make the physician more dreadful than the gout or stone.

## Nº XVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

**I**T commonly happens to him who endeavours to obtain distinction by ridicule or censure, that he teaches others to practise his own arts against himself; and that, after a short enjoyment of the applause paid to his sagacity, or of the mirth excited by his wit, he is doomed to suffer the same severities of scrutiny, to hear enquiry detecting his faults, and exaggeration sporting with his failings.

The natural discontent of inferiority will seldom fail to operate in some degree of malice against him, who professes to superintend the conduct of others, especially if he seats himself uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exercises authority by his own commission.

You cannot, therefore, wonder that your observations on human folly, if they produce laughter at one time, awaken criticism at another; and that among the numbers whom you have taught to scoff at the retirement of Drugget, there is one who offers his apology.

The mistake of your old friend is by no means peculiar. The public pleasures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit. Very few carry their philosophy to places of diversion, or are very careful to analyse their enjoyments. The general condition of life is so full of misery, that we are glad to catch delight without enquiring whence it comes, or by what power it is bestowed.

The mind is seldom quickened to very vigorous operations but by pain, or the dread of pain. We do not disturb ourselves with the detection of fallacies which do us no harm, nor willingly decline a pleasing effect to investigate it's cause. He that is happy, by whatever means, desires nothing but the continuance of happiness, and is no more so-

licitous to distribute his sensations into their proper species, than the common gazer on the beauties of the spring to separate light into it's original rays.

Pleasure is therefore seldom such as it appears to others, nor often such as we represent it to ourselves. Of the ladies that sparkle at a musical performance, a very small number has any quick sensibility of harmonious sounds. But every one that goes has her pleasure. She has the pleasure of wearing fine cloaths, and of shewing them; of outshining those whom she suspects to envy her; she has the pleasure of appearing among other ladies in a place whither the race of meaner mortals seldom intrudes, and of reflecting that, in the conversations of the next morning, her name will be mentioned among those that sat in the first row; she has the pleasure of returning courtesies, or refusing to return them, of receiving compliments with civility, or rejecting them with disdain. She has the pleasure of meeting some of her acquaintance, of guessing why the rest are absent, and of telling them that she saw the opera, on pretence of enquiring why they would miss it. She has the pleasure of being supposed to be pleased with a refined amusement, and of hoping to be numbered among the votresses of harmony. She has the pleasure of escaping for two hours the superiority of a sister, or the controul of a husband; and from all these pleasures she concludes, that heavenly music is the balm of life.

All assemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the same kind. The theatre is not filled with those that know or regard the skill of the actor, nor the ball-room by those who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general resort, where the standard of pleasure is erected, we run with equal eagerness, or appearance of eagerness,

for

for very different reasons. One goes that he may say he has been there, another because he never misses. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to discover what others find. Whatever diversion is costly will be frequented by those who desire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become fashionable, easily continues it's reputation, because every one is ashamed of not partaking it.

To every place of entertainment we go with expectation, and desire of being pleased; we meet others who are brought by the same motives; no one will be the first to own the disappointment; one face reflects the smile of another, till each believes the rest delighted, and endeavours to catch and transmit the circulating rapture. In time, all are deceived by the cheat to which all contribute.

The fiction of happiness is propagated by every tongue, and confirmed by every look, till at last all profess the joy which they do not feel, consent to yield to the general delusion; and when the voluntary dream is at an end, lament that bliss is of so short a duration.

If Druggett pretended to pleasures of which he had no perception, or boasted of one amusement where he was indulging another, what did he which is not done by all those who read his story? of whom some pretend delight in conversation, only because they dare not be alone; some praise the quiet of solitude, because they are envious of sense and impatient of folly; and some gratify their pride, by writing characters which expose the vanity of life. I am, Sir, your humble servant.

## Nº XIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

SOME of those ancient sages that have exercised their abilities in the enquiry after the *supreme good*, have been of opinion, that the highest degree of earthly happiness is quiet; a calm repose both of mind and body, undisturbed by the sight of folly or the noise of business, the tumults of public commotion, or the agitations of private interest; a state in which the mind has no other employment, but to observe and regulate her own motions, to trace thought from thought, combine one image with another, raise systems of science, and form theories of virtue.

To the scheme of these solitary speculatists it has been justly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only by being useless. That mankind is one vast republic, where every individual receives many benefits from the labour of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay; and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from misery, none have a right to withdraw from their task of vigilance, or to be indulged in idle wisdom or solitary pleasures.

It is common for controvertists, in the heat of disputation, to add one position to another till they reach the extremities of knowledge, where truth and falsehood lose their distinction. Their

admirers follow them to the brink of absurdity, and then start back from each side towards the middle point. So it has happened in this great disquisition. Many perceive alike the force of the contrary arguments, find quiet shameful, and business dangerous, and therefore pass their lives between them, in bustle without business, and in negligence without quiet.

Among the principal names of this moderate set is that great philosopher Jack Whirler, whose business keeps him in perpetual motion, and whose motion always eludes his business; who is always to do what he never does, who cannot stand still because he is wanted in another place, and who is wanted in many places because he stays in none.

Jack has more business than he can conveniently transact in one house; he has therefore one habitation near Bow Church, and another about a mile distant. By this ingenious distribution of himself between two houses, Jack has contrived to be found at neither. Jack's trade is extensive, and he has many dealers; his conversation is sprightly, and he has many companions; his disposition is kind, and he has many friends. Jack neither forbears pleasure for business, nor omits business for pleasure, but is equally invisible to his friends and his customers;

to him that comes with an invitation to a club, and to him that waits to settle an account.

When you call at his house, his clerk tells you, that Mr. Whirler was just slept out, but will be at home exactly at two; you wait at a coffee house till two, and then find that he has been at home, and is gone out again, but left word that he should be at the Half Moon Tavern at seven, where he hopes to meet you. At seven you go to the tavern. At eight in comes Mr. Whirler to tell you, that he is glad to see you, and only begs leave to run for a few minutes to a gentleman that lives near the Exchange, from whom he will return before supper can be ready. Away he runs to the Exchange, to tell those who are waiting for him, that he must beg them to defer the business till to-morrow, because his time is come at the Half Moon.

Jack's cheerfulness and civility rank him among those whose presence never gives pain, and whom all receive with fondness and caresses. He calls often on his friends, to tell them, that he will come again to-morrow; on the morrow he comes again to tell them how an unexpected summons hurries him away. When he enters a house, his first declaration is, that he cannot sit down; and so short are his visits, that he seldom appears to have come for any other reason but to say, He must go.

The dogs of Egypt, when thirst brings them to the Nile, are said to run as they drink for fear of the crocodiles. Jack Whirler always dines at full speed. He enters, finds the family at table, sits familiarly down, and fills his plate; but while the first morsel is in his mouth,

hears the clock strike, and he goes to another house, sits down, recollects another engagement; time to taste the soup, makes a cue to the company, and through another street his dinner.

But overwhelmed as he is with business, his chief desire is to have it. Every new proposal takes possession of his thoughts; he soon balances probabilities, engages in the project, almost to completion, and then it for another, which he catches some alacrity, urges with the same vigour, and abandons with the same ease.

Every man may be observed to have a certain strain of lamentation, for the same theme of complaint on the want of time is his plea to others, the neglect of any affairs, was his excuse to himself. That time, he sincerely believes; for he has pinned away many months with the fever of dissipation, for want of time to tend his health.

Thus Jack Whirler lives in perpetual fatigue without proportionate advantage, because he does not consider that he can see all with his own eyes, do all with his own hands; that what he is engaged in multiplicity of business, is transacted much by substitution, and something to hazard; and that what he attempts to do all, will waste his time and do little.

## Nº XX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26.

**T**HERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. It is apparent that men can be social beings no longer than they believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

Yet the law of truth, thus sacred and necessary, is broken without punishment, without censure, in compliance with inveterate prejudice and prevailing

passions. Men are willing to do what they wish, and encourage those who gratify them with it, rather than those that instruct them with truth.

For this reason every historian covers his country, and it is in vain to read the different accounts of the great event, without a wish that there had more power over partiality.

Amidst the joy of my country the acquisition of Louisbourg, I cannot but not forbear to consider how

this revolution of American power is not only now mentioned by the contending nations, but will be represented by the writers of another century.

The English historian will imagine himself barely doing justice to English virtue, when he relates the capture of Louisbourg in the following manner.

'The English had hitherto seen, with great indignation, their attempts baffled, and their force defied, by an enemy, whom they considered themselves as entitled to conquer by the right of prescription, and whom many ages of hereditary superiority had taught them to despise. Their fleets were more numerous, and their seamen braver than those of France, yet they only floated useless on the ocean, and the French denied them from their ports. Misfortunes, as is usual, produced discontent, the people murmured at the ministers, and the ministers censured the commanders.

'In the summer of this year, the English began to find their success answerable to their cause. A fleet and an army were sent to America, to dislodge the enemies from the settlements which they had so perfidiously made, and so insolently maintained, and to repress that power which was growing more every day by the association of the Indians, with whom these degenerate Europeans intermarried, and whom they secured to their party by presents and promises.

'In the beginning of June the ships of war and vessels containing the land forces appeared before Louisbourg, a place so secure by nature, that art was almost superfluous, and yet fortified by art as if nature had left it open. The French boasted that it was impregnable, and spoke with scorn of all attempts that could be made against it. The garrison was numerous, the stores equal to the longest siege, and their engineers and commanders high in reputation. The mouth of the harbour was so narrow, that three ships within might easily defend it against all attacks from the sea. The French had, with that caution which cowards borrow from fear and attribute to policy, eluded our fleets, and sent into that port five great ships and six smaller, of which they sunk four in the mouth of the passage, having raised batteries, and posted troops, at all the places where they thought it possible to make a descent. The English, however, had

more to dread from the roughness of the sea, than from the skill or bravery of the defendants. Some days passed before the surges, which rise very high round that island, would suffer them to land. At last their impatience could be restrained no longer; they got possession of the shore with little loss by the sea, and with less by the enemy. In a few days the artillery was landed, the batteries were raised, and the French had no other hope than to escape from one post to another. A shot from the batteries fired the powder in one of their largest ships, the flame spread to the two next, and all three were destroyed; the English admiral sent his boats against the two large ships yet remaining, took them without resistance, and terrified the garrison to an immediate capitulation.'

Let us now oppose to this English narrative the relation which will be produced, about the same time, by the writer of the age of Louis XV.

'About this time the English admitted to the conduct of affairs, a man who undertook to save from destruction that ferocious and turbulent people, who, from the mean insolence of wealthy traders, and the lawless confidence of successful robbers, were now sunk in despair and stupified with horror. He called in the ships which had been dispersed over the ocean to guard their merchants, and sent a fleet and an army, in which almost the whole strength of England was comprised, to secure their possessions in America, which were endangered alike by the French arms and the French virtue. We had taken the English fortresses by force, and gained the Indian nations by humanity. The English, wherever they come, are sure to have the natives for their enemies; for the only motive of their settlements is avarice, and the only consequence of their success is oppression. In this war they acted like other barbarians; and, with a degree of outrageous cruelty, which the gentleness of our manners scarce suffers us to conceive, offered rewards by open proclamation to those who should bring in the scalps of Indian women and children. A trader always makes war with the cruelty of a pirate.

'They had long looked with envy and with terror upon the influence which the French exerted over all the Northern regions of America by the possession of Louisbourg, a place naturally strong

and new fortified with some slight out-works. They hoped to surprize the garrison unprovided; but that sluggishness which always defeats their malice, gave us time to send supplies, and to station ships for the defence of the harbour. They came before Louisbourg in June, and were for some time in doubt whether they should land. But the commanders, who had lately seen an admiral beheaded for not having done what he had not power to do, durst not leave the place unassaulted. An Englishman has no ardour for honour, nor zeal for duty; he neither values glory, nor loves his king; but balances one danger with

another, and will fight rather than be hanged. They therefore lost with great loss: their engine in the last war with the Frer made their approaches with skill; but all their efforts had no effect, had not a ball un- fallen into the powder of one which communicated the fire, and, by opening the passage, obliged the garrison to surrender. Thus was Louisbourg lost. The troops marched out with the hon- our of their enemies, who did not think themselves masters of

## . N° XXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER

### TO THE IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

**T**HERE is a species of misery or of distaste, for which our language is commonly supposed to be without a name, but which I think is emphatically enough denominated *listlessness*, and which is commonly termed a want of something to do.

Of the unhappiness of this state I do not expect all your readers to have an adequate idea. Many are overburthened with business, and can imagine no comfort but in rest; many have minds so placid, as willingly to indulge a voluntary lethargy; or so narrow, as easily to be filled to their utmost capacity. By these I shall not be understood, and therefore cannot be pitied. Those only will sympathize with my complaint, whose imagination is active and resolution weak, whose desires are ardent, and whose choice is delicate; who cannot satisfy themselves with standing still, and yet cannot find a motive to direct their course.

I was the second son of a gentleman, whose estate was barely sufficient to support himself and his heir in the dignity of killing game. He therefore made use of the interest which the alliances of his family afforded him, to procure me a post in the army. I passed some years in the most contemptible of all human stations, that of a soldier in time of peace. I wandered with the regiment as the quarters were changed, without opportunity for business, taste for knowledge, or money for pleasure. Where-

ever I came, I was for a stranger without curiosity, without an acquaintance without a friend. Having nothing to do, I was in all places of fortuitous residence, and my conduct to chance; I had no reason to offend, I had no reason to delight.

I suppose every man is like me, when he hears how frequently folding his arms is the wish of the soldier; the wish is sincere; the greater part are idle, and sleep and lace, and counterfeits of business which they do not feel; but they do not desire it most, are neither impatient of malevolence nor patriotism; impatient for laurels, nor delighted with a long to be delivered from the rann of idleness, and the loss of the dignity of active beings.

I never imagined myself to have more courage than other men, yet involuntarily wishing for a war at that time I had, and being enabled, by the favour of my uncle, to live without my part in the army, and resolved to pursue my own motions.

I was pleased for a while with the novelty of independence, and that I had now found what I desired. My time was in my own power, and my habitation was what I should fix it. I am now for two years, in passing from place to place, and comparing one with another; but being at last weary of enquiry, and weary of I purchased a house, and settled my family.

I now expected to begin to be happy, and was happy for a short time with that expectation. But I soon perceived my spirits to subside, and my imagination to grow dark. The gloom thickened every day round me. I wondered by what malignant power my peace was blasted, till I discovered at last that I had nothing to do.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly to him, whose whole employment is to watch its flight. I am forced upon a thousand shifts to enable me to endure the tediousness of the day. I rise when I can sleep no longer, and take my morning walk; I see what I have seen before, and return. I sit down, and persuade myself that I sit down to think, find it impossible to think without a subject, rise up to enquire after news, and endeavour to kindle in myself an artificial impatience for intelligence of events, which will never extend any consequence to me, but that a few minutes they abstract me from myself.

When I have heard any thing that may gratify curiosity, I am hurried, for a while, in running to relate it. I hasten from one place of discourse to another, delighted with my own importance, and proud to think that I am doing something, though I know that another hour would spare my labour.

I had once a round of visits, which I

paid very regularly, but I have now tired most of my friends. When I have sat down I forget to rise, and have more than once over-heard one asking another when I would be gone. I perceive the company tired, I observe the mistress of the family whispering to her servants, I find orders given to put off business till to-morrow, I see the watches frequently inspected, and yet cannot withdraw to the vacancy of solitude, or venture myself in my own company.

Thus burthensome to myself and others, I form many schemes of employment which may make my life useful or agreeable, and exempt me from the ignominy of living by sufferance. This new course I have long designed, but have not yet begun. The present moment is never proper for the change, but there is always a time in view when all obstacles will be removed, and I shall surprize all that know me with a new distribution of my time. Twenty years have past since I have resolved a complete amendment, and twenty years have been lost in delays. Age is coming upon me; and I should look back with rage and despair upon the waste of life, but that I am now beginning in earnest to begin a reformation. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DICK LINGER.

## Nº XXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

### TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

AS I was passing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was struck with horror by a rueful cry, which summoned me to remember the poor debtors.

The wisdom and justice of the English laws are, by Englishmen at least, loudly celebrated; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy.

Whatever body, and whatever society, wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the publick stock.

The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation.

If those, who thus rigorously exercise the power which the law has put into their hands, be asked, why they con-

tinue to imprison those whom they know to be unable to pay them; one will answer, that his debtor once lived better than himself; another, that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in silk cloaths to the dancing-school; and another, that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were in debt, they should meet with the same treatment; some, that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confess their resolution, that their debtors shall rot in jail; and some will discover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity; to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to be the judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and happiness, between casualty and design, is entrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.

Since poverty is punished among us as a crime, it ought at least to be treated with the same lenity as other crimes; the offender ought not to languish at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed some appeal to the justice of his country. There can be no reason why any debtor should be imprisoned, but that he may be compelled to payment; and a term should therefore be fixed, in which the creditor should exhibit his accusation of concealed property. If such property can be discovered, let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the prisoner be dismissed.

Those who made the laws have apparently supposed, that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always shares the act, and often more than shares the guilt of improper trust. It seldom happens that any man imprisons another but for debts which he suffered to be

contracted in hope of advantage self, and for bargains in which portioned his profit to his own of the hazard, and there is no why one should punish the other contract in which both concur.

Many of the inhabitants of may justly complain of harder treatment. He that once owes more than he is often obliged to bribe his creditor with patience, by encreasing his debt and worse commodities, at a higher price, are forced upon him impoverished by compulsion, and at last overwhelmed, in common receptacles of misery, to which, without his own confession, accumulated on his head. The relief of this distress, no other can be made, but that by an exclusion of debts, fraud will be held out without punishment, and imprudence out awe; and that when insolvency be no longer punishable, credit will cease.

The motive to credit, is the advantage. Commerce cannot stop, while one man wants what another can supply; and credit will be denied, while it is likely to be without profit. He that trusts on whom he designs to sue, is criminal in the trust; the cessation of such traffick is to be desired, and it can be given why a change should impair any other.

We see nation trade with where no payment can be exacted. Mutual convenience produces confidence; and the merchants to satisfy the demands of earth though they have nothing to spare the loss of trade.

It is vain to continue an institution which experience shews to be in vain. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another, but we find that their numbers lessen. Now learned, that rashness and avarice will not be deterred from credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained by giving it. I am, Sir, &c.

## Nº XXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

**L**IFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of Friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship, of invincible constancy, and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindness will be abated, without criminal baseness or contemptible inconstancy on either part. To give pleasure is not always in our power; and little does he know himself, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Those who would gladly pass their days together may be separated by the different course of their affairs; and friendship, like love, is destroyed by long absence, though it may be increased by short intermissions. What we have missed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been lost till it is forgotten, will be found at last with little gladness, and with still less if a substitute has supplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he used to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppress, and his doubts distract him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within and solitude about him.

But this uneasiness never lasts long; necessity produces expedients, new amusements are discovered, and new conversation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently disappointed, than that which naturally arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend after long separation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The first hour convinces them, that the pleasure which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different scenes have made different impressions; the opinions of both are changed; and that similitude of manners and sentiment is lost, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themselves.

Friendship is often destroyed by opposition of interest, not only by the ponderous and visible interest which the desire of wealth and greatness forms and maintains, but by a thousand secret and slight competitions, scarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is scarcely any man without some favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, some desire of petty praise which he cannot patiently suffer to be frustrated. This minute ambition is sometimes crossed before it is known, and sometimes defeated by wanton petulance: but such attacks are seldom made without the loss of friendship; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the resentment will burn on in secret of which shame hinders the discovery.

This, however, is a slow malignity, which a wise man will obviate as inconsistent with quiet, and a good man will repress as contrary to virtue; but human happiness is sometimes violated by some more sudden strokes.

A dispute begun in jest, upon a subject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careless indifference, is continued by the desire of conquest, till vanity kindles into rage, and opposition rankles into enmity. Against this hasty mischief, I know not what security can be obtained: men will be sometimes surprized into quarrels; and though they might both hasten to reconciliation, as soon as their tumult is

subsided



subsided, yet two minds will seldom be found together, which can at once subdue their discontent, or immediately enjoy the sweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendship has other enemies. Suspicion is always hardening the cautious, and disgust repelling the delicate. Very slender differences will sometimes part those whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. Lonelove and Ranger retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in six weeks cold and petulant. Ranger's pleasure was to walk in the fields, and Lonelove's to sit in a bower; each had

complied with the other in his turn, each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The most fatal disease of friendship is gradual decay, or dislike hourly increased by causes too slender for complaint, too numerous for removal. Those who are angry may be reconciled; those who have been injured may receive a recompence; but when the desire of friendship and willingness to be pleased is diminished, the renovation of friendship is hopeless; as, when the vital spark sinks into languor, there is no loss of use of the physician.

## Nº XXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

**W**HEN man sees one of the inferior creatures perched upon a tree, or basking in the sunshine, without any apparent endeavour or pursuit, he often asks himself, or his companion—'On what that animal can be supposed to be thinking?'

Of this question, since neither bird nor beast can answer it, we must be content to live without the resolution. We know not how much the brutes recollect of the past, or anticipate of the future; what power they have of comparing and preferring; or whether their faculties may not rest in motionless indifference, till they are moved by the presence of their proper object, or stimulated to act by corporal sensations.

I am the less inclined to these superfluous enquiries, because I have always been able to find sufficient matter for curiosity in my own species. It is useless to go far in quest of that which may be found at home; a very narrow circle of observation will supply a sufficient number of men and women, who might be asked with equal propriety—'On what they can be thinking?'

It is reasonable to believe, that thought, like every thing else, has its causes and effects; that it must proceed from something known, done, or suffered; and must produce some action or event. Yet how great is the number of those in whose minds no source of thought has ever been opened, in whose life no consequence of thought is ever discovered; who have learned nothing upon which they can reflect; who have

neither seen nor felt any thing which could leave its traces on the mind; who neither foresee nor desire any thing of their condition; and have neither fear, hope, nor design, but are supposed to be thinking, because they are silent.

To every act a subject is required. He that thinks, must think upon something. But tell me, ye that pierce into nature, ye that take the winds of life, inform me, kind Sir, what Malbranche, and of Locke, what something can be, which excites and continues thought in maiden and small fortunes; in younger brothers who live upon annuities; in traders who live from business; in soldiers who live from their regiments; or in widows who live from no children?

Life is commonly considered as either active or contemplative; but further division, how long soever it has lasted, is inadequate and false. There are mortals whose life is not active, for they do neither good nor evil; and whose life cannot be called contemplative, for they do not attend either to the conduct of men or the works of Nature, but rise in the morning, look round them till night comes, less stupidity, go to bed and sleep, and rise again in the morning.

It has been lately a celebrated question in the schools of philosophy, *whether the soul always thinks?* Some have affirmed the soul to be the *perpetually thinking*; concluded that it's essence is to think; that if it should cease to think, it would cease to be; and that the soul

is but another name for extinction. This argument is subtle, conclusive; because it supposes that we cannot be proved, that the mind is properly defined. I feel to disdain subtilty, when it will not serve their purpose, and daily experience. We spend our hours, they say, in sleep, without remembrance of any thoughts ever passed in our minds; and can only by our own consciousness that we think, why should we think that we have had thought if consciousness remains?

My argument, which appeals to experience from experience, be convinced. We every day do something, we forget when it is done, and have been done only by consciousness.

The waking hours are not always passed in thought; yet we shall endeavour to recollect on the ideas of the former, will the eye of reflection upon vanity will find that the greater part is vanishing, and wonder how it could come and go, and little behind them.

I cover only that the arguments I use are defective, and to throw doubt into its former uncertainty.

Uncertainty, is the sport of wanton or malevolent scepticism, delighting to see the sons of Philosophy at work upon a task which never can be finished; at variance on a question that can never be decided. I shall suggest an argument hitherto overlooked, which may perhaps determine the controversy.

If it be impossible to think without materials, there must necessarily be materials that do not always think; and whence shall we furnish materials for the meditation of the glutton between his meals, of the sportsman in a rainy month, of the annuitant between the days of quarterly payment, of the politician when the mails are detained by contrary winds?

But how frequent soever may be the examples of existence without thought, it is certainly a state not much to be desired. He that lives in torpid insensibility, wants nothing of a carcase but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth to partake the pains and pleasures of his fellow beings; and, as in a road through a country desert and uniform, the traveller languishes for want of amusement, so the passage of life will be tedious and irksome to him who does not beguile it by diversified ideas.

## Nº XXV., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

### TO THE IDLER.

I am a very constant frequenter of the playhouse, a place to which I am to the Idler not much a stranger, and have no where else so much contentment with so little concurrence in endeavour. At all other affairs that comes to receive delight I am expected to give it; but in the theatre, nothing is necessary to the contentment of two hours, but to sit and be willing to be pleased.

Last week has offered two new comedies to the town. The appearance and retirement of actors are the great business of the theatrical world; and their successes fill the pit with conjecture and prognostication; as the first appearance of a new monarch agitates the nation with hope or fear.

In my opinion I have formed of the candidates for

dramatic glory, it is not necessary to declare. Their entrance gave me a higher and nobler pleasure than any borrowed character can afford. I saw the ranks of the theatre emulating each other in candour and humanity, and contending who should most effectually assist the struggles of endeavour, dissipate the blush of diffidence, and still the flutter of timidity.

This behaviour is such as becomes a people, too tender to repress those who wish to please, too generous to insult those who can make no resistance. A public performer is so much in the power of spectators, that all unnecessary severity is restrained by that general law of humanity, which forbids us to be cruel where there is nothing to be feared.

In every new performer something must be pardoned. No man can, by any force of resolution, secure to himself the full possession of his own power under

the eye of a large assembly. Variation of gesture, and flexion of voice, are to be obtained only by experience.

There is nothing for which such numbers think themselves qualified as for theatrical exhibition. Every human being has an action graceful to his own eye, a voice musical to his own ear, and a sensibility which Nature forbids him to know that any other bosom can excel. An art in which such numbers fancy themselves excellent, and which the public liberally rewards, will excite many competitors, and in many attempts there must be many miscarriages.

The care of the critic should be to distinguish error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent may be reclaimed; vociferation vehement and confused may be restrained and modulated; the stalk of the tyrant may become the gait of a man; the yell of inarticulate distress may be reduced to human lamentation. All these faults should be for a time overlooked, and afterwards censured with gentleness and candour. But if in an actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a stupid languor, a torpid apathy, the greatest kindness that can be shewn him, is a speedy sentence of expulsion.

I am, Sir, &c.

The plea which my correspondent has offered for young actors, I am very far from willing to invalidate. I always considered those combinations which are sometimes formed in the playhouse, as acts of fraud or of cruelty: he that applauds him who does not deserve praise, is endeavouring to deceive the public;

he that hisses in malice or sport, is an oppressor and a robber.

But surely this laudable forbearance might be justly extended to young poets. The art of the writer, like that of the player, is attained by slow degrees. The power of distinguishing and discriminating comic characters, or of filling tragedy with poetical images, must be the gift of Nature, which no instruction nor labour can supply; but the art of dramatic disposition, the contexture of the scenes, the opposition of characters, the involution of the plot, the expedients of suspension, and the stratagems of surprise, are to be learned by practice; and it is cruel to discourage a poet for ever, because he has not from genius what only experience can bestow.

Life is a stage. Let me likewise solicit candour for the young actor on the stage of life. They that enter into the world are too often treated with unreasonable rigour by those that were once as ignorant and heady as themselves; and distinction is not always made between the faults which require speedy and violent eradication, and those that will gradually drop away in the progression of life. Vicious solicitations of appetite, if not checked, will grow more importunate; and mean arts of profit or ambition will gather strength in the mind, if they are not early suppressed. But mistaken notions of superiority, desires of useless show, pride of little accomplishments, and all the train of vanity, will be brushed away by the wing of time.

Reproof should not exhaust it's power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently against the incursion of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themselves.

## NO. XXVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

MR. IDLER,

**I** Never thought that I should write any thing to be printed; but having lately seen your first Essay, which was sent down into the kitchen, with a great bundle of gazettes and useless papers, I find that you are willing to admit any correspondent, and therefore hope you *will not reject me. If y<sup>e</sup>u publish my letter, it may encourage others, in the same condition with myself, to tell their*

stories, which may be perhaps as useful as those of great ladies.

I am a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-school, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, or patronesses, visited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and saw that our cloaths were clean. We lived happily enough, and were instructed to be thankful to those at whose cost we were educated

I w

I was always the favourite of my mistress; she used to call me to read and show my copy-book to all strangers, who never dismissed me without commendation, and very seldom without a shilling.

At last the chief of our subscribers, having passed a winter in London, came down full of an opinion new and strange to the whole country. She held it little less than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. 'They who are born to poverty,' she said, 'are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the less they know.' She told her friends, that London was in confusion by the insolence of servants; that scarcely a wench was to be got for *all work*, since education had made such numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or something that might qualify her to wear laced shoes and long ruffles, and to sit at work in the parlour-window. But she was resolved, for her part, to spoil no more girls; those who were to live by their hands, should neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and she would have no part in making it worse.

She was for a short time warmly opposed; but she persevered in her notions, and withdrew her subscription. Few listen without a desire of conviction to those who advise them to spare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily, and in less than a year the whole parish was convinced, that the nation would be ruined, if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our school was now dissolved; my mistress kissed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpless, she could not assist me, advised me to seek a service, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for scholarship, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the new opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than—'Sure, child, you would not work; hard work is not fit for a pen-woman; a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child!'

*I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to London, came down*

in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's waggon to London. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I, having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watchmaker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on Sunday, and spend half the wages of the week on Richmond Hill; of Monday he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; Tuesday and Wednesday consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse. You may be sure, that of the sufferers the maid suffered most; and I left them, after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journey-men to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress's in the morning. He seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plum to the child. I could not keep six chi-

dren quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous; and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good-natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called, at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gain-

ed so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that *Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered*. You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

The rest of my story I will tell you in another letter; and only beg to be informed, in some paper, for which of my places, except perhaps the last, I was disqualified, by my skill in reading and writing. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

BETTY BROOM.

## Nº XXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

**I**T has been the endeavour of all those whom the world has revered for superior wisdom, to persuade man to be acquainted with himself, to learn his own powers and his own weakness, to observe by what evils he is most dangerously beset, and by what temptations most easily overcome.

This counsel has been often given with serious dignity, and often received with appearance of conviction; but, as very few can search deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves, scarce any man persists in cultivating such disagreeable acquaintance, but draws the veil again between his eyes and his heart, leaves his passions and appetites as he found them, and advises others to look into themselves.

This is the common result of enquiry even among those that endeavour to grow wiser or better, but this endeavour is far enough from frequency; the greater part of the multitudes that swarm upon the earth have never been disturbed by such uneasy curiosity, but deliver themselves up to business or to pleasure, plunge into the current of life, whether placid or turbulent, and pass on from one point of prospect to another, attentive rather to any thing than the state of their minds; satisfied, at an easy rate, with an opinion, that they are no worse than others, that every man must mind his own interest, or that their pleasures hurt only themselves, and are therefore no proper subjects of censure.

*Some, however, there are, whom the intrusion of scruples, the recollection of*

better notions, or the latent reprehension of good examples, will not suffer to live entirely contented with their own conduct; these are forced to pacify the mutiny of reason with fair promises, and quiet their thoughts with designs of calling all their actions to review, and planning a new scheme for the time to come.

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master; and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time, is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of

ination. Many indeed alter  
lust, and are not at fifty what  
at thirty, but they commonly  
perceptibly from themselves,  
the train of external causes,  
or suffered reformation than

t uncommon to charge the dif-  
tween promise and perform-  
ween profession and reality,  
design and studied deceit; but  
is, that there is very little hy-  
the world; we do not so often  
or wish to impose on others  
selves; we resolve to do right,  
keep our resolutions, we de-  
to confirm our own hope,  
own inconstancy by calling  
of our actions; but at last has-  
s, and those whom we invited  
umph, laugh at our defeat.

is commonly too strong for  
resolute resolver, though fur-  
the assault with all the weapons  
hy. 'He that endeavours to  
self from an ill habit,' says

Bacon, 'must not change too much at  
' a time, lest he should be discouraged  
' by difficulty; nor too little, for then  
' he will make but slow advances.'  
This is a precept which may be ap-  
plauded in a book, but will fail in the  
trial, in which every change will be  
found too great or too little. Those  
who have been able to conquer habits  
are like those that are fabled to have re-  
turned from the realms of Pluto:

*Pauci, quos æquus amavit  
Jupiter, atque ardens exivit ad æthera virtus.*

They are sufficient to give hope, but not  
security; to animate the contest, but not  
to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil  
habits must conquer them as they can;  
and conquered they must be, or neither  
wisdom nor happiness can be attained;  
but those who are not yet subject to their  
influence may, by timely caution, pre-  
serve their freedom; they may effectually  
resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they  
will very vainly resolve to conquer.

## XXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

### TO THE IDLER.

ry easy for a man who sits idle  
ie, and has nobody to please  
f, to ridicule or to censure the  
vices of mankind; and  
have no present temptation to  
rules of propriety, may ap-  
udgment, and join in his mer-  
it let the author or his read-  
: with common life, they will  
selves irresistibly borne away  
um of custom, and must sub-  
they have laughed at others,  
ers the same opportunity of  
t them.

s no paper published by the  
I have read with more ap-  
than that which censures the  
f recording vulgar marriages  
s-papers. I carried it about  
cet, and read it to all those  
pected of having published  
als, or of being inclined to  
sm, and sent transcripts of it  
ouples that transgressed your  
' the next fortnight. I hoped  
ere all vexed, and pleased  
magine their misery.

But short is the triumph of malig-  
nity. I was married last week to Miss  
Mohair, the daughter of a salesman;  
and at my first appearance after the wed-  
ding night, was asked by my wife's mo-  
ther, whether I had sent our marriage  
to the Advertiser? I endeavoured to  
shew how unfit it was to demand the  
attention of the public to our domestic  
affairs; but she told me, with great ve-  
hemence, That she would not have it  
thought to be a stolen match; that the  
blood of the Mohairs should never be  
disgraced; that her husband had served  
all the parish offices but one; that she  
had lived five and thirty years at the  
same house, had paid every body twenty  
shillings in the pound, and would have  
me know, though she was not as fine  
and as flaunting as Mrs. Gingham, the  
deputy's wife, she was not ashamed to  
tell her name, and would shew her face  
with the best of them; and since I had  
married her daughter— At this instant  
entered my father-in-law, a grave man,  
from whom I expected succour; but,  
upon hearing the case, he told me,  
That it would be very imprudent to  
miss such an opportunity of advertising

my shop; and that, when notice was given of my marriage, many of my wife's friends would think themselves obliged to be my customers. I was subdued by clamour on one side, and gravity on the other; and shall be obliged to tell the town, that *three days ago, Timothy Mushroom, an eminent oil-man in Sea-Coal Lane, was married to Miss Polly Mohair of Lothbury, a beautiful young lady, with a large fortune.*

I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

I Am the unfortunate wife of the grocer whose letter you published about ten weeks ago; in which he complains, like a sorry fellow, that I loiter in the shop with my needle-work in my hand, and that I oblige him to take me out on Sundays, and keep a girl to look after the child. Sweet Mr. Idler, if you did but know all, you would give no encouragement to such an unreasonable grumbler. I brought him three hundred pounds, which set him up in a shop, and bought in a stock, on which, with good management, we might live comfortably; but now I have given him a shop, I am forced to watch him and the shop too. I will tell you, Mr. Idler, how it is. There is an alehouse over the way with a ninepin alley, to which he is sure to run when I turn my back, and there loses his money, for he plays at ninepins as he does every thing else. While he is at this favourite sport, he sets a dirty boy to watch his door, and call him to his customers; but he is long in coming, and so rude when he comes, that our custom falls off every day.

Those who cannot govern themselves, must be governed. I have resolved to keep him for the future behind his counter, and let him bounce at his customers if he dares. I cannot be above stairs

and below at the same time, and have therefore taken a girl to look after the child and dress the dinner; and, after all, pray who is to blame?

On a Sunday, it is true, I make him walk abroad, and sometimes carry the child; I wonder who should carry it! But I never take him out till after church-time, nor would do it then, but that, if he is left alone, he will be upon the bed. On a Sunday, if he stays at home, he has six meals; and, when he can eat no longer, has twenty stratagems to escape from me to the alehouse; but I commonly keep the door locked, till Monday produces something for him to do.

This is the true state of the case, and these are the provocations for which he has written his letter to you. I hope you will write a paper to shew, that, if a wife must spend her whole time in watching her husband, she cannot conveniently tend her child, or sit at her needle. I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

THERE is in this town a species of oppression which the law has not hitherto prevented or redressed.

I am a chairman. You know, Sir, we come when we are called, and are expected to carry all who require our assistance. It is common for men of the most unwieldy corpulence to crowd themselves into a chair, and demand to be carried for a shilling as far as an airy young lady whom we scarcely feel upon our poles. Surely we ought to be paid like all other mortals in proportion to our labour. Engines should be fixed in proper places to weigh chairs as they weigh waggon; and those whom ease and plenty have made unable to carry themselves, should give part of their superfluities to those who carry them.

I am, Sir, &c.

## Nº XXIX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Have often observed, that friends are lost by discontinuance of intercourse without any offence on either part; and have long known, that it is more dangerous to be forgotten than to be nam-

ed: I therefore make haste to send you the rest of my story, lest, by the delay of another fortnight, the name of Betty Broom might be no longer remembered by you or your readers.

Having left the last place in haste to avoid the charge or the suspicion of theft,

I had

I had not secured another service, and was forced to take a lodging in a back street. I had now got good cloaths. The woman who lived in the garret opposite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a mistress. I knew not why she was so kind, nor how I could recompense her; but in a few days I missed some of my linen, went to another lodging, and resolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In six weeks I became under-maid at the house of a mercer in Cornhill, whose son was his apprentice. The young gentleman used to sit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father; and I was ordered by my mistress to let him in silently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilst the rest of the family was in bed, I considered as supernumerary, and, having no business assigned for them, thought myself at liberty to spend them my own way. I kept myself awake with a book, and for some time liked my state the better for this opportunity of reading. At last, the upper-maid found my book, and shewed it to my mistress, who told me, that wenches like me might spend their time better; that she never knew any of the readers that had good designs in their heads; that she could always find something else to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that such a fine lady should sit up for her young master.

This was the first time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was dismissed decently, lest I should tell tales, and had a small gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a small fortune. This was the only happy part of my life. My mistress, for whom publick diversions were too expensive, spent her time with books, and was pleased to find a maid who could partake her amusements. I rose early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or listen, and was suffered to tell my opinion, or express my delight. Thus fifteen months stole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to servitude. But a burning fever kindled my mistress, of whom

I shall say no more, than that her servant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place; and was rather too delicate for the conversation of a kitchen; so that when I was hired in the family of an East India director, my behaviour was so different, as they said, from that of a common servant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in disguise, and turned me out in three weeks, on suspicion of some design which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obstruction from my new accomplishments, and was hired under the housekeeper in a splendid family. Here I was too wife for the maids, and too nice for the footmen; yet I might have lived on without much uneasiness, had not my mistress, the housekeeper, who used to employ me in buying necessaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I suppose it did not quite agree with her own book, for she fiercely declared her resolution, that there should be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the justice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was easily admitted into another house in the neighbourhood, where my business was to sweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for some time, the favourite of Mrs. Simper, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of some education. Mrs. Simper loved a novel, though she could not read hard words; and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At last, my abilities became so much celebrated, that the house-steward used to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. Simper then found out, that my sauciness was grown to such a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well swept since Betty Broom came into the house.

I was then hired by a consumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though she was never pleased, yet when I declared my resolution to leave her, she burst into tears, and told me that I must bear the peevishness of a sick



sick bed, and I should find myself remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in less than a week, when I set her gruel before her, I laid the spoon on the left side, and she threw her will into the fire. In two days she made another, which she burnt in the same manner because she could not eat her chicken. A third was made, and destroyed because she heard a mouse within the wainscot, and was sure that I should suffer her to be carried

away alive. After this I was for some time out of favour; but as her illness grew upon her, repentment and fullness gave way to kinder sentiments. She died, and left me five hundred pounds. With this fortune I am going to settle in my native parish, where I resolve to spend some hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

BETTY BROOM.

## Nº XXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER II.

**T**HE desires of man increase with his acquisitions; every step which he advances brings something within his view, which he did not see before, and which, as soon as he sees it, he begins to want. Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

By this restlessness of mind, every populous and wealthy city is filled with innumerable employments, for which the greater part of mankind is without a name; with artificers, whose labour is exerted in producing such petty conveniences, that many shops are furnished with instruments, of which the use can hardly be found without enquiry, but which he that once knows them quickly learns to number among necessary things.

Such is the diligence with which, in countries completely civilized, one part of mankind labours for another, that wants are supplied faster than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life stagnate for want of some desire to keep it in motion. This species of distress furnishes a new set of occupations; and multitudes are busied, from day to day, in finding the rich and the fortunate something to do.

It is very common to reproach those artists as useless, who produce only such superfluities as neither accommodate the body nor improve the mind; and of which no other effect can be imagined, than that they are the occasions of *spending money, and consuming time.*

*But this censure will be mitigated, when it is seriously considered, that mo-*

ney and time are the heaviest burthens of life, and that the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. To set himself free from these incumbrances, one hurries to Newmarket; another travels over Europe; one pulls down his house and calls architects about him; another buys a seat in the country, and follows his hounds over hedges and through rivers; one makes collections of shells; and another searches the world for tulips and carnations.

He is surely a public benefactor who finds employment for those to whom it is thus difficult to find it for themselves. It is true that this is seldom done merely from generosity or compassion; almost every man seeks his own advantage in helping others, and therefore it is too common for mercenary officiousness to consider rather what is grateful, than what is right.

We all know that it is more profitable to be loved than esteemed; and ministers of pleasure will always be found, who study to make themselves necessary, and to supplant those who are practising the same arts.

One of the amusements of idleness is reading without the fatigue of close attention, and the world therefore swarms with writers whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read.

No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one Gazette; but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has it's weekly historian, who regularly circulate

Circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his district with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true interest of Europe.

To write news in it's perfection requires such a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, *an Ambassador is said to be a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; a News-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit.* To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary. He who by a long familiarity with infamy has obtained these qualities, may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow; he may affirm fearlessly what he knows that he shall be obliged to recant, and may write letters from Amsterdam or Dresden to himself.

In a time of war the nation is always

of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of news-writers is easy: they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Scarce any thing awakes attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never fails in the intermission of action to tell how the enemies murdered children and ravished virgins; and if the scene of action be somewhat distant, scalps half the inhabitants of a province.

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relater of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.

## Nº XXXI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

**M**ANY moralists have remarked, that pride has of all human vices the widest dominion, appears in the greatest multiplicity of forms, and lies hid under the greatest variety of disguises; of disguises, which, like the moon's *veil of brightness*, are both *it's lustre and it's shade*, and betray it to others, though they hide it from ourselves.

It is not my intention to degrade pride from this pre-eminence of mischief; yet I know not whether idleness may not maintain a very doubtful and obdurate competition.

There are some that profess idleness in it's full dignity, who call themselves the *Idle*, as *Busiris* in the play calls himself the *Proud*; who boast that they do nothing, and thank their stars that they have nothing to do; who sleep every night till they can sleep no longer, and rise only that exercise may enable them to sleep again; who prolong the reign of darkness by double curtains, and never see the sun but to tell him how they hate his beams; whose whole labour is to vary the postures of indulgence, and whose

day differs from their night but as a couch or chair differs from a bed.

These are the true and open votaries of Idleness, for whom she weaves the garlands of poppies, and into whose cup she pours the waters of oblivion; who exist in a state of unruffled stupidity, forgetting and forgotten; who have long ceased to live, and at whose death the survivors can only say, that they have ceased to breathe.

But idleness predominates in many lives where it is not suspected; for, being a vice which terminates in itself, it may be enjoyed without injury to others; and is therefore not watched like fraud, which endangers property; or like pride, which naturally seeks it's gratifications in another's inferiority. Idleness is a silent and peaceful quality, that neither raises envy by ostentation, nor hatred by opposition; and therefore nobody is busy to censure or detect it.

As pride sometimes is hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty and real employment, naturally

naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favour.

Some are always in a state of preparation, occupied in previous measures, forming plans, accumulating materials, and providing for the main affair. These are certainly under the secret power of Idleness. Nothing is to be expected from the workman whose tools are for ever to be sought. I was once told by a great master, that no man ever excelled in painting, who was eminently curious about pencils and colours.

There are others to whom Idleness dictates another expedient, by which life may be passed unprofitably away without the tediousness of many vacant hours. The art is, to fill the day with petty business, to have always something in hand which may raise curiosity, but not solicitude, and keep the mind in a state of action, but not of labour.

This art has for many years been practised by my old friend Sober with wonderful success. Sober is a man of strong desires and quick imagination, so exactly balanced by the love of ease, that they can seldom stimulate him to any difficult undertaking: they have, however, so much power, that they will not suffer him to lie quite at rest; and though they do not make him sufficiently useful to others, they make him at least weary of himself.

Mr. Sober's chief pleasure is conversation; there is no end of his talk or his attention; to speak or to hear is equally pleasing, for he still fancies that he is teaching or learning something, and is free for the time from his own reproaches.

But there is one time at night he must go home, that his fire sleep; and another time in the morning when all the world agrees to shut him out by interruption. These are the moments in which poor Sober trembles at the thought. But the misery of these intervals he has many means of allaying. He has persuaded himself, that manual arts are undeservedly overlooked. He has observed in many trades that of close thought, and just ratio. From speculation he proceeded to practice, and supplied himself with the tools of a carpenter, with which he has his coal-box very successfully, and he still continues to employ, as an occupation.

He has attempted at other trades, the crafts of the shoe-maker, the plumber, and potter; in all these he has failed, and resolves to qualify himself for them by better information. His daily amusement is chemistry. He has a small furnace, which he employs in distillation, and which has been the solace of his life. He draws waters, and essences and spirits; he knows to be of no use; sits and waits for the drops as they come from his retort, and forgets that, whilst a drop is falling, a moment flies away.

Poor Sober! I have often taught him with reproof, and he has often sought reformation; for no man is so open to conviction as the Idle. There is none on whom it operates so easily. What will be the effect of this? I know not; perhaps he will amend and laugh, and light the fire in his furnace; but my hope is, that he will leave his trifles, and betake himself to steady and useful diligence.

## Nº XXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

**A**MONG the innumerable mortifications that way-lay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things when they

are shewn their form or told their name; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrassed with fruitless curiosity, and still enquires more, perceives only how little he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has been yet discovered, whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility.

late philosophers have extended the empire of Sleep over the vegetable

of this change so frequent, so general, and so necessary, no man has yet found either the efficient cause; or can tell by what means mind and body are thus chained in irresistible stupefaction; or how the animal receives from nature suspension of it's active

power may be the multiplicity or variety of opinions upon this subject, as taken sufficient care that all have little influence on practice the most diligent enquirer is not able to keep his eyes open; the most potent will begin about midday desert his argument; and, once ended twenty hours, the gay and witty, the witty and the dull, the busy and the silent, the busy and the idle are all overpowered by the genius, and all lie down in the equipage.

Philosophy has often attempted to reveal the secret, by asserting, that all things are levelled by death; a position, however it may deject the ill, seldom afford much comfort to the thoughtful. It is far more pleasing to reflect, that sleep is equally a leveller to all; that the time is never at a stand; when the balm of rest is diffused alike upon every head, diversities of life shall stop their progress, and the high and the low shall together.

Nowhere recorded of Alexander in the pride of conquests, and conscious of flattery, he declared that he received himself to be a man by the empire of sleep. Whether he conceived as necessary to his mind or was indeed a sufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which such frequency of renovation faint promises of immortality; and which, from time to time, is hurried into insensibility, had made near approaches to the felicity of eternal repose and self-sufficient Nature. For not what can tend more to relieve the passions that disturb the human world, than the consideration, that there is no height of happiness, from which man does not descend to a state of unconsciousness, and that the best condition of life is

such, that we contentedly quit it's good to be disentangled from it's evils; that in a few hours splendor fades before the eye, and praise itself deadens in the ear; the senses withdraw from their objects, and reason favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and prospects of covetousness, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that desires most have all his desires gratified, he never shall attain a state, which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with satisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical separations.

All envy would be extinguished, if it were universally known that there are none to be envied, and surely none can be much envied who are not pleased with themselves. There is reason to suspect, that the distinctions of mankind have more show than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleasures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obscure, join in one common wish, and implore from Nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our desire of abstraction from ourselves, that very few are satisfied with the quantity of stupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. Alexander himself added intemperance to sleep, and solaced with the fumes of wine the sovereignty of the world; and almost every man has some art, by which he steals his thoughts away from his present state.

It is not much of life that is spent in close attention to any important duty. Many hours of every day are suffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We suffer phantoms to rise up before us, and amuse ourselves with the dance of airy images, which, after a time, we dismiss for ever, and know not how we have been busied.

Many have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imaginations; which sometimes puts sceptres in their hands or miter on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

It is easy in these semi-slumbers to collect all the possibilities of happiness, to alter the course of the sun, to bring back the past, and anticipate the future, to

unite all the beauties of all seasons, and all the blessings of all climates, to receive and bestow felicity, and forget that misery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary recession from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual subjection of reason to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and use themselves by a perpetuation of companions; but this is not great; in solitude we dream to ourselves, and in company agree to dream in concert. Sought in both is forgetfulness of selves.

## Nº XXXIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER

[I hope the Author of the following letter will excuse the omission of so and allow me to remark, that the Journal of the Citizen in the Spectator almost precluded the attempt of any future Writer.]

T. No. 177.

— NON ITA ROMULI  
PRÆSCRIPTUM, ET INTONSI CATONIS  
AUSPICIIIS, VETERUMQUE NORMA.

SIR,

**Y**OU have often solicited correspondence. I have sent you the *Journal of a senior Fellow, or genuine Idler*, just transmitted from Cambridge by a facetious correspondent, and warranted to have been transcribed from the common-place book of the journalist.

*Monday. Nine o'clock.* Turned off my bed-maker for waking me at eight. Weather rainy. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner.

*Ditto, Ten.* After breakfast, transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. *N. B.* Never to transcribe any more from Calamy; Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, having one volume of that author lying in her parlour window.

*Ditto, Eleven.* Went down into my cellar. *Mem.* My Mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. *N. B.* To remove the five-year-old Port into the new bin on the left hand.

*Ditto, Twelve.* Mended a pen. Looked at my weather-glass again. Quicksilver very low. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes.

*Ditto, One.* Dined alone in my room on a foal. *N. B.* The shrimp-sauce not so good as Mr. H. of Peterhouse and I used to eat in London last winter at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sat down to a pint of Madeira. Mr. H. surprized me over it. We finished two bottles of Port together, and were very chearful. *Mem.*

*To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouse next Wednesday.* One of the dishes a leg of pork and pease, by my desire.

*Ditto, Six.* News-paper in the common-room.

*Ditto, Seven.* Returned to bed. Made a tiff of warm punch, a before nine; did not fall asleep; a young fellow-commoner being noisy over my head.

*Tuesday, Nine.* Rose squeaking fine morning. Weather-glass very low.

*Ditto, Ten.* Ordered my horse to ride to the five-mile stone on market road. Appetite gets back of hounds, in full cry, across the road, and startled my horse.

*Ditto, Twelve.* Drest. Foster on my table to be in London instant. Bespoke a new wig.

*Ditto, One.* At dinner in the Common-room. Too much water in the soup. always orders the beef to be much for me.

*Ditto, Two.* In the Common-room. Dr. Dry gave us an instance of a gentleman who kept the gout out of his stomach by drinking old Madeira. Satisfaction chiefly on the expedition of the party broke up at four. Dr. myself played at back-gammon with a brace of snipes. Won.

*Ditto, Five.* At the coffee-house. Mr. H. there. Could not get the Monitor.

*Ditto, Seven.* Returned to bed. Stirred my fire. Went to the Common-room, and supped on the fish with Dr. Dry.

*Ditto, Eight.* Began the Common-room. Dr. Dry

ral stories. Were very merry. Our new fellow, that studies physic, very talkative toward twelve. Pretends he will bring the youngest Miss — to drink tea with me soon. Impertinent blockhead!

*Wednesday, Nine.* Alarmed with a pain in my ancle. *Q.* The gout? Fear I can't dine at Peterhouse; but I hope a ride will set all to rights. Weather-glass below Fair.

*Ditto, Ten.* Mounted my horse, though the weather suspicious. Pain in my ancle entirely gone. Caught in a shower coming back. Convinced that my weather-glass is the best in Cambridge.

*Ditto, Twelve.* Drest. Sauntered up to the Fishmongers Hill. Met Mr. H. and went with him to Peterhouse. Cook made us wait thirty six minutes beyond the time. The company, some of my Emanuel friends. For dinner, a pair of foals, a leg of pork and pease, among other things. *Mem.* Pease-pudding not boiled enough. Cook reprimanded and flogged in my presence.

*Ditto, after dinner.* Pain in my ancle returns. Dull all the afternoon. Raillied for being no company. Mr. H.'s account of the accommodations on the road in his Bath journey.

*Ditto, Six.* Got into spirits. Never was more chatty. We sat late at whist. Mr. H. and self agreed at parting to take a gentle ride, and dine at the old house on the London road to-morrow.

*Thursday, Nine.* My sempstress. She has lost the measure of my wrist. Forced to be measured again. The baggage has got a trick of smiling.

*Ditto, Ten to Eleven.* Made some rappee snuff. Read the magazines. Received a present of pickles from Miss Pilcocks. *Mem.* To send in return some collared eel, which I know both the old Lady and Miss are fond of.

*Ditto, Eleven.* Glass very high. Mounted at the gate with Mr. H. Horse skittish, and wants exercise. Arrive at the old house. All the provisions bespoke by some rakish fellow-commoner in the next room, who had been on a scheme to Newmarket. Could get nothing but mutton-chops off the worst end. Port very new. Agree to try some other house to-morrow.

*Here the Journal breaks off; for the next morning, as my friend informs me,*

our genial Academic was waked with a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, enjoys all the dignity of that disease. But I believe we have lost nothing by this interruption; since a continuation of the remainder of the journal, through the remainder of the week, would most probably have exhibited nothing more than a repeated relation of the same circumstances of Idling and luxury.

I hope it will not be concluded from this specimen of academic life, that I have attempted to decry our universities. If literature is not the essential requisite of the modern academic, I am yet persuaded, that Cambridge and Oxford, however degenerated, surpass the fashionable Academics of our metropolis, and the Gymnasias of foreign countries. The number of learned persons in these celebrated seats is still considerable, and more conveniences and opportunities for study still subsist in them, than in any other place. There is at least one very powerful incentive to learning; I mean the *Genius of the place*. It is a sport of inspiring Deity, which every youth of quick sensibility and ingenuous disposition creates to himself, by reflecting, that he is placed under those venerable walls, where a Hooker and a Hammond, a Bacon and a Newton, once pursued the same course of science, and from whence they soared to the most elevated heights of literary fame. This is that incitement which Tully, according to his own testimony, experienced at Athens, when he contemplated the porticos where Socrates sat, and the laurel-groves where Plato disputed. But there are other circumstances, and of the highest importance, which render our colleges superior to all other places of education. Their institutions, although somewhat fallen from their primæval simplicity, are such as influence, in a particular manner, the moral conduct of their youth; and in this general depravity of manners and laxity of principles, pure religion is no where more strongly inculcated. The Academies, as they are presumptuously styled, are too low to be mentioned; and foreign seminaries are likely to prejudice the unwary mind with Calvinism. But English universities render their students virtuous, at least by excluding all opportunities of vice; and, by teaching them the principles of the Church of England, confirm them in those of true Christianity.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER

**T**O illustrate one thing by it's resemblance to another, has been always the most popular and efficacious art of instruction. There is indeed no other method of teaching that of which any one is ignorant, but by means of something already known; and a mind so enlarged by contemplation and enquiry, that it has always many objects within it's view, will seldom be long without some near and familiar image through which an easy transition may be made to truths more distant and obscure.

Of the parallels which have been drawn by wit and curiosity, some are literal and real, as between poetry and painting, two arts which pursue the same end, by the operation of the same mental faculties, and which differ only as the one represents things by marks permanent and natural, the other by signs accidental and arbitrary. The one therefore is more easily and generally understood, since similitude of form is immediately perceived; the other is capable of conveying more ideas, for men have thought and spoken of many things which they do not see.

Other parallels are fortuitous and fanciful, yet these have sometimes been extended to many particulars of resemblance by a lucky concurrence of diligence and chance. The *animal body* is composed of many members, united under the direction of one mind; any number of individuals, connected for some common purpose, is therefore called a body. From this participation of the same appellation arose the comparison of the *body natural* and *body politick*, of which, how far soever it has been deduced, no end has hitherto been found.

In these imaginary similitudes, the same word is used at once in it's primitive and metaphorical sense. Thus health, ascribed to the *body natural*, is opposed to sickness; but attributed to the *body politick*, stands as contrary to adversity. These parallels therefore *have more of genius*, but less of truth; *they often please*, but they never convince.

*Of this kind is a curious speculation frequently indulged by a philosopher of*

my acquaintance, who had directed that the qualities requisite to a nation are very exactly represented in a bowl of punch.

'Punch,' says this profound gator, 'is a liquor compounded of spirit and acid juices, sugar and The spirit, volatile and fier, proper emblem of vivacity; the acidity of the lemon will figure pungency of raillery;mony of censure; sugar is the representative of luscious and gentle complaisance; and the proper hieroglyphick of the, innocent and tasteless.'

Spirit alone is too powerful. It will produce madness rather than riment; and, instead of quenching will inflame the blood. The copiously poured out, agitates with emotions rather violent than ting; every one shrinks from it's oppression, the company is tranced and overpowered; all is nished, but nobody is pleased.

The acid juices give this quor all it's power of stimulating the palate. Conversation would be dull and vapid, if negligence sometimes roused, and is quickened, by due severity of censure. But acids unmixed will face and torture the palate; and has no other qualities than sharpness and asperity, he whose constant ment is detection and censure, only to find faults, and speak punish them, will soon be hated, and avoided.

The taste of sugar is pleasing, but it cannot long be enjoyed itself. Thus meekness and always recommend the first, a soon pall and nauseate unless associated with more sprightly. The chief use of sugar is to taste of other substances, and behaviour in the same manner the roughness of contradiction lays the bitterness of unwell.

Water is the universal which are conveyed the necessary to sustenance and grov thirst is quenched, and a

life and nature are supplied. Thus all the business of the world is transacted by artless and easy talk, neither sublimed by fancy, nor discoloured by affectation, without either the harshness of satire, or the lasciviousness of flattery. By this limpid vein of language curiosity is gratified, and all the knowledge is conveyed which one man is required to impart for the safety or convenience of another. Water is the only ingredient of punch which can be used alone, and with which man is content till fancy has framed an artificial want. Thus while we only desire to have our ignorance informed, we are most delighted with the

plainest of fiction; and it is only in the moments of idleness or pride, that we call for the gratifications of wit or flattery.

He only will please long, who, by tempering the acid of satire with the sugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of humble chat, can make the true punch of conversation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water, so that company will be oftentimes welcome, whose talk flows out with inoffensive copiousness, and unvarnished insipidity.

I am, &c.

## Nº XXXV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

### TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

IF it be difficult to persuade the Idle to be busy, it is likewise, as experience has taught me, not easy to convince the busy that it is better to be idle. When you shall despair of stimulating sluggishness to motion, I hope you will turn your thoughts towards the means of stilling the bustle of pernicious activity.

I am the unfortunate husband of a *buyer of bargains*. My wife has somewhere heard, that a good housewife never has any thing to *purchase when it is wanted*. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She is not one of those philosophical talkers that speculate without practice, and learn sentences of wisdom only to repeat them; she is always making additions to her stores; she never looks into a broker's shop, but she spies something that may be wanted some time; and it is impossible to make her pass the door of a house where she hears *Goods selling by auction*.

Whatever she thinks cheap, she holds it the duty of an economist to buy; in consequence of this maxim, we are incumbered on every side with useless lumber. The servants can scarcely creep to their beds through the chests and boxes that surround them. The carpenter is employed once a week in building closets, fixing cupboards, and fastening shelves; and my house has the ap-

pearance of a ship stored for a voyage to the colonies.

I had often observed that advertisements set her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbade the news-paper to be taken any longer; but my precaution is vain; I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy, every catalogue of *genuine furniture* comes to her hand, every advertisement of a warehouse newly opened is in her pocket-book, and she knows before any of her neighbours when the stock of any man *leaving off trade is to be sold cheap for ready money*.

Such intelligence is to my dear-one the Syren's song. No engagement, no duty, no interest, can withhold her from a sale, from which she always returns congratulating herself upon her dexterity at a bargain; the porter lays down his burthen in the hall, she displays her new acquisitions, and spends the rest of the day in contriving where they shall be put.

As she cannot bear to have any thing uncomplete, one purchase necessitates another; she has twenty feather-beds more than she can use, and a late sale has supplied her with a proportionable number of Whitney blankets, a large roll of linen for sheets, and five quilts for every bed, which she bought because the seller told her, that if she would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus by hourly encroachments my habitation is made narrower and narrower.



rower; the dining-room is so crowded with tables, that dinner scarcely can be served; the parlour is decorated with so many piles of china, that I dare not step within the door; at every turn of the stairs I have a clock, and half the windows of the upper floors are darkened, that shelves may be set before them.

This, however, might be borne, if she would gratify her own inclinations without opposing mine. But I who am idle am luxurious, and she condemns me to live upon salt provision. She knows the loss of buying in small quantities, we have therefore whole hogs and quarters of oxen. Part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away because it is spoiled; but she persists in her system, and will never buy any thing by single pennyworths.

The common vice of those who are still grasping at more, is to neglect that which they already possess; but from this failing my charmer is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef should be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the second bag of peas should not be opened till the first are eaten; that every feather-bed shall be lain on in its turn; that the carpets should be taken out of the chests

once a month and brushed, and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily enquiring after the best traps for mice, and keeps the rooms always scented by fumigations to destroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to adjust six clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that run in the garret; and a woman in the next aisle lives by scouring the bras and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.

She is always imagining some distant time in which she shall use whatever she accumulates; she has four looking-glasses which she cannot hang up in her house, but which will be handsome in more lofty rooms; and pays rent for the place of a vast copper in some warehouse, because when we live in the country we shall brew our own beer.

Of this life I have long been weary, but know not how to change it: all the married men whom I consult advise me to have patience; but some old bachelors are of opinion, that since she loves sales so well, she should have a sale of her own; and I have, I think, resolved to open her hoards, and advertise an auction. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

PETER PLENTY.

## Nº XXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

**T**HE great differences that disturb the peace of mankind are not about ends, but means. We have all the same general desires, but how those desires shall be accomplished will for ever be disputed. The ultimate purpose of government is temporal, and that of religion is eternal happiness. Hitherto we agree; but here we must part, to try, according to the endless varieties of passion and understanding combined with one another, every possible form of government, and every imaginable tenet of religion.

We are told by Cumberland, that *rectitude*, applied to action or contemplation, is merely metaphorical; and that as a *right* line describes the shortest *passage* from point to point, so a *right action* effects a good design by the *fewest means*; and so likewise a *right* opinion is that which connects distant truths by

the shortest train of intermediate propositions.

To find the nearest way from truth to truth, or from purpose to effect, not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient, not to move by wheels and levers what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

But there are men who seem to think nothing so much the characteristic of a genius, as to do common things in an uncommon manner; like Hudibras, to *tell the clock by algebra*; or like the Lady in Dr. Young's Satires, to *drink tea by stratagem*: to quit the beaten track only because it is known, and take a new path, however crooked or rough, because the straight was found out before.

Every man speaks and writes with in-

ment to be understood, and it can seldom happen but he that understands himself might convey his notions to another, if content to be understood, he did not seek to be admired; but when once he begins to contrive how his sentiments may be received, not with most ease to his reader, but with most advantage to himself, he then transfers his consideration from words to sounds, from sentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant becomes less intelligible.

It is difficult to enumerate every species of authors whose labours counteract themselves; the man of exuberance and copiousness, who diffuses every thought through so many diversities of expression, that it is lost like water in a mist; the ponderous dictator of sentences, whose notions are delivered in the lump, and are, like uncoined bullion, of more weight than use; the liberal illustrator, who shews by examples and comparisons what was clearly seen when it was first proposed; and the stately son of demonstration, who proves with mathematical formality what no man has yet pretended to doubt.

There is a mode of style for which I know not that the masters of oratory have yet found a name, a style by which the most evident truths are so obscured, that they can no longer be perceived, and the most familiar propositions so disguised that they cannot be known. Every other kind of eloquence is the dress of sense; but this is the mask by which a true master of his art will so effectually conceal it, that a man will as easily mistake his own positions, if he meets them thus transformed, as he may pass in a masquerade his nearest acquaintance.

This style may be called the *terrifick*, for it's chief intention is to terrify and amaze; it may be termed the *repulsive*, for it's natural effect is to drive away the reader; or it may be distinguished, in plain English, by the denomination of the *bugbear style*, for it has more terror than danger, and will appear less formidable as it is more nearly approached.

A mother tells her infant, that *two and two make four*; the child remem-

bers the proposition, and is able to count four to all the purposes of life, till the course of his education brings him among philosophers, who fright him from his former knowledge, by telling him, that four is a certain aggregate of units; that all numbers being only the repetition of an unit, which though not a number itself, is the part, the unit, or original of all number, *four* is the denomination assigned to a certain number of such repetitions. The only danger is, lest, when he first hears these dreadful sounds, the pupil should run away; if he has but the courage to stay till the conclusion, he will find that, when speculation has done it's worst, two and two still make four.

An illustrious example of this species of eloquence may be found in *Letters concerning the Mind*. The author begins by declaring, that *the sorts of things are things that now are, have been, and shall be, and the things that strictly ARE*. In this position, except the last clause, in which he uses something of the scholastick language, there is nothing but what every man has heard and imagines himself to know. But who would not believe that some wonderful novelty is presented to his intellect, when he is afterwards told, in the true *bugbear style*, that *the ARE, in the former sense, are things that lie between the Have-beens and Shall-bes. The Have-beens are things that are past; the Shall-bes are things that are to come; and the things that ARE, in the latter sense, are things that have not been, nor shall be, nor stand in the midst of such as are before them or shall be after them. The things that have been, and shall be, have respect to present, past, and future. Those likewise that now ARE have more-over place; that, for instance, which is here, that which is to the East, that which is to the West*.

All this, my dear reader, is very strange; but though it be strange, it is not new; survey these wonderful sentences again, and they will be found to contain nothing more than very plain truths, which till this author arose had always been delivered in plain language.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER

**T**HOSE who are skilled in the extraction and preparation of metals, declare, that iron is every where to be found; and that not only it's proper ore is copiously treasured in the caverns of the earth, but that it's particles are dispersed throughout all other bodies.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the universe, I believe it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greatest plenty, which the condition of life makes of greatest use; and that nothing is penuriously imparted or placed far from the reach of man, of which a more liberal distribution, or more easy acquisition, would increase real and rational felicity.

Iron is common, and gold is rare. Iron contributes so much to supply the wants of nature, that it's use constitutes much of the difference between savage and polished life, between the state of him that slumbers in European palaces, and him that shelters himself in the cavities of a rock from the chilness of the night, or the violence of the storm. Gold can never be hardened into saws or axes; it can neither furnish instruments of manufacture, utensils of agriculture, nor weapons of defence; it's only quality is to shine, and the value of it's lustre arises from it's scarcity.

Throughout the whole circle, both of natural and moral life, necessities are as iron, and superfluities as gold. What we really need we may readily obtain; so readily, that far the greater part of mankind has, in the wantonness of abundance, confounded natural with artificial desires, and invented necessities for the sake of employment, because the mind is impatient of inaction, and life is sustained with so little labour, that the tediousness of idle time cannot otherwise be supported.

Thus plenty is the original cause of many of our needs; and even the poverty, which is so frequent and distressful in civilized nations, proceeds often from that change of manners which opulence has produced. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

When Socrates passed through of toys and ornaments, he cried 'How many things are here 'do not need!' And the satisfaction may every man make, whoveys the common accommodation of life.

Superfluity and difficulty begether. To dress food for the stomach, the art is to irritate the stomach is sufficed. A man may build walls, form roofs, floors, and provide all that war security require; we only call artificers to carve the cornice, paint the ceilings. Such dress enable the body to endure the seasons, the most unenlightened have been able to procure; but of science begins in the ambition of distinction, in variations of false emulation of elegance. Corn grows easy culture; the gardener's ex are only employed to exalt the of fruits, and brighten the flowers.

Even of knowledge, those most easy which are generally. The intercourse of society is without the elegances of languages, criticisms, and refines the work of those whom idleness weary of themselves. The of the world is carried on by thods of computation. Such study are required only when are invented merely to puzzle, calculations are extended to the of the calculator. The light is equally beneficial to him who tell him that it moves, and to reason persuades him that it still and plants grow with the satisfaction, whether we suppose earth the parent of vegetation.

If we raise our thoughts to inquiries, we shall still find succurring with usefulness. No man stay to be virtuous till the more determined the essence of his duty is made apparent by it's consequences, though the general ultimate reason should never be verified. Religion may regulate of him to whom the Stoics :

alike unknown; and the affate and free-will, however their talk, agree to act in manner.

ot my intention to depreciate arts or abstruse studies. ofity which always succeeds enty, was undoubtedly given of of capacity which our press not able to fill, as a prepaome better mode. of existence,

which that furnish employment for the whole soul, and where pleasure shall be adequate to our powers of fruition. In the mean time, let us gratefully acknowledge that goodness which grants us ease at a cheap rate, which changes the seasons where the nature of heat and cold has not been yet examined, and gives the vicissitudes of day and night to those who never marked the tropicks, or numbered the constellations.

### XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

the publication of the letter ing the condition of those nsined in gaols by their cre-enquiry is said to have been which it appears that more ity thousand are at this time or debt.

n look with indifference on ive parts of that, which, if were seen together, would with emotion. A debtor is prison, pitied for a moment, rgotten; another follows him, alike in the caverns of obli-when the whole mass of cala-up at once, when twenty asonable beings are heard all unnecessary misery, not by y of nature, but the mistake ice of policy, who can for-and lament, to wonder and

here no need of declamatory; we live in an age of computation; let us therefore ire what is the sum of evil imprisonment of debtors our country.

to be the opinion of the later that the inhabitants of Eng-xt exceed six millions, of ty thousand is the three-hun-. What shall we say of the r the wisdom of a nation, arily sacrifices one in every ed to lingering destruction! ortunes of an individual do heir influence to many; yet,

if we consider the effects of consanguinity and friendship, and the general reciprocation of wants and benefits, which make one man dear or necessary to another, it may reasonably be supposed, that every man languishing in prison gives trouble of some kind to two others who love or need him. By this multiplication of misery we see distress extended to the hundredth part of the whole society.

If we estimate at a shilling a day what is lost by the inaction and consumed in the support of each man thus chained down to involuntary idleness, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.

I am afraid that those who are best acquainted with the state of our prisons, will confess that my conjecture is too near the truth, when I suppose that the corrosion of resentment, the heaviness of sorrow, the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise, and sometimes of food, the contagion of diseases, from which there is no retreat, and the severity of tyrants, against whom there can be no resistance, and all the complicated horrors of a prison, put an end every year to the life of one in four of those that are shut up from the common comforts of human life.

Thus perish yearly five thousand men, overborne with sorrow, consumed by famine, or putrified by filth; many of them in the most vigorous and useful

umber was at that time confidently published; but the author has since found tion the calculation.

part of life; for the thoughtless and imprudent are commonly young, and the active and busy are seldom old.

According to the rule generally received, which supposes that one in thirty dies yearly, the race of man may be said to be renewed at the end of thirty years. Who would have believed till now, that of every English generation, an hundred and fifty thousand perish in our gaols! that in every century, a nation eminent for science, studious of commerce, ambitious of empire, should willingly lose, in noisome dungeons, five hundred thousand of it's inhabitants; a number greater than has ever been destroyed in the same time by the pestilence and sword!

A very late occurrence may shew us the value of the number which we thus condemn to be useless; in the re-establishment of the Trained Bands, twenty thousand are considered as a force sufficient against all exigences. While, therefore, we detain twenty thousand in prison, we shut up in darkness and uselessness two-thirds of an army which ourselves judge equal to the defence of our country.

The reformatory institutions have been often blamed, as tending to retard the increase of mankind. And perhaps retirement ought rarely to be permitted, except to those whose employment is consistent with abstraction, and who, though solitary, will not be idle; to those whom infirmity makes useless to the commonwealth, or to those who have paid their due proportion to society, and who, having lived for others, may be honourably dismissed to live for themselves. But whatever be the evil or the folly of these retreats, those have no right to censure them whose prisons contain greater numbers than the monasteries of other countries. It is, surely, less foolish and less criminal to permit inaction than compel it; to comply with doubtful opinions of happiness, than condemn to certain and apparent misery; to indulge the extravagances of erroneous piety, than to multiply and enforce temptations to wickedness.

The misery of gaols is not half their

evil: they are filled with evition which poverty and woe generate between them; shameless and profligate can be produced by the impudency, the rage of want, the indignity of despair. In a prison the publick eye is lost, and the law is spent; the eye there are no blushes. The lowly, the audacious, the dacious. Every one fortifies he can against his own sensibility to practise on others which are practised on himself the kindness of his associates of manners.

Thus some sink amidst poverty and others survive only to perdition. It may be hoped, that givers will at length take a little power of starving as one another: but, if there is any reason why this inveterate evil be removed in our age, wisdom has enlightened beyond time, let those, whose writings and opinions and the practices of temporaries, endeavour to reproach of such imprisonment debtor to the creditor, till family shall pursue the wretchedness of power, or reveal pointment, condemns another and to ruin; till he shall through the world as an enemy and find in riches no shelter tempt.

Surely, he whose debtor in prison, though he may be self of deliberate murder, have his mind clouded with when he considers how he has suffered from him; when on the wife bewailing her the children begging the their father would have there are any made so obdurate or cruelty, as to revolve sequences without dread or leave them to be awake other power, for I write of beings.

## N° XXXIX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.

## TO THE IDLER.

318,

As none look more diligently about them than those who have nothing to do, or who do nothing, I suppose it has not escaped your observation, that the Bracelet, or ornament of great antiquity, has been for some years revived among the English ladies.

The genius of our nation is said, I know not for what reason, to appear rather in improvement than invention. The bracelet was known in the earliest ages; but it was formerly only a hoop of gold, or a cluster of jewels, and shewed nothing but the wealth or vanity of the wearer, till our ladies, by carrying pictures on their wrists, made their ornaments works of fancy and exercises of judgment.

This addition of art to luxury is one of the innumerable proofs that might be given of the late increase of female erudition; and I have often congratulated myself that my life has happened at a time when those, on whom so much of human felicity depends, have learned to think as well as speak, and when respect takes possession of the ear, while love is entering at the eye.

I have observed, that, even by the suffrages of their own sex, those ladies are accounted wisest, who do not yet disdain to be taught; and therefore I shall offer a few hints for the completion of the bracelet, without any dread of the fate of Orpheus.

To the ladies who wear the pictures of their husbands or children, or any other near relations, I can offer nothing more decent or more proper. It is reasonable to believe that she intends at least to perform her duty, who carries a perpetual excitement to recollection and caution, whose own ornaments must upbraid her with every failure, and who, by any open violation of her engagements, must for ever forfeit her bracelet.

Yet I know not whether it is the interest of the husband to solicit very earnestly a place on the bracelet. If his image be not in the heart, it is of small avail to hang it on the hand. A husband encircled with diamonds and rubies

may gain some esteem, but will never excite love. He that thinks himself most secure of his wife, should be fearful of persecuting her continually with his presence. The joy of life is variety; the tenderest love requires to be rekindled by intervals of absence; and Fidelity herself will be wearied with transferring her eye only from the same man to the same picture.

In many countries the condition of every woman is known by her dress. Marriage is rewarded with some honourable distinction which celibacy is forbidden to usurp. Some such information a bracelet might afford. The ladies might enroll themselves in distinct classes, and carry in open view the emblems of their order. The bracelet of the Authoress may exhibit the Muses in a grove of laurel; the Housewife may shew Penelope with her web; the Votress of a single life may carry Urfula with her troop of virgins; the Gamester may have Fortune with her wheel; and those women that *have no character at all*, may display a Field of white enamel, as imploring help to fill up the vacuity.

There is a set of ladies who have outlived most animal pleasures, and having nothing rational to put in their place, solace with cards the loss of what Time has taken away, and the want of what Wisdom, having never been courted, has never given. For these I know not how to provide a proper decoration. They cannot be numbered among the Gamesters, for though they are always at play, they play for nothing, and never rise to the dignity of hazard or the reputation of skill. They neither love nor are loved, and cannot be supposed to contemplate any human image with delight. Yet though they despair to please, they always wish to be fine, and therefore cannot be without a bracelet. To this sisterhood I can recommend nothing more likely to please them than the King of Clubs, a personage very comely and majestick, who will never meet their eyes without reviving the thought of some past or future party, and who may be displayed in the act of dealing with grace and propriety.

But the bracelet which might be most easily introduced into general use is a small convex mirror, in which the lady may see herself whenever she shall lift her hand. This will be a perpetual source of delight. Other ornaments are of use only in publick, but this will furnish gratifications to solitude. This will shew a face that must always please; she who is followed by admirers will carry about her a perpetual justification of the publick voice; and she who passes without notice may appeal from prejudice to her own eyes.

But I know not why the privilege of the bracelet should be confined to women; it was in former ages worn by heroes in battle; and as modern soldiers are always distinguished by splendour of dress, I should rejoice to see the bracelet added to the cockade.

In hope of this ornamental innovation, I have spent some thoughts upon military bracelets. There is no passion more heroic than love; and therefore I should be glad to see the sons of Eng-

land marching in the field, with the picture of a woman bound upon his hand. But army, as every where else, always be men who love themselves, or whom no woman will permit to love her necessity of some other distinguishing devices.

I have read of a prince who lost a town, ordered the name every morning shouted in his should be recovered. For the pose I think the prospect might be properly worn on the some of our generals: others light their countrymen, at themselves with a view of Rome appeared to them at sea: and shall return from the conquest of America, may exhibit the warehouse tenac, with an inscription denoting it was taken in less than three less than twenty thousand men Sir, &c.

T

## Nº XL. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20

THE practice of appending to the narratives of public transactions more minute and domestic intelligence, and filling the news-papers with advertisements, has grown up by slow degrees to its present state.

Genius is shewn only by invention. The man who first took advantage of the general curiosity that was excited by a siege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the shop where the best puffs and powder were to be sold, was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity, and profound skill in the nature of man. But when he had once shewn the way, it was easy to follow him; and every man now knows a ready method of informing the publick of all that he desires to buy or sell, whether his wares be material or intellectual; whether he makes cloaths, or teaches the mathematics; whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.

Whatever is common is despised. Advertisements are now so numerous that they are very negligently perused, and it is therefore become necessary to gain attention by magnificence of promises,

and by eloquence sometimes if sometimes pathetic.

Promise, large promise, is an advertisement. I remember a ball that had a quality truly it gave an exquisite edge to And there are now to be sold money only, some *Duvets for rings, of down, beyond comparison to what is called Otter L* indeed such, that it's many cannot be here set forth. With excellence we are made acquainted warmer than four or five bladders lighter than one.

There are some, however, the prejudice of mankind in modest sincerity. The very *Beautifying Fluid* sells a lotio pels pimples, washes away smooths the skin, and plumps and yet, with a generous abhorrence of ostentation, confesses, that it restores the bloom of fifteen to fifty.

The true pathos of advertisement must have sunk deep into every man that remembers it by the seller of the Anodyne.

for the ease and safety of poor toothling infants; and the affection with which he warned every mother, that *she would never forgive herself* if her infant should perish without a necklace.

I cannot but remark to the celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the Camel and Dromedary, so many specimens of the genuine sublime, that there is now arrived another subject yet more worthy of his pen. *A famous Mohawk Indian Warrior, who took Dietaw the French general prisoner, dressed in the same manner with the native Indians when they go to war, with his face and body painted, with his scalping knife, Tom-ax, and all other implements of war: a sight worthy the curiosity of every true Briton!* This is a very powerful description; but a critic of great refinement would say that it conveys rather *horror and terror*. An Indian, dressed as he goes to war, may bring company together; but if he carries the scalping knife and tom-ax, there are many true Britons that will never be persuaded to see him but through a grate.

It has been remarked by the severer judges, that the salutary sorrow of tragic scenes is too soon effaced by the merriment of the epilogue; the same inconvenience arises from the improper disposition of advertisements. The noblest objects may be so associated as to be made ridiculous. The Camel and Dromedary themselves might have lost much of their dignity between *the true Flower of Mustard* and *the original Daffy's Elixir*; and I could not but feel some indignation when I found this illustrious Indian Warrior immediately succeeded by *a fresh parcel of Dublin butter*.

The trade of advertising is now so near to perfection, that it is not easy to propose any improvement. But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordi-

nation to the publick good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question to these matters of the publick ear, Whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions, as when the registerer of lottery tickets invites us to his shop by an account of the prize which he sold last year; and whether the advertising controvertists do not indulge asperity of language without any adequate provocation; as in the dispute about *Straps for Razors*, now happily subsided, and in the altercation which at present subsists concerning *Eau de Luce*.

In an advertisement it is allowed to every man to speak well of himself, but I know not why he should assume the privilege of censuring his neighbour. He may proclaim his own virtue or skill, but ought not to exclude others from the same pretensions.

Every man that advertises his own excellence, should write with some consciousness of a character which dares to call the attention of the publick. He should remember that his name is to stand in the same paper with those of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, and endeavour to make himself worthy of such association.

Some regard is likewise to be paid to posterity. There are men of diligence and curiosity who treasure up the papers of the day merely because others neglect them, and in time they will be scarce. When these collections shall be read in another century, how will numberless contradictions be reconciled? and how shall fame be possibly distributed among the taylor and boddice-makers of the present age?

Surely these things deserve consideration. It is enough for me to have hinted my desire that these abuses may be rectified; but such is the state of nature, that what all have the right of doing, many will attempt without sufficient care or due qualifications.

## Nº XLI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

THE following letter relates to an affliction perhaps not necessary to be imparted to the public; but I could not persuade myself to suppress it, be-

cause I think I know the sentiments to be sincere, and I feel no disposition to provide for this day any other entertainment.



*At tu quisquis eris, miseri qui cruda poetæ  
Credideris fletu funera digna tuo,  
Hæc postrema tibi sit flendi causa, fluatque  
Lenis in ossa: so vitæque morsque gradu.*

MR. IDLER,

NOTwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon our observation, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burthen, but crushes us as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings, though silently yet visibly, forward by its even lapse, which yet approach us unseen, because we turn our eyes away, and seize us unresisted, because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must some time be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death; yet there is no man, says Tully, who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend: but the fallacy will be in time detected; the last year, the last day, must come. It has come, and is past. The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.

*The loss of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of dreary desolation in which the mind looks*

abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror in the blameless life, the artist's tender pious simplicity, the modest resignation of the patient sickness, and the quick are remembered only to add to the loss, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which Providence gradually disengages the love of life. Other evils it may repel, or hope may mitigate; irreparable privation leaves not exercise resolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and is left us here but languishing grief.

Yet such is the course of nature to whoever lives long must outlive whom he loves and honours. The condition of our present existence is that life must one time lose its pleasures, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without a partner of his joy or grief, without an interested witness of his misfortune or success.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet find for where is the bottom of the man? But what is success to him who has none to enjoy it? Happiness is found in self-contemplation; it is enjoyed only when it is reflected in another.

We know little of the state of parted souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason asserts us at the brink of the grave can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. *Then in the angels of Heaven over one that repenteth*; and surely this joy is incommunicable to souls disengaged from the body, and made like an angel.

Let Hope therefore dictate, what Revelation does not confuse, that the souls of the departed may still remain; and that those who are struggling with sin, and infirmities, may have our partial attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take Refuge in Religion: when we have no help in our distress, what can remain but that we look for a higher and a greater Power?

may we not raise our eyes when we consider that the *wer is the Best?* There is no man who, thus affected, not seek succour in the Gospels. The precepts of Epicurus teach us to endure what the universe make necessary, but not content us. The Zeno, who commands us to indifference on external, dispose us to conceal our

sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of Him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give patience.

I am, &c.

## NO XLII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

subject of the following letter wholly unmentioned by the Spectator has also a letting a case not much different. correspondent's performance effort of genius, than effusions; and that she hath apted to paint some possible in really feels the evils whichcribed.

### TO THE IDLER.

It is a cause of misery, which, is certainly known both to you predecessors, has been little of in your papers; I mean that the bad behaviour of pads over the paths of life which ren are to tread after them; make no doubt but the Idler field for virtue, as well as the illy, that he will employ his rs as much to his own satisfaction warning his readers against a in laughing them out of a or this reason I am tempted to ince for my story in your paper it has nothing to recommend th, and the honest wish of hers to shun the track which d may lead me at last to ruin. e child of a father, who, hav- lived in one spot in the coun- he was born, and having had education himself, thought no ons in the world desirable but I up to fortune, and no learn- ry to happiness but such as effectually teach me to make let of myself. I was unfor-

tunately born a beauty, to a full sense of which my father took care to flatter me; and having, when very young, put me to a school in the country, afterwards transplanted me to another in town, at the instigation of his friends, where his ill-judged fondness let me remain no longer than to learn just enough experience to convince me of the sordidness of his views, to give me an idea of perfections which my present situation will never suffer me to reach, and to teach me sufficient morals to dare to despise what is bad, though it be in a father.

Thus equipped (as he thought completely) for life, I was carried back into the country, and lived with him and my mother in a small village, within a few miles of the county-town; where I mixed, at first with reluctance, among company which, though I never despised, I could not approve, as they were brought up with other inclinations, and narrower views than my own. My father took great pains to shew me every where, both at his own house, and at such public diversions as the country afforded: he frequently told the people all he had was for his daughter; took care to repeat the civilities I had received from all his friends in London; told how much I was admired, and all his little ambition could suggest to set me in a stronger light.

Thus have I continued tricked out for sale, as I may call it, and doomed, by parental authority, to a state little better than that of prostitution. I look on myself as growing cheaper every hour, and am losing all that honest pride, that modest confidence, in which the

virgin dignity consists. Nor does my misfortune stop here: though many would be too generous to impute the follies of a father to a child whose heart has set her above them; yet I am afraid the most charitable of them will hardly think it possible for me to be a daily spectator of his vices without tacitly allowing them, and at last consenting to them, as the eye of the frightened infant is, by degrees, reconciled to the darkness of which at first it was afraid. It is a common opinion, he himself must very well know, that vices, like diseases, are often hereditary; and that the property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poisons the springs of life.

Yet this, though bad, is not the worst: my father deceives himself the hopes of the very child he has brought into the world; he suffers his house to be the seat of drunkenness, riot, and irreligion: who seduces, almost in my sight, the menial servant, converses with the prostitute, and corrupts the wife! Thus I, who from my earliest dawn of reason was taught to think that at my approach every eye sparkled with pleasure, or was dejected as conscious of superior charms, am excluded from society, through fear lest I should partake, if not of my father's crimes, at least of his reproach. Is a parent, who is so little solicitous for the welfare of a child, better than a pirate who turns a wretch adrift in a boat at sea without a star to steer by, or an anchor to hold it fast? Am I not to lay all my miseries at those doors which ought to have opened only for my protection? And if doomed to add at last one more to the number of those wretches whom neither the world nor its law befriends, may I not justly

say that I have been awed by into ruin? But though a parent is screened from insult and viol the very words of Heaven, yet laws, divine or human, forbid remove myself from the malignancy of a plant that poisons all around; blights the bloom of youth, checks improvements, and makes all it rets fade. But to whom can the ed, can the dependant fly? For a father's house, is to be a home have only one comforter and anxieties, a pious relation, who appeal to Heaven for a witness to intentions, fly as a deserted w it's protection; and, being as my Father is, point, like the ancilosopher, with my finger to t vens.

The hope in which I write that you will give it a place in paper; and as your essays sometimes their way into the country, that ther may read my story there; not for his own sake, yet for mine to perpetuate that worst of calamities, the loss of character, from which his dissimulation has not been rescue himself. Tell the world that it is possible for Virtue to be throne unshaken without any other than itself; that it is possible to n that purity of thought so nece the completion of human excellence in the midst of temptations; who have no friend within, nor are by the voluntary indulgence of thoughts.

If the insertion of a story li does not break in on the plan of paper, you have it in your power better friend than her father to

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## Nº XLIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other *conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.*

It may perhaps be observed moralist, with equal reason, the globe seems particularly fitted for residence of a being, placed here for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and better state of existence, by unremitting caution, and activity of

The duties required of man as human nature does not will to form, and such as these are i

yet intend ~~some~~ time to fulfil was therefore necessary that fal reluctance should be coun-  
nd the drowsiness of hesitation nto resolve; that the danger of ition should be always in view, allacies of security be hourly

end all the appearances of nam-ly conspire. Whatever we y side, reminds us of the lapse d the flux of life. The day succeed each other, the rota-  
sons diversifies the year, the attains the meridian, declines and the moon every night's form.

y has been considered as an he year, and the year as the tion of life. The morning the spring, and the spring to and youth; the noon corre- the summer, and the summer ngth of manhood. The even-  
mblem of autumn, and au- eclining life. The night with and darkness shews the win-  
ch all the powers of vegetation bed; and the winter points ne when life shall cease, with and pleasures.

is carried forward, however y a motion equable and easy, ot the change of place hut by on of objects. If the wheel of h rolls thus silently along, hrough undistinguishable uni- ve should never mark it's ap- o the end of the course. If ere like another; if the pas- ie sun did not shew that the tting; if the change of sea- ot impress upon us the flight r; quantities of duration equal nd years would glide unch- f the parts of time were not oloured, we should never dis-  
departure or succession, but e thoughtless of the past, and the future, without will, and ithout power to compute the life, or to compare the time

which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is observed even by the birds of passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, how- ever importunate, are too often vain and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambed in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who purposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

#### ° XLIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

*ORY is, among the facul- of the human mind, that of ke the most frequent use,*

or rather that of which the agency is incessant or perpetual. Memory is the primary and fundamental power, whi

out which there could be no other intellectual operation. Judgment and ratiocination suppose something already known, and draw their decisions only from experience. Imagination selects ideas from the treasures of remembrance, and produces novelty only by varied combinations. We do not even form conjectures of distant, or anticipations of future events, but by concluding what is possible from what is past.

The two offices of Memory are collection and distribution; by one images are accumulated, and by the other produced for use. Collection is always the employment of our first years, and distribution commonly that of our advanced age.

To collect and reposit the various forms of things, is far the most pleasing part of mental occupation. We are naturally delighted with novelty, and there is a time when all that we see is new. When first we enter into the world, whithersoever we turn our eyes, they meet Knowledge with Pleasure at her side; every diversity of nature pours ideas in upon the soul; neither search nor labour are necessary; we have nothing more to do than to open our eyes, and curiosity is gratified.

Much of the pleasure which the first survey of the world affords, is exhausted before we are conscious of our own felicity, or able to compare our condition with some other possible state. We have therefore few traces of the joy of our earliest discoveries; yet we all remember a time when nature had so many untasted gratifications, that every excursion gave delight which can now be found no longer, when the noise of a torrent, the rustle of a wood, the song of birds, or the play of lambs, had power to fill the attention, and suspend all perception of the course of time.

But these easy pleasures are soon at an end; we have seen in a very little time so much, that we call out for new objects of observation, and endeavour to find variety in books and life. But study is laborious, and not always satisfactory; and conversation has it's pains as well as pleasures; we are willing to learn, but not willing to be taught; we are pained by ignorance, but pained yet more by another's knowledge.

*From the vexation of pupillage men commonly set themselves free about*

the middle of life, by shutting avenues of intelligence, and rest in their present state; and whose ardour of enquiry continues, find themselves insensibly by their instructors. As every vances in life, the proportion those that are younger, and older than himself, is continually increasing; and he that has lived halcyon, finds few that do not require him that information which he expected from those that went before.

Then it is that the magazine of memory are opened, and the stored-up knowledge are displayed in vanity or benevolence, or in commerce of mutual interest. He wants others, and is therefore he is wanted by them. And men will endure the labour of meditation without necessity, he learned enough for his profit and honour, seldom endeavours after acquisitions.

The pleasure of recollecting past notions would not be more than that of gaining them, if they be kept pure and unmingled passages of life; but such is the necessary concatenation of our thoughts, good and evil are linked together; no pleasure recurs but associated with pain. Every revived idea recalls a time when something was that is now lost, when some were not yet blasted, when some were yet not languished into sluggish indifference.

Whether it be that life has more motions than comforts, or, what is even just the same, that even deeper impression than good, is retained that few can review the without heaviness of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred, many opportunities lost by neglect. The shades of the dead rise before him; and he laments the company of his youth, the partners of his misadventures, the assistants of his follies, whom the hand of death has away.

When an offer was made to him of teaching him the art of memory, he answered, that he was too weary for the art of Forgetting. He felt his imagination haunted by phantoms of misery which he

express, and would gladly have thoughts with some obvious

In this we all resemble one the hero and the sage are, like

vulgar mortals, overburthened by the weight of life, all shrink from recollection, and all wish for an art of forgetfulness.

## NO XLV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

RE is in many minds a kind of anxiety exerted to the disadvantage; a desire to be praised or acuteness, discovered only in gradation of their species, or their country.

It is sufficiently copious, that a lampooner of mankind may exercise for his zeal or wit in the variety of nature, the vexations of parties of opinion, and the corruptions of practice. But fiction is not discernment; and most of us spare themselves the labour to, and exhaust their virulence in imaginary crimes, which, as they are, can never be amended.

The painters find no encouragement in the English for many other than portraits, has been imputed to all selfishness. 'Tis vain,' says the satyr, 'to set before any man the scenes of landscape, heroes of history; nature and art are nothing in his eye; he values but for himself, nor decays but of his own form.'

He is delighted with his own image, and derive his pleasure from the view of another. Every man is content to himself, and has little need of his own resemblance; he can desire it, but for the sake of whom he loves, and by whose hopes to be remembered.

If the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and like other human actions, it is complicated with pride, yet even it is more laudable, than that which palaces are covered with pictures; however excellent, neither the owner's virtue nor excite it.

It is chiefly exerted in historical painting and the art of the painter of the past is often lost in the obscurity of the present. But it is in painting as in poetry, the greatest is not always best. I never see Reynolds transfer and to goddesses, to empty and to airy fiction, that art

which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in reviving tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead.

Yet in a nation great and opulent there is room, and ought to be patronage, for an art like that of painting through all its diversities; and it is to be wished, that the reward now offered for an historical picture may excite an honest emulation, and give beginning to an English school.

It is not very easy to find an action or event that can be efficaciously represented by a painter.

He must have an action not successive but instantaneous; for the time of a picture is a single moment. For this reason, the death of Hercules cannot well be painted, though at the first view it flatters the imagination with very glittering ideas: the gloomy mountain, overhanging the sea, and covered with trees, some bending to the wind, and some torn from their roots by the raging hero; the violence with which he rends from his shoulders the envenomed garment; the propriety with which his muscular nakedness may be displayed; the death of Lycas whirled from the promontory; the gigantic presence of Philoctetes; the blaze of the fatal pile, which the deities behold with grief and terror from the sky.

All these images fill the mind, but will not compose a picture, because they cannot be united in a single moment. Hercules must have rent his flesh at one time, and tossed Lycas into the air at another; he must first tear up the trees, and then lie down upon the pile.

The action must be circumstantial and distinct. There is a passage in the Iliad which cannot be read without strong emotions. A Trojan prince, seized by Achilles in the battle, falls at his feet, and in moving terms supplicates for life. 'How can a wretch like thee,' says the haughty Greek, 'entreat to live, when thou knowest that the time must come when Achilles is

'to die?' This cannot be painted, because no peculiarity of attitude or disposition can so supply the place of language as to impress the sentiment.

The event painted must be such as excites passion, and different passions in the several actors, or a tumult of contending passions in the chief.

Perhaps the discovery of Ulysses by his nurse is of this kind. The surprise of the nurse mingled with joy; that of Ulysses checked by prudence, and clouded by solicitude; and the distinctness of the action by which the scar is found; all concur to complete the subject. But the pictures, having only two figures, will want variety.

A much nobler assemblage may be furnished by the death of Epaniondas. The mixture of gladness and grief in the face of the messenger who brings his dying general an account of the victory; the various passions of the attendants; the sublimity of composure in the hero, while the dart is by his own command drawn from his side, and the faint gleam of satisfaction that diffuses itself over

the languor of death; are worthy of that pencil which yet I do not wish to see employed upon them.

If the design were not too multifarious and extensive, I should wish that our painters would attempt the dissolution of the parliament by Cromwell. The point of time may be chosen when Cromwell, looking round the Pandæmonium with contempt, ordered the hauberk to be taken away; and Harrison laid hands on the speaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances, which rage, and terror, and astonishment, and guilt, might exhibit in the faces of that hateful assembly, of whom the principal persons may be faithfully drawn from portraits or prints; the irresolute repugnance of some, the hypocritical submissions of others, the ferocious insolence of Cromwell, the rugged brutality of Harrison, and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would, if some proper disposition could be contrived, make a picture of unexampled variety, and irresistible instruction.

## Nº XLVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

MR. IDLER,

I Am encouraged, by the notice you have taken of Betty Broom, to represent the miseries which I suffer from a species of tyranny which, I believe, is not very uncommon, though perhaps it may have escaped the observation of those who converse little with fine ladies, or see them only in their public characters.

To this method of venting my vexation I am the more inclined, because if I do not complain to you, I must burst in silence; for my mistress has teased me and teased me till I can hold no longer, and yet I must not tell her of her tricks. The girls that live in common services can quarrel, and give warning, and find other places; but we that live with great ladies, if we once offend them, have nothing left but to return into the country.

I am waiting maid to a lady who keeps the best company, and is seen at every place of fashionable resort. I am envied by all the maids in the square, for few countesses leave off so many cloaths as my mistress, and nobody

shares with me; so that I supply two families in the country with finery for the assizes and horse-racer, besides what I wear myself. The steward and house-keeper have joined against me to procure my removal, that they may advance a relation of their own; but their designs are found out by my lady, who says I need not fear them, for she will never have Dowdies about her.

You would think, Mr. Idler, like others, that I am very happy, and may well be contented with my lot. But I will tell you. My lady has an odd humour. She never orders any thing in direct words, for she loves a sharp girl than can take a hint.

I would not have you suspect that she has any thing to hint which she is ashamed to speak at length, for none can have greater purity of sentiment, or rectitude of intention. She has nothing to hide, yet nothing will she tell. She always gives her directions obliquely and allusively, by the mention of something relative or consequential, without any other purpose than to exercise my acuteness and her own.

It is impossible to give a notion of this style otherwise than by examples. One night, when she had set writing letters till it was time to be dressed—'Molly,' said she, 'the ladies are all to be at court to-night in white aprons.' When she means that I should send to order the chair, she says—'I think the streets are clean, I may venture to walk.' When she would have something put into it's place, she bids me *lay it on the floor*. If she would have me snuff the candles, she asks *whether I think her eyes are like a cat's*? If she thinks her chocolate delayed, she talks of the *benefit of abstinence*. If any needle-work is forgotten, she supposes that *I have heard of the lady who died by pricking her finger*.

She always imagines that I can recall every thing past from a single word. If she wants her head from the milliner, she only says—'Molly, you know Mrs. Tape.' If she would have the mantuamaker sent for, she remarks that *Mr. Taffaty, the mercer, was here last week*. She ordered, a fortnight ago, that the first time she was abroad all day I should chuse her a new set of coffee-cups at the china-shop: of this she reminded me yesterday, as she was going down stairs, by saying—'You can't find your way now to Pall-Mall.'

All this would never vex me, if, by increasing my trouble, she spared her own; but, dear Mr. Idler, is it not as easy to say *coffee-cups* as *Pall-Mall*, and to tell me in plain words what I am to do, and when it is to be done, as to torment her own head with the labour of finding hints, and mine with that of understanding them?

When first I came to this lady, I had nothing like the learning that I have now; for she has many books, and I have much time to read; so that of late I seldom have missed her meaning; but when the first took me, I was an ignorant girl; and she, who, as is very common, confounded want of knowledge with want of understanding, began once to despair of bringing me to any thing, because, when I came into her chamber

at the call of her bell, she asked me, *Whether we lived in Zembla*, and I did not guess the meaning of her enquiry; but modestly answered, that *I could not tell*. She had happened to ring once when I did not hear her, and meant to put me in mind of that country, where sounds are said to be congealed by the frost.

Another time, as I was dressing her head, she began to talk on a sudden of *Medusa*, and *Snakes*, and *men turned into stone*, and *maids that, if they were not watched, would let their mistresses be Gorgons*. I looked round me half frightened, and quite bewildered; till at last, finding that her literature was thrown away upon me, she bid me, with great vehemence, reach the curling-irons.

It is not without some indignation, Mr. Idler, that I discover, in these artifices of vexation, something worse than soppery or caprice; a mean delight in superiority, which knows itself in no danger of reproof or opposition; a cruel pleasure in seeing the perplexity of a mind obliged to find what is studiously concealed, and a mean indulgence of petty malevolence, in the sharp censure of involuntary, and very often of inevitable, failings. When, beyond her expectation, I hit upon her meaning, I can perceive a sudden cloud of disappointment spread over her face, and have sometimes been afraid lest I should lose her favour by understanding her when she means to puzzle me.

This day, however, she has conquered my sagacity. When she went out of her dressing-room, she said nothing, but, *Molly, you know*, and hastened to her chariot. What I am to know is yet a secret; but if I do not know, before she comes back, what I yet have no means of discovering, she will make my dullness a pretence for a fortnight's ill humour, treat me as a creature devoid of the faculties necessary to the common duties of life, and perhaps give the next gown to the housekeeper. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

MOLLY QUICK.



N<sup>o</sup>. XLVII. SATURDAY, MARCH 10.

TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

**I** Am the unfortunate wife of a City Wit, and cannot but think that my case may deserve equal compassion with any of those which have been represented in your paper.

I married my husband within three months after the expiration of his apprenticeship; we put our money together, and furnished a large and splendid shop, in which he was for five years and a half diligent and civil. The notice which curiosity or kindness commonly bestows on beginners, was continued by confidence and esteem; one customer, pleased with his treatment and his bargain, recommended another, and we were busy behind the counter from morning to night.

Thus every day increased our wealth and our reputation. My husband was often invited to dinner openly on the Exchange by hundred thousand pounds men; and whenever I went to any of the halls, the wives of the aldermen made me low courtesies. We always took up our notes before the day, and made all considerable payments by draughts upon our banker.

You will easily believe that I was well enough pleased with my condition; for what happiness can be greater than that of growing every day richer and richer? I will not deny, that, imagining myself likely to be in a short time the sheriff's lady, I broke off my acquaintance with some of my neighbours, and advised my husband to keep good company, and not to be seen with men that were worth nothing.

In time he found that ale disagreed with his constitution, and went every night to drink his pint at a tavern, where he met with a set of criticks, who disputed upon the merit of the different theatrical performers. By these idle fellows he was taken to the play, which at first he did not seem much to heed; for he owned, that he very seldom knew what they were doing, and that, while his companions would let him alone, he was commonly thinking on his last bargain.

*Having once gone, however, he went*

again and again, though I told him that three shillings were away; at last he grew uneasy if a night, and importuned me to let him. I went to a tragedy which was called Macbeth; and, when home, told him, that I could not see men and women make such fools, by pretending to be and ghosts, generals and king walk in their sleep when they much awake as those that let them. He told me that I must give notions, and that a play was rational of all entertainments, proper to relax the mind after the fatigues of the day.

By degrees he gained knowledge of some of the players; and, when the play was over, very frequently treated with suppers, for which he was obliged to stand behind the scenes.

He soon began to lose some of his morning hours in the same fashion, and was for one winter very diligent in attendance on the rehearsals; but of this species of idleness he grew weary, and said, that the play was nothing to the company.

His ardour for the diversion evening increased; he bought a box, and paid five shillings a night to sit in the boxes; he went sometimes to the place which he calls the Green, where all the wits of the age are, and when he had been there, doing nothing, for two or three days, repeat their jests, or tell their disputes.

He has now lost his regard for anything but the play-house; he goes three times a week, one or twice to drink claret, and talk of the players. His first care in the morning is to buy the play-bills; and if he remembers any lines of the tragedy which is to be acted, walks about the shop, repeating them so loud, and with such gestures, that the passengers stare round the door.

His greatest pleasure, when I am with him, was to hear the situation of the shop commended, and to be told how many estates have been got in it by the same trade; but of late he grows weary of any mention of business, and

in nothing so much as to be told that he speaks like *Muffop*.

Among his new associates, he has learned another language, and speaks in such a strain, that his neighbours cannot understand him. If a customer talks longer than he is willing to hear, he will complain that he has been excruciated with unmeaning verbosity; he laughs at the letters of his friends for their tameness of expression, and often declares himself weary of attending to the minutiae of a shop.

It is well for me that I know how to keep a book, for of late he is scarcely ever in the way. Since one of his friends told him that he had a genius for tragic poetry, he has locked himself in an upper room six or seven hours a day, and when I carry him any paper to be read or signed, I hear him talking vehemently to himself, sometimes of love and beauty, sometimes of friendship and virtue, but more frequently of liberty and his country.

I would gladly, Mr. Idler, be informed what to think of a shopkeeper, who is incessantly talking about liberty; a word, which, since his acquaintance with polite life, my husband has always in his mouth; he is, on all occasions, afraid of our liberty, and declares his resolution to hazard all for liberty. What can the man mean? I am sure he has liberty enough; it were better for him and me if his liberty was lessened.

He has a friend whom he calls a Critick, that comes twice a week to read what he is writing. This critick tells him that his piece is a little irregular, but that some detached scenes will shine prodigiously, and that in the character of *Bombulus* he is wonderfully great. My scribbler then squeezes his hand, calls him the best of friends, thanks him for his sincerity, and tells him that he hates to be flattered. I have reason to believe that he seldom parts with his dear friend without lending him two guineas, and am afraid that he gave bail for him three days ago.

By this course of life our credit as traders is lessened; and I cannot forbear to suspect, that my husband's honour as a wit is not much advanced, for he seems to be always the lowest of the company, and is afraid to tell his opinion till the rest have spoken. When he was behind his counter, he used to be brisk, active, and jocular, like a man that knew what he was doing, and did not fear to look another in the face; but among wits and critics he is timorous and awkward, and hangs down his head at his own table. Dear Mr. Idler, persuade him, if you can, to return once more to his native element. Tell him that wit will never make him rich, but that there are places where riches will always make a wit.

I am, Sir, &c.

DEBORAH GINGER.

## Nº XLVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

**T**HERE is no kind of idleness, by which we are so easily seduced, as that which dignifies itself by the appearance of business, and by making the loiterer imagine that he has something to do which must not be neglected, keeps him in perpetual agitation, and hurries him rapidly from place to place.

He that sits still, or reposes himself upon a couch, no more deceives himself than he deceives others; he knows that he is doing nothing, and has no other place of his insignificance than the resolution, which the lazy hourly make, of changing his mode of life.

To do nothing, every man is ashamed; and to do much, almost every man is unwilling or afraid. Innumerable expe-

dients have therefore been invented to produce motion without labour, and employment without solicitude. The greater part of those whom the kindness of Fortune has left to their own direction, and whom Want does not keep chained to the counter or the plow, play throughout life with the shadows of business, and know not at last what they have been doing.

These imitators of action are of all denominations. Some are seen at every auction without intention to purchase; others appear punctually at the Exchange, though they are known there only by their faces. Some are always making parties, to visit collections for which they have no taste, and some neg-

lect

left every pleasure and every duty to hear questions, in which they have no interest, debated in parliament.

These men never appear more ridiculous, than in the distress which they imagine themselves to feel, from some accidental interruption of those empty pursuits. A tiger newly imprisoned is indeed more formidable, but not more angry, than Jack Tulip withheld from a florist's feast, or Tom Distich hindered from seeing the first representation of a play.

As political affairs are the highest and most extensive of temporal concerns, the mimic of a politician is more busy and important than any other trifler. Monsieur Le Noir, a man who, without property or importance in any corner of the earth, has, in the present confusion of the world, declared himself a steady adherent to the French, is made miserable by a wind that keeps back the packet-boat, and still more miserable by every account of a Malouin privateer caught in his cruise: he knows well that nothing can be done or said by him which can produce any effect but that of laughter, that he can neither hasten nor retard good or evil, that his joys and sorrows have scarcely any partakers; yet such is his zeal, and such his curiosity, that he would run barefooted to Gravesend, for the sake of knowing first that the English had lost a tender, and would ride out to meet every mail from the Continent if he might be permitted to open it.

Learning is generally confessed to be desirable, and there are some who fancy

themselves always busy in acquiring. Of these ambulatory students the most busy is my friend Telsa.

Tom has long had a mind to be a philosopher, but he does not care much time among authors; so in opinion that few books deserve the labour of perusal, that they give an unfashionable cast, and debar freedom of thought and easiness, he considers them as indispensable requisites to a life in the world. Tom has therefore found another way to wisdom. When he goes into a coffee-house, he creeps so near to men whom he takes for reasoners as to hear their discourse; he endeavours to remember something when it has been strained through his head, is so near to nothing, that once was cannot be discovered; he carries round from friend to friend, through a circle of visits, till what each says upon the question becomes able at dinner to satisfy himself; and as every great general relaxes himself among his inferiors with some who wonder how so many men can talk so wisely.

At night he has a new feast for his intellects; he always frequents a disputing society, or a speaking club, where he half hears what, if he listened to the whole, he would but half understand. Before he goes home pleased with the consciousness of a day well spent, lies down to rest, and rises in the morning as before.

## Nº XLIX. SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

I Supped three nights ago with my friend Will Marvel. His affairs obliged him lately to take a journey into Devonshire, from which he has just returned. He knows me to be a very patient hearer, and was glad of my company, as it gave him an opportunity of disburthening himself by a minute relation of the casualties of his expedition.

Will is not one of those who go out and return with nothing to tell. He has a story of his travels, which will strike a home-bred citizen with horror, and has in ten days suffered so often the extremes of terror and joy, that he is in doubt whether he shall ever again ex-

pose either his body or his mind to danger and fatigue.

When he left London the weather was bright, and a fair day was expected. But Will is born to struggle with the elements. That happened to him has sometimes, perhaps, happened to others. Before he had gone ten miles, it began to rain. What was to be taken! His soul did not turn back. He did what the Prussians might have done; he shivered, buttoned up his cape, and went on, fortifying his mind by thoughts of consolation, that whatever it was, it would be short.

His constancy was not long tried; at the distance of about half a mile he saw an inn, which he entered wet and weary, and found civil treatment and proper refreshment. After a respite of about two hours he looked abroad, and seeing the sky clear, called for his horse, and passed the first stage without any other memorable accident.

Will considered that labour must be relieved by pleasure, and that the strength which great undertakings require must be maintained by copious nutriment; he therefore ordered himself an elegant supper, drank two bottles of claret, and passed the beginning of the night in sound sleep; but waking before light, was forewarned of the troubles of the next day, by a shower, beating against his windows with such violence as to threaten the dissolution of nature. When he awoke, he found what he expected, that the country was under water. He joined himself, however, to a company that was travelling the same way, and came safely to the place of dinner, though every step of his horse dashed the mud into the air.

In the afternoon, having parted from his company, he set forward alone, and passed many collections of water of which it was impossible to guess the depth, and which he now cannot review without some censure of his own rashness; but what a man undertakes he must perform, and Marvel hates a coward at his heart.

Few that lie warm in their beds, think what others undergo, who have perhaps been as tenderly educated, and have as acute sensations as themselves. My friend was now to lodge the second night almost fifty miles from home, in a house which he never had been before, among people to whom he was totally a stranger, not knowing whether the next man he should meet would prove good or bad; but seeing an inn of a good appearance, he rode resolutely into the yard; and knowing that respect is often paid in proportion as it is claimed, delivered his injunction to the hostler with spirit, and, entering the house, called vigorously about him.

On the third day up rose the sun and Mr. Marvel. His troubles and his dangers were now such as he wishes no other man ever to encounter. The ways were less frequented, and the country more thinly inhabited. He rode many

a lonely hour through mire and water, and met not a single soul for two miles together with whom he could exchange a word. He cannot deny that, looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields, and naked trees, hills obscured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home. One comfort he had, which was to consider, that none of his friends were in the same distress, for whom, if they had been with him, he should have suffered more than for himself; he could not forbear sometimes to consider how happy the Idler is settled in an easier condition, who, surrounded like him with terrors, could have done nothing but lie down and die.

Amidst these reflections he came to a town and found a dinner, which disposed him to more cheerful sentiments; but the joys of life are short, and its miseries are long; he mounted and travelled fifteen miles more through dirt and desolation.

At last the sun set, and all the horrors of darkness came upon him. He then repented the weak indulgence in which he had gratified himself at noon with too long an interval of rest; yet he went forward along a path which he could no longer see, sometimes rushing suddenly into water, and sometimes incumbered with stiff clay, ignorant whether he was going, and uncertain whether his next step might not be the last.

In this dismal gloom of nocturnal peregrination his horse unexpectedly stood still. Marvel had heard many relations of the instinct of horses, and was in doubt what danger might be at hand. Sometimes he fancied that he was on the bank of a river still and deep, and sometimes that a dead body lay across the track. He sat still awhile to recollect his thoughts; and as he was about to alight and explore the darkness, out stepped a man with a lantern, and opened the turnpike. He hired a guide to the town, arrived in safety, and slept in quiet.

The rest of his journey was nothing but danger. He climbed and descended precipices on which vulgar mortals tremble to look; he passed marshes like the Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk; he forded rivers where the current roared like the Eagle of the Se-

vern; or ventured himself on bridges that trembled under him, from which he looked down on foaming whirlpools, or dreadful abysses; he wandered over boundless heaths, amidst all the rage of the elements, with the snow driving in his face, and the tempest howling in his ears.

Such are the colours in which Marvel paints his adventures. He has accustomed himself to sounding words and hyperbolic images, till he has lost the

power of true description. In through which the heaviest clouds pass without difficulty, and the every day and night goes and he meets with hardships like those are endured in Siberian deserts; misses nothing of romantic danger, a giant and a dragon. When his story is told in proper terms only that the way was dirty and that he experienced the vicissitudes of rain and sunshine.

## Nº L. SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

**T**HE character of Mr. Marvel has raised the merriment of some and the contempt of others, who do not sufficiently consider how often they hear and practise the same arts of exaggerated narration.

There is not, perhaps, among the multitudes of all conditions that swarm upon the earth, a single man who does not believe that he has something extraordinary to relate of himself; and who does not, at one time or other, summon the attention of his friends to the casualties of his adventures and the vicissitudes of his fortune; casualties and vicissitudes that happen alike in lives uniform and diversified; to the commander of armies, and the writer at a desk; to the sailor who resigns himself to the wind and water, and the farmer whose longest journey is to the market.

In the present state of the world man may pass through Shakespeare's seven stages of life, and meet nothing singular or wonderful. But such is every man's attention to himself, that what is common and unheeded when it is only seen, becomes remarkable and peculiar when we happen to feel it.

It is well enough known to be according to the usual process of nature, that men should sicken and recover, that some designs should succeed and others miscarry, that friends should be separated and meet again, that some should be made angry by endeavours to please them, and some be pleased when no care has been used to gain their approbation; that men and women should at first come together by chance, like each other so well as to commence acquaintance, improve acquaintance into fondness, increase or extinguish fondness by marriage,

and have children of different degrees of intellects and virtue, whome die before their parents, others survive them.

Yet let any man tell his own and nothing of all this has ever him according to the common things; something has always attended his case; some unusual event has appeared which him more happy or more miserable than other mortals; for in pleasures common, however common, every comforts and afflictions of his.

It is certain that without special augmentations, many of the pleasures of life, and almost all its refinements, would fall to the ground. No man was to express more delight he felt, those who felt more would little envy. If travellers were to the most laboured performance with the same coldness as the them, all expectations of happiness change of place would cease. Pictures of Raphael would hang in the gardens of hermits, might be inhabited by hermits. Pleasure that is received ends in the opportunity of splendid falsehood, power of gaining notice by the sight of beauties which the eye was beholding, and a history of his misadventures, of which, in reality, the happy was the last.

The ambition of superior intellect and superior eloquence disposes of arts to receive rapture at one place and communicate it at another; and men bours first to impose upon him then to propagate the imposture.

Pain is less subject than pleasure to the caprices of expression. The too

deaths, and the grief for irremediable misfortunes, sometimes are such as no words can declare, and can only be signified by groans, or sobs, or inarticulate ejaculations. Man has from nature a mode of utterance peculiar to pain, but he has none peculiar to pleasure, because he never has pleasure but in such degrees as the ordinary use of language may equal or surpass.

It is nevertheless certain, that many pains as well as pleasures are heightened by rhetorical affectation, and that the picture is, for the most part, bigger than the life.

When we describe our sensations of another's sorrows, either in friendly or ceremonious condolence, the customs of the world scarcely admit of rigid veracity. Perhaps the fondest friendship would enrage oftener than comfort, were the tongue on such occasions faith-

fully to represent the sentiments of the heart; and I think the strictest moralists allow forms of address to be used without much regard to their literal acceptation, when either respect or tenderness requires them, because they are universally known to denote not the degree but the species of our sentiments.

But the same indulgence cannot be allowed to him who aggravates dangers incurred or sorrow endured by himself, because he darkens the prospect of futurity, and multiplies the pains of our condition by useless terror. Those who magnify their delights are less criminal deceivers, yet they raise hopes which are sure to be disappointed. It would be undoubtedly best, if we could see and hear every thing as it is, that nothing might be too anxiously dreaded, or too ardently pursued.

## Nº LI. SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

**I**T has been commonly remarked, that eminent men are least eminent at home, that bright characters lose much of their splendor at a nearer view, and many who fill the world with their fame, excite very little reverence among those that surround them in their domestick privacies.

To blame or to suspect is easy and natural. When the fact is evident, and the cause doubtful, some accusation is always engendered between idleness and malignity. This disparity of general and familiar esteem is therefore imputed to hidden vices, and to practices indulged in secret, but carefully covered from the publick eye.

Vice will indeed always produce contempt. The dignity of Alexander, though nations fell prostrate before him, was certainly held in little veneration by the partakers of his midnight revels, who had seen him, in the madness of wine, murder his friend, or set fire to the Persian palace at the instigation of a harlot; and it is well remembered among us, that the avarice of Marlborough kept him in subjection to his wife, while he was dreaded by France as her conqueror, and honoured by the Emperor as his deliverer.

But though, where there is vice, there must be want of reverence, it is not re-

ciprocally true, that when there is want of reverence there is always vice. That awe which great actions or abilities impress will be inevitably diminished by acquaintance, though nothing either mean or criminal should be found.

Of men, as of every thing else, we must judge according to our knowledge. When we see of a hero only his battles, or of a writer only his books, we have nothing to allay our ideas of their greatness. We consider the one only as the guardian of his country, and the other only as the instructor of mankind. We have neither opportunity nor motive to examine the minuter parts of their lives, or the less apparent peculiarities of their characters; we name them with habitual respect, and forget, what we still continue to know, that they are men like other mortals.

But such is the constitution of the world, that much of life must be spent in the same manner by the wise and the ignorant, the exalted and the low. Men, however distinguished by external accidents or intrinsic qualities, have all the same wants, the same pains, and, as far as the senses are consulted, the same pleasures. The petty cares and petty duties are the same in every station to every understanding, and every hour brings some occasion on which we

sink to the common level. We are all naked till we are dressed, and hungry till we are fed; and the general's triumph, and the sage's disputation, end, like the humble labours of the smith or plowman, in a dinner or in sleep.

Those notions which are to be collected by reason in opposition to the senses, will seldom stand forward in the mind, but lie treasured in the remoter repositories of memory, to be found only when they are sought. Whatever any man may have written or done, his precepts or his valour will scarcely overbalance the unimportant uniformity which runs through his time. We do not easily consider him as great, whom our own eyes shew us to be little; nor labour to keep present to our thoughts the latent excellences of him who shares with us all our weaknesses and many of our follies; who like us is delighted with slight amusements, busied with trifling employments, and disturbed by little vexations.

Great powers cannot be exerted, but when great exigences make them necessary. Great exigences can happen but seldom, and therefore those qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the most part, like subterranean treasures, over which the foot passes as on common ground, till necessity breaks open the golden cavern.

In the ancient celebrations of victory a slave was placed on the triumph by the side of the general, who renounced him by a short sentence, that he was a man. Whatever danger there might be left a leader, in his passage to the city, he should forget the frailties of his nature; there was surely no need of such admonition; the intoxication could have continued long; he would have been at home but a few hours; some of his dependents would have got his greatness, and shewn him notwithstanding his laurels he was a man.

There are some who try to escape domestic degradation, by labour; but they appear always wise or always greedy; he that strives against nature, never strives in vain. To be grave and slow of utterance; to look weighty and speak with hesitation, is not attainable at will; but the shew of it is ridiculous when there is not cause to doubt, as that of valour there is nothing to be feared.

A man who has duly considered the condition of his being, will content himself with the course of things; he will not pant for distinction where distinction would imply no merit; but though on great occasions he may wish to be more than others, he will be satisfied in common occurrences not to be less.

## Nº LII. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

RESPONSARIE CUPIDINIBUS.

HOR.

**T**HE practice of self-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleasure, has been considered by almost every nation, from the remotest ages, as the highest exaltation of human virtue; and all have agreed to pay respect and veneration to those who abstained from the delights of life, even when they did not censure those who enjoyed them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confesses that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications, but at the expence of the other; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the body. And none have failed to confer their esteem

on those who prefer intellect to who controul their lower by their faculties, and forget the wants of the senses of animal life for rational duties or pious contemplations.

The earth has scarce a corner far advanced towards political regulation as to divide the inhabitants into where some orders of men or women not distinguished by voluntary service and where the reputation of the city is not increased in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the excellence of their performance.

When an opinion to which the temptation of interest spreads we continue long, it may be well presumed to have been infused

ture or dictated by reason. It has been often observed that the fictions of imposture, and illusions of fancy, soon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, easily becomes subject to caprice and imagination; and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a just conviction of the restraint necessary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and institutions which, however favourably considered, will be found to violate nature without promoting piety.

But the doctrine of self-denial is not weakened in itself by the errors of those who misinterpret or misapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the understanding is hourly perceived, and the state of those whom sensuality has enslaved, is known to be in the highest degree despicable and wretched.

The dread of such shameful captivity may justly raise alarms, and wisdom will endeavour to keep danger at a distance. By timely caution and suspicious vigilance those desires may be repressed, to which indulgence would soon give absolute dominion; those enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accustomed to victory, can no longer be resisted.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and by assuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may safely venture further than others into the regions of delight, lay themselves more open to the golden shafts of pleasure, and advance nearer to the residence of the Syrens; but he that is best armed with constancy and reason is yet vulnerable in one part or

other; and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which, if he passes, he will not easily return. It is certainly most wise, as it is most safe, to stop before he touches the utmost limit, since every step of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he shall at last enter the recesses of voluptuousness, and sloth and despondency close the passage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of desire, and of preserving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications must be sometimes with held; he that complies with all lawful desires will certainly lose his empire over himself, and in time either submit his reason to his wishes, and think all his desires lawful, or dismiss his reason as troublesome and intrusive, and resolve to snatch what he may happen to wish, without enquiry about right and wrong.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity; he that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions.

When the Roman general, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by large presents to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his country. Upon him who has reduced his senses to obedience, temptation has lost its power; he is able to attend impartially to Virtue, and execute her commands without hesitation.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the fathers observes to be not a virtue, but the ground-work of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour or resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.







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T H E

I D L E R.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

N<sup>o</sup> LIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

TO THE IDLER.

112,  
Have a wife that keeps Good Company. You know that the word *good* varies it's meaning according to the value set upon different qualities in different places. To be a Good man in college, is to be learned; in a camp, to be brave; and in the city, to be rich. Good Company, in the place which we have the misfortune to inhabit, we understand only those from whom any wisdom can be learned, whether wisdom or virtue; or by whom any good can be transferred, whether profit or reputation. Good Company is the company of those whose birth is high, and whose riches are great, or of those whom the rich and the great admit to familiarity.

I am a gentleman of a fortune by no means exuberant, but more than equal to the wants of my family, and for some years equal to our desires. My wife, who had never been accustomed to splendour, joined her endeavours to mine in the superintendence of our oeconomy; we lived in decent plenty, and were not troubled from moderate pleasures.

But slight causes produce great effects. All my happiness has been destroyed by change of place; virtue is too much merely local; in some situations it air diseases the body, and in others it poisons the mind. Being obliged to remove my habitation, I was led by my genius to a convenient house in a street where many of the nobility reside. We had scarcely ranged our furniture, and raised our rooms, when my wife be-

gan to grow discontented, and to wonder what the neighbours would think when they saw so few chairs and chariots at her door.

Her acquaintance who came to see her from the quarter that we had left, mortified her without design, by continual enquiries about the ladies, whose houses they viewed from our windows. She was ashamed to confess that she had no intercourse with them, and sheltered her distress under general answers, which always tended to raise suspicion that she knew more than she would tell; but she was often reduced to difficulties, when the course of talk introduced questions about the furniture or ornaments of their houses, which, when she could get no intelligence, she was forced to pass slightly over, as things which she saw so often, that she never minded them.

To all these vexations she was resolved to put an end, and redoubled her visits to those few of her friends who visited those who kept Good Company; and, if ever she met a lady of quality, forced herself into notice by respect and assiduity. Her advances were generally rejected; and she heard them, as they went down stairs, talk how some creatures put themselves forward.

She was not discouraged, but crept forward from one to another; and, as perseverance will do great things, surpassed her way unperceived, till, unexpectedly, she appeared at the card-table of Lady Biddy Porpoise, a lethargick virgin of seventy-six, whom all the fa-

milina

milks in the next square visited very punctually when she was not at home.

This was the first step of that elevation to which my wife has since ascended. For five months she had no name in her mouth but that of Lady Biddy, who, let the world say what it would, had a fine understanding, and such a command of her temper, that, whether she won or lost, she slept over her cards.

At Lady Biddy's she met with Lady Tawdry, whose favour she gained by estimating her ear-rings, which were counterfeit, at twice the value of real diamonds. When she had once entered two houses of distinction, she was easily admitted into more, and in ten weeks had all her time anticipated by parties and engagements. Every morning she is bespoke, in the summer, for the gardens; in the winter, for a sale; every afternoon she has visits to pay, and every night brings an inviolable appointment, or an assembly in which the best company in the town were to appear.

You will easily imagine that much of my domestick comfort is withdrawn. I never see my wife but in the hurry of preparation, or the languor of weariness. To dress and to undress is almost her whole business in private, and the servants take advantage of her negligence to increase expence. But I can supply her omissions by my own diligence, and should not much regret this new course of life, if it did nothing more than transfer to me the care of our accounts. The changes which it has made are more vexatious. My wife has no longer the use of her understanding. She has no rule of action but the fashion. She has no opinion but that of the people of quality. She has no language but the dialect of her own set of company. She hates and admires in humble imitation; and echoes the words

*charming and detestable* without consulting her own perceptions.

If for a few minutes we sit down together, she entertains me with the repartees of Lady Cackle, or the conversation of Lord Whiffler and Miss Quick, and wonders to find me receiving with indifference sayings which put all the company into laughter.

By her old friends she is no longer very willing to be seen, but she must not rid herself of them all at once; and is sometimes surprized by her best visitors in company which she would not shew, and cannot hide; but from the moment that a countess enters, she takes care neither to hear nor see them: they soon find themselves neglected and retire, and she tells her ladyship that they are somehow related at a great distance, and that as they are good sort of people she cannot be rude to them.

As by this ambitious union with those that are above her, she is always forced upon disadvantageous comparisons of her condition with theirs, she has a constant source of misery within; and never returns from glittering assemblies and magnificent apartments but she grows out her discontent, and wonders why she was doomed to so indigent a state. When she attends the duchess to a sale, she always sees something that she cannot buy; and, that she may not seem wholly insignificant, she will sometimes venture to bid, and often makes acquisitions which she did not want at prices which she cannot afford.

What adds to all this uneasiness is, that this expence is without use, and this vanity without honour; she forsakes houses where she might be courted, for those where she is only suffered; her equals are daily made her enemies, and her superiors will never be her friends.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

## N° LIV, SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

### TO THE IDLER.

SIR,  
YOU have lately entertained your admirers with the case of an unfortunate Husband, and thereby given a *demonstrative proof* you are not averse *even to hear appeals and terminate dis-*

ferences between man and wife; I therefore take the liberty to present you with the case of an injured lady, which, as it chiefly relates to what I think the lawyers call a Point of Law, I shall do in a juridical manner as I am capable, and submit it to the consideration of the learned gentlemen of that profession.

Imprimis.

*Imprints.* In the style of my marriage articles, a marriage was *bad and solemnized*, about six months ago, between me and Mr. Savecharges, a gentleman possessed of a plentiful fortune of his own, and one who, I was persuaded, would improve, and not spend mine.

Before our marriage Mr. Savecharges had all along preferred the salutary exercise of walking on foot, to the distempered ease, as he terms it, of lolling in a chariot: but notwithstanding his fine panegyrics on walking, the great advantages the infantry were in the sole possession of, and the many dreadful dangers they escaped, he found I had very different notions of an equipage, and was not easily to be converted, or gained over to his party.

An equipage I was determined to have, whenever I married. I too well knew the disposition of my intended consort to leave the providing one entirely to his honour, and flatter myself Mr. Savecharges has, in the articles made previous to our marriage, *agreed to keep me a coach*; but lest I should be mistaken, or the attornies should not have done me justice in methodising or legalizing these half dozen words, I will set about and transcribe that part of the agreement, which will explain the matter to you much better than can be done by one who is so deeply interested in the event; and shew on what foundation I build my hopes of being soon under the transporting, delightful denomination of a fashionable lady, who enjoys the exalted and much envied felicity of bowling about in her own coach.

‘And further, the said Solomon Savecharges, for divers good causes and considerations him hereunto moving, hath agreed, and doth hereby agree, that the said Solomon Savecharges shall and will, so soon as conveniently may be after the solemnization of the said intended marriage, at his own proper cost and charges, find and provide a certain vehicle or four-wheel carriage, commonly called or known by the name of a Coach; which said vehicle or wheel-carriage, so called or known by the name of a Coach, shall be used and enjoyed by the said Sukey Modish, his intended wife,’ [pray mind that, Mr. Idler] ‘at such times and in such manner as she the said Sukey Modish shall think fit and convenient.’

Such, Mr. Idler, is the agreement

my passionate admirer entered into; and what the dear frugal husband calls a performance of it remains to be described. Soon after the ceremony of signing and sealing was over, our wedding-cloaths being sent home, and, in short, every thing in readiness except the coach, my own shadow was scarce more constant than my passionate lover in his attendance on me: wearied by his perpetual importunities for what he called a completion of his bliss, I consented to make him happy; in a few days I gave him my hand, and, attended by Hymen in his saffron-robcs, retired to a country-seat of my husband's, where the honeymoon flew over our heads ere we had time to recollect ourselves, or think of our engagements in town. Well, to town we came, and you may be sure, Sir, I expected to step into my coach on my arrival here; but, what was my surprize and disappointment, when, instead of this, he began to sound in my ears, That the interest of money was low, very low; and what a terrible thing it was to be encumbered with a little regiment of servants in these hard times. I could easily perceive what all this tended to, but would not seem to understand him; which made it highly necessary for Mr. Savecharges to explain himself more intelligibly; to harp upon and protest he dreaded the expence of keeping a coach. And, truly, for his part, he could not conceive how the pleasure resulting from such a convenience could be any way adequate to the heavy expence attending it. I now thought it high time to speak with equal plainness; and told him, as the fortune I brought fairly entitled me to ride in my own coach, and as I was sensible his circumstances would very well afford it, he must pardon me if I insisted on a performance of his agreement.

I appeal to you, Mr. Idler, whether any thing could be more civil, more complaisant, than this? And would you believe it, the creature, in return, a few days after, accosted me in an offended tone, with—‘Madam, I can now tell you your coach is ready; and since you are so passionately fond of one, I intend you the honour of keeping a pair of horses. You insisted upon having an article of pin-money, and horses are no part of my agreement.’ Base, designing wretch!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Idler, the very recital of such

such mean, ungentleman-like behaviour, fires my blood, and lights up a flame within me. But hence, thou worst of monsters, ill-timed Rage, and let me not spoil my cause for want of temper.

Now, though I am convinced I might make a worse use of part of the pin-money, than by extending my bounty towards the support of so useful a part of the brute creation; yet, like a true-born Englishwoman, I am so tenacious of my rights and privileges, and moreover so good a friend to the gentlemen of the law, that I protest, Mr. Idler, sooner than tamely give up the point, and be quibbled out of my right, I will receive my pin-money, as it were; with one hand, and pay it to them with the other; provided they will give me, or, which is the same thing, my trustees, encouragement to commence a suit against this dear frugal husband of mine.

And of this I can't have the least shadow of doubt, inasmuch as I have been told by very good authority, it is some

way or other laid down as a rule 'whenever the law doth give to one, it giveth impliedly what is necessary for the taking and the same \*.' Now I would know what enjoyment I, or any of the kingdom, can have of a coach and four horses? The answer is none at all! For, as Serj. Carl wisely observes—'Though a coach has four wheels, to the end it may the better by virtue thereof be enabled to go, yet in point of utility it may have none, if they are not put in motion by means of its vital principle, which is, the horses.'

And therefore, Sir, I humbly request you and the learned in the law to give your opinion, that two certain quadruped creatures, commonly called or known by the name of horses, ought to be annexed to, and put in motion with the coach.

SUKEY SAVEN

## Nº LV. SATURDAY, MAY 5.

### TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I have taken the liberty of laying before you my complaint, and of desiring advice or consolation with the greater confidence, because I believe many other writers have suffered the same indignities with myself, and hope my quarrel will be regarded by you and your readers as the common cause of literature.

Having been long a student, I thought myself qualified in time to become an author. My enquiries have been much diversified and far extended, and not finding my genius directing me by irresistible impulse to any particular subject, I deliberated three years which part of knowledge to illustrate by my labours. Choice is more often determined by accident than by reason: I walked abroad one morning with a curious lady, and by her enquiries and observations was incited to write the natural history of the county in which I reside.

Natural history is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation

may be pursued on a soft couch, but nature must be observed in the open air. I have collected materials with incredible pertinacity. I have gathered worms in the evening, and snails in the morning; I have seen the daisy open, I have heard the owl shriek at night, and hunted insects in the noon.

Seven years I was employed in lecturing animals and vegetables; I found that my design was yet in the bud. The subterranean treasures of the earth had been passed unobserved, and year was to be spent in mines and pits. What I had already done was not a sufficient motive to do more. I acquainted myself with the habits of bitants of metallic caverns, the defiance of damps and floods, and the labyrinth, through the gloomy mazes, I threded fossils from every fissure.

At last I began to write, and finished any section of my book to such of my friends as were useful in the matter which it treated of them were satisfied; one disposition of the parts, another

\* Coke on Littleton.

lours of the style; one advised me to enlarge, another to abridge. I resolved to read no more, but to take my own way and write on, for by consultation I only perplexed my thoughts and retarded my work.

The book was at last finished, and I did not doubt but my labour would be repaid by profit, and my ambition satisfied with honours. I considered that Natural History is neither temporary nor local, and that though I limited my enquiries to my own county, yet every part of the earth has productions common to all the rest. Civil history may be partially studied, the revolutions of one nation may be neglected by another, but after that in which all have an interest, all must be inquisitive. No man can have sunk so far into stupidity as not to consider the properties of the ground on which he walks, of the plants on which he feeds, or the animals that delight his ear or amuse his eye; and therefore I computed that universal curiosity would call for many editions of my book, and that in five years I should gain fifteen thousand pounds by the sale of thirty thousand copies.

When I began to write I insured the house, and suffered the utmost solicitude when I entrusted my book to the carrier, though I had secured it against mischances by lodging two transcripts in different places. At my arrival, I expected that the patrons of learning would contend for the honour of a dedication, and resolved to maintain the dignity of letters, by a haughty contempt of pecuniary solicitations.

I took lodgings near the house of the Royal Society, and expected every morning a visit from the president. I walked in the Park, and wondered that I overheard no mention of the great Naturalist. At last I visited a noble earl, and told him of my work; he answered, that he was under an engagement never to subscribe. I was angry to have that refused which I did not mean to ask, and concealed my design of making him immortal. I went next day to another, and, in resentment of my late affront, offered to prefix his name to my new book. He said, coldly, that *he did not understand those things*; another thought

*there were too many books*; and another would talk with me when the races were over.

Being amazed to find a man of learning so indecently slighted, I resolved to indulge the philosophical pride of retirement and independence. I then sent to some of the principal booksellers the plan of my book, and bespoke a large room in the next tavern, that I might more commodiously see them together, and enjoy the contest, while they were out-bidding one another. I drank my coffee, and yet nobody was come; at last I received a note from one, to tell me, that he was going out of town; and from another, that Natural History was out of his way; at last there came a grave man, who desired to see the work, and, without opening it, told me, that a book of that size *would never do*.

I then condescended to step into shops, and mention my work to the masters. Some never dealt with authors; others had their hands full; some never had known such a dead time; others had lost by all that they had published for the last twelvemonth. One offered to print my work, if I could procure subscriptions for five hundred, and would allow me two hundred copies for my property. I lost my patience, and gave him a kick, for which he has indicted me.

I can easily perceive, that there is a combination among them to defeat my expectations; and I find it so general, that I am sure it must have been long concerted. I suppose some of my friends, to whom I read the first part, gave notice of my design, and, perhaps, sold the treacherous intelligence at a higher price than the fraudulence of trade will now allow me for my book.

Inform me, Mr. Idler, what I must do; where must knowledge and industry find their recompence, thus neglected by the high, and cheated by the low? I sometimes resolve to print my book at my own expence, and, like the Sibyl, double the price; and sometimes am tempted, in emulation of Raleigh, to throw it into the fire, and leave this sordid generation to the curses of posterity. Tell me, dear Idler, what I shall do.

I am, Sir, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> LVI. SATURDAY, MAY 12.

**T**HERE is such difference between the pursuits of men, that one part of the inhabitants of a great city lives to little other purpose than to wonder at the rest. Some have hopes and fears, wishes and aversions, which never enter into the thoughts of others, and enquiry is laboriously exerted to gain that which those who possess it are ready to throw away.

To those who are accustomed to value every thing by it's use, and have no such superfluity of time or money as may prompt them to unnatural wants or capricious emulations, nothing appears more improbable or extravagant than the love of curiosities, or that desire of accumulating trifles, which distinguishes many by whom no other distinction could have ever been obtained.

He that has lived without knowing to what height desire may be raised by vanity, with what rapture baubles are snatched out of the hands of rival collectors, how the eagerness of one raises eagerness in another, and one worthless purchase makes a second necessary, may, by passing a few hours at an auction, learn more than can be shewn by many volumes of maxims or essays.

The advertisement of a sale is a signal which at once puts a thousand hearts in motion, and brings contenders from every part to the scene of distribution. He that had resolved to buy no more, feels his constancy subdued; there is now something in the catalogue which completes his cabinet, and which he was never before able to find. He whose sober reflections inform him, that of adding collection to collection there is no end, and that it is wise to leave early that which must be left imperfect at last, yet cannot withhold himself from coming to see what it is that brings so many together, and when he comes is soon overpowered by his habitual passion; he is attracted by rarity, seduced by example, and inflamed by competition.

While the stores of pride and happiness are surveyed, one looks with longing eyes and gloomy countenance on *that which he despairs to gain from a*

richer bidder; another keeps with care from settling too long on which he most earnestly desires; another, with more art than virtue, covets that which he values most, to have it at an easy rate.

The novice is often surprized what minute and unimportant distinctions increase or diminish value. Irregular contortion of a tur shell, which common eyes pass over, will ten times treble it in the imagination of philo-Beauty is far from operating upon collectors as upon low and vulgar eyes where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve. Among the shells that please a variety of colours, if one can be accidentally deformed by a clou it is boasted as the pride of the collection. China is sometimes purchased little less than it's weight in gold because it is old, though neither brittle, nor better painted than verd; and brown china is caught with extasy, though no reason is imagined for which it should be preferred to common vessels of clay.

The fate of prints and coins is inexplicable. Some prints are treasured up as inestimably valuable; because an impression was made before they were finished. Of coins the price is raised from the purity of the metal, the splendour of the legend, or the chronological use. A piece, of which neither inscription can be read, nor the artist distinguished, if there remain enough to shew that it is rare, is sought by contending nations, and enriches the treasury in which it is shown.

Whether this curiosity, so barren of immediate advantage, and so full of depravation, does more harm or good is not easily decided. It's harm is not so apparent at the first view. It fills the mind with trifling ambition; fixes the attention upon things which have little tendency towards virtue or wisdom; employs in idle inquiries the time that is given for better purposes; and

ends in mean and dishonest practices, when desire increases by indulgence beyond the power of honest gratification.

These are the effects of curiosity in excess; but what passion in excess will not become vicious? All indifferent qualities and practices are bad if they are compared with those which are good, and good if they are opposed to those that are bad. The pride or the pleasure of making collections, if it be restrained by prudence and morality, produces a pleasing remission after more laborious

studies; furnishes an amusement not wholly unprofitable for that part of life, the greater part of many lives, which would otherwise be lost in idleness or vice; it produces an useful traffick between the industry of indigence and the curiosity of wealth; it brings many things to notice that would be neglected; and by fixing the thoughts upon intellectual pleasures, resists the natural encroachments of sensuality, and maintains the mind in her lawful superiority.

## Nº LVII. SATURDAY, MAY 19.

**PRUDENCE** is of more frequent use than any other intellectual quality; it is exerted on slight occasions, and called into act by the cursory business of common life.

Whatever is universally necessary, has been granted to mankind on easy terms. Prudence, as it is always wanted, is without great difficulty obtained. It requires neither extensive view nor profound search, but forces itself, by spontaneous impulse, upon a mind neither great nor busy, neither engrossed by vast designs nor distracted by multiplicity of attention.

Prudence operates on life in the same manner as rules on composition; it produces vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loss than procures advantage; and often escapes miscarriages, but seldom reaches either power or honour. It quenches that ardour of enterprise, by which every thing is done that can claim praise or admiration; and represses that generous temerity which often fails and often succeeds. Rules may obviate faults, but can never confer beauties; and Prudence keeps life safe, but does not often make it happy. The world is not amazed with prodigies of excellence, but when wit tramples upon rules, and magnanimity breaks the chains of prudence.

One of the most prudent of all that have fallen within my observation, is my old companion Sophron, who has passed through the world in quiet, by perpetual adherence to a few plain maxims, and wonders how contention and distress can so often happen.

The first principle of Sophron is to *run no hazards*. Though he loves mo-

ney, he is of opinion, that frugality is a more certain source of riches than industry. It is to no purpose that any prospect of large profit is set before him; he believes little about futurity, and does not love to trust his money out of his sight, for nobody knows what may happen. He has a small estate, which he lets at the old rent, because *it is better to have a little than nothing*; but he rigorously demands payment on the stated day, for *he that cannot pay one quarter cannot pay two*. If he is told of any improvements in agriculture, he likes the old way, has observed that changes very seldom answer expectation, is of opinion that our forefathers knew how to till the ground as well as we; and concludes with an argument that nothing can overpower, that the expence of planting and fencing is immediate, and the advantage distant, and that *he is no wise man who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty*.

Another of Sophron's rules is, *to mind no business but his own*. In the state he is of no party; but hears and speaks of public affairs with the same coldness as of the administration of some ancient republic. If any flagrant act of fraud or oppression is mentioned, he hopes that *all is not true that is told*: if misconduct or corruption puts the nation in a flame, he hopes that *every man means well*. At elections he leaves his dependents to their own choice, and declines to vote himself, for every candidate is a good man, whom he is unwilling to oppose or offend.

If disputes happen among his neighbours, he observes an invariable and cold neutrality. His punctuality has gained



gained him the reputation of honesty, and his caution that of wisdom, and few would refuse to refer their claims to his award. He might have prevented many expensive law-suits, and quenched many a feud in it's first smoke, but always refuses the office of arbitration, because he must decide against one or the other.

With the affairs of other families he is always unacquainted. He sees estates bought and sold, squandered and increased, without praising the economist, or censuring the spendthrift. He never courts the rising, lest they should fall; nor insults the fallen, lest they should rise again. His caution has the appearance of virtue, and all who do not want his help praise his benevolence; but if any man solicits his assistance, he has just sent away all his money; and when the petitioner is gone, declares to his family that he is sorry for his misfortunes, has always looked upon him with particular kindness, and therefore could not lend him money, lest he should destroy their friendship by the necessity of enforcing payment.

Of domestic misfortunes he has never heard. When he is told the hundredth time of a gentleman's daughter who has married the coachman, he lifts up his hands with astonishment, for he always thought her a very sober girl. When nuptial quarrels, after having filled the country with talk and laughter, at last end in separation, he never can conceive how it happened, for he looked upon them as a happy couple.

If his advice is asked, he never gives

any particular direction, because are uncertain, and he will blame upon himself; but he consulates tenderly by the hand he makes his case his own, and him not to act rashly, but to reason on both sides; observe man may be as easily too haughty, and that as many fail too much as too little; that *a* *has two ears and one tongue; little said is soon amended*; that tell him this and that, but that every man is the best judge of affairs.

With this some are satisfied home with great reverence of wisdom; and none are offended every one is left in full possession of his own opinion.

Sophron gives no character equally vain to tell him of virtue, for he has remarked that likes to be censured, and that are delighted with the praise of other. He has a few terms of use to all alike. With respect to tune, he believes every family good circumstances; he never understands by lavish praise meets with none but very sensible. Every man is honest at and every woman is a good creature.

Thus Sophron creeps along, loved nor hated, neither favoured nor opposed: he has never attempted rich, for fear of growing poor, raised no friends, for fear of enemies.

## Nº LVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 26.

**P**LEASURE is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from seeds scattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment. Wits and humourists are brought together from distant quarters by preconcerted invitations; they come attended by their admirers, prepared to laugh and to applaud: *they gaze a-while on each other, ashamed to be silent, and afraid to speak*; every

man is discontented with himself, angry with those that give him, and resolves that he will contribute to the merriment of such less company. Wine inflames general malignity, and changes to petulance, till at last none any longer the presence of. They retire to vent their indignation in safer places, where they are less attended; their importance is recovered their good humours gladden the night with wit and hilarity.

Merriment is always the effect of sudden impression. The jest

is already destroyed. The imagination will be somewhat under the frigid influence of holy, and sometimes occasions nothing to tempt the mind, how idle, to fallies and excursions. was ever said with uncommon but by the co-operation of mind, therefore, wit as well as wit he content to share it's high fortune.

Other pleasures are equally un- the general remedy of uneasiness of place; almost every one has a new of pleasure in his mind, which he flatters his expectation. Travels in theory has no inconvenience. he has shade and sunshine at hand, and wherever he alights he finds plenty and looks of gayety. Ideas are indulged till the departure arrives, the chaise is ordered and the progress of happiness

miles teach him the fallacies of it. The road is dusty, the horses are sluggish, and the journey is brutal. He longs for the dinner, that he may eat and the inn is crowded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but to devour in haste what the cook has prepared, and drive on in quest of entertainment. He finds at night a commodious house, but the

best is always worse than he expected.

He at last enters his native province, and resolves to feast his mind with the conversation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolics. He stops at the house of his friend, whom he designs to overpower with pleasure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and receives the memory of himself by a gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniously feasted. He hastes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a distant place, and having seen the empty house, goes away disgusted, by a disappointment which could not be intended because it could not be foreseen. At the next house he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreasonable intruder, who comes not to visit but to insult them.

It is seldom that we find either men or places such as we expect them. He that has pictured a prospect upon his fancy, will receive little pleasure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the conversation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is necessary to hope, though hope should always be deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and it's frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than it's extinction.

## Nº LIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

common enjoyments of life, are not very liberally indulged in our age, but by anticipating part of pleasure which might have relieved the tedium of another day; and by the exertion of strength, or labour, is succeeded by a period of languor and weariness. Whatever advantage we snatch from a certain portion allotted us, is like money spent before the time, which at the time of regular will be missed and regretted. Like all other things which are to give or to increase happiness, it is spent with the same equality. He that is loudly praised is soon lamely censured; he that is in danger of being forgotten is suddenly into oblivion.

Of many writers who filled their age with wonder, and whose names we find celebrated in the books of their contemporaries, the works are now no longer to be seen, or are seen only amidst the lumber of libraries which are seldom visited, where they lie only to shew the deceitfulness of hope, and the uncertainty of honour.

Of the decline of reputation many causes may be assigned. It is commonly lost because it never was deserved; and was conferred at first, not by the suffrage of criticism, but by the fondness of friendship, or servility of flattery. The great and popular are very freely applauded, but all soon grow weary of echoing to each other a name which has no other claim to notice, but that many mouths are pronouncing it at once.

But many have lost the final reward of their labours, because they were too hasty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences, and eminent names, and delighted their readers with allusions and remarks, in which all were interested, and to which all therefore were attentive. But the effect ceased with it's cause; the time quickly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the vicissitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the love and hatred of the public to other agents, and the writer, whose works were no longer assisted by gratitude or resentment, was left to the cold regard of idle curiosity.

He that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times and in every country; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation; that which is to be loved long must be loved with reason rather than with passion. He

that lays out his labours upon temporary subjects, easily finds readers, and quickly loses them; for what should make the book valued when it's subject is no more?

These observations will shew the reason why the poem of Hudibras is almost forgotten, however embellished with sentiments and diversified with allusions, however bright with wit, and however solid with truth. The hypocrisy which it detected, and the folly which it ridiculed, have long vanished from public notice. Those who had felt the mischief of discord, and the tyranny of usurpation, read it with rapture, for every line brought back to memory something known, and gratified resentment, by the just censure of something hated. But the book which was once quoted by princes, and which supplied conversation to all the assemblies of the gay and witty, is now seldom mentioned, and even by those that affect to mention it, is seldom read. So vainly is wit lavished upon fugitive topics, so little can architecture secure duration when the ground is false.

## Nº LX. SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

**C**RITICISM is a study by which men grow important and formidable at very small expence. The power of invention has been conferred by Nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom Nature has made weak, and Idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a Critick.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are passing through the world in obscurity, when I inform them how easily distinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty, they must be long courted, and at last are not always gained; but Criticism is a goddess easy of access and forward of advance, who will meet the slow, and encourage the timorous; the want of meaning she supplies with words, and the want of spirit she recommends with malignity.

*This profession has one recommendation peculiar to itself, that it gives vent*

to malignity without real mischief. No genius was ever blasted by the breath of criticks. The poison which, if confined, would have burst the heart, fumes away in empty hisses, and malice is set at ease with very little danger to merit. The critick is the only man whose triumph is without another's pain, and whose greatness does not rise upon another's ruin.

To a study at once so easy and so reputable, so malicious and so harmless, it cannot be necessary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation; it is sufficient, since all would be criticks if they could, to shew by one eminent example that all can be criticks if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common course of puerile studies, in which he was no great proficient, was put apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large fortune in the stocks. Dick had for six months before used the company of the lower players, of whom he had learned to scorn a trade, and being now at liberty to follow his genius,



d to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented coffee-houses near the theatres, listened very diligently, day after day, to those who talked of land, of sentiments, and unities and es, till by slow degrees he began to think that he understood something of the stage, and hoped in time to do it.

He did not trust so much to nature, as wholly to neglect the arts. When the theatres were retired to Richmond with a few writers, whose opinions he upon his memory by unwearying; and, when he returned to the town, was able to use very proper phrases, that the great art is to copy nature; that every writer is not to be expected; that the great art is the art of imitation; and that, according to the fashion, every piece should be written in a certain number of years.

As great authors he now began to read, he laid down as a maxim, that all had beauties. His opinion was, that a man, committing himself wholly to nature, wanted that which learning would have; and that Jonson, trusting to did not sufficiently cast his nature. He blamed the Stanza and could not bear the Hexameter. Denham and Waller were the first reformers of English poetry, and thought that if Waller had obtained the strength of Denham, the two merits of Waller had been nothing wanting to a poet. He often expressed admiration of Dryden's poverty, and indignation at the age which he was to write for bread; he re-joiced in the first lines of All but, wondered at the corruption which could bear any thing as rhyming tragedies. In the sound uncommon powers of the passions, but was disgusted at the general negligence, and blamed the taking a conspirator his hero; he concluded his disquisition, remarking how happily the clock is made to alarm the Southern would have been

his favourite, but that he mixes comick with tragick scenes, intercepts the natural course of the passions, and fills the mind with a wild confusion of mirth and melancholy. The versification of Rowe he thought too melodious for the stage, and too little varied in different passions. He made it the great fault of Congreve, that all his persons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He considered Cato rather as a poem than a play, and allowed Addison to be the complete master of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critic. He thought the chief merit of Prior was in his easy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his Solomon had many noble sentiments elegantly expressed. In Swift he discovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an easiness which all would hope and few would attain. Pope he was inclined to degrade from a poet to a versifier, and thought his numbers rather luscious than sweet. He often lamented the neglect of Phædra and Hippolitus, and wished to see the stage under better regulations.

These assertions passed commonly uncontradicted; and if now and then an opponent started up, he was quickly repelled by the suffrages of the company, and Minion went away from every dispute with elation of heart and increase of confidence.

He now grew conscious of his abilities, and began to talk of the present state of dramatick poetry; wondered what was become of the comick genius which supplied our ancestors with wit and pleantry, and why no writer could be found that durst now venture beyond a farce. He saw no reason for thinking that the vein of humour was exhausted, since we live in a country where liberty suffers every character to spread itself to its utmost bulk, and which therefore produces more originals than all the rest of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded business to be the soul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern stage.

He was now an acknowledged critic, and had his own seat in a coffee-house, and headed a party in the pit. Minion has more vanity than ill-nature, and seldom desires to do much mischief; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that sits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour,

by clapping when an actor exclaims *ye Gods*, or laments the misery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearsals, and many of his friends are of opinion, that our present poets are indebted to him for their happiest thoughts; by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in *Barbarossa*, and by his persuasion the author of *Cleone* concluded his play without a couplet; for what can be more absurd, said Minim, than that part of a play should be rhymed, and part written in blank verse? and by what acquisition of faculties is the speaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the conclusion of an act?

He is the great investigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds *the sound an echo to the sense*. He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of versification, and wonders at the supineness with which their works have been hitherto perused, so that no man has found the sound of a drum in this distich—

- ‘ When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
- ‘ Was beat with sit instead of a stick;’

and that the wonderful lines upon our and a Bubble have hitherto without notice.

- ‘ Honour is like the glassy bubble,
- ‘ Which costs philosophers such trouble
- ‘ Where one part crack’d, the whole
- ‘ And wits are crack’d to find out

In these verses, says Minim, two striking accommodations sound to the sense. It is impossible to utter the two lines emphatically an act like that which they *Bubble* and *Trouble* causing a tarry inflation of the cheeks by retention of the breath, which is forcibly emitted, as in the *blowing bubbles*. But the excellence is in the third line, *crack’d* in the middle to express and then shivers into mono. Yet has this diamond lain neglected among common stones, and among the merable admirers of Hudibras, the preservation of this superlative has been reserved for the *sa* Minim.

## Nº LXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

**M**R. Minim had now advanced himself to the zenith of critical reputation; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him; when he entered his coffee-house, he was surrounded by circles of candidates, who passed their noviciate of literature under his tuition; his opinion was asked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide; and no composition was supposed to pass in safety to posterity, till it had been secured by Minim’s approbation.

Minim professes great admiration of the wisdom and munificence by which the academies of the Continent were raised, and often wishes for some standard of taste, for some tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an Academy of Criticism, where every work of imagination may be read before it is printed, and which shall authoritatively direct the theatres what *pieces to receive or reject, to exclude or to receive.*

Such an institution would, in opinion, spread the fame of Erasmus over Europe, and make the metropolis of elegance a nest, the place to which the ingenious of all countries would flock for instruction and improvement, where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was contrary to the nicest rules, and with the highest elegance.

Till some happy conjunction of planets shall dispose our printers to make themselves in such an academy, Minim can only pretend to preside four nights in a critical society selected by him, whence his judgment is directed through the great vulgar and

When he is placed in the criticism, he declares loudly for the simplicity of our ancestors, and against the petty refinements, mental luxuriance. Sometimes sunk in despair, and perceiving

licacy daily gaining ground, and sometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true sublime. He then fulminates his loudest censures against the monkish barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reason can be pleased with one line always ending like another; tells how unjustly and unnaturally sense is sacrificed to sound; how often the best thoughts are mangled by the necessity of confining or extending them to the dimensions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, shaken off the shackles which had encumbered it so long. Yet he allows that rhyme may sometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauses judiciously diversified.

From blank verse he makes an easy transition to Milton, whom he produces as an example of the slow advance of lasting reputation. Milton is the only writer in whose books Minim can read for ever without weariness. What cause it is that exempts this pleasure from satiety he has long and diligently enquired, and believes it to consist in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly thought rugged and unmusical, he conceives to have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the rest, or to express things by a proper cadence; for he scarcely finds a verse that has not this favourite beauty; he declares that he could shiver in a hot-house when he reads that

‘ The ground

‘ Burns froze, and cold performs th’ effect  
of fire ;

and that when Milton bewails his blindness; the verse

‘ So thick a drop serene has quench’d these  
orbs,’

has, he knows not how, something that strikes him with an obscure sensation like that which he fancies would be felt from the sound of darkness.

Minim is not so confident of his rules of judgment as not very eagerly to

catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly so prudent as to spare those whom he cannot resist, unless, as will sometimes happen, he finds the publick combined against them. But a fresh pretender to fame he is strongly inclined to censure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the success of a composition, he intrenches himself in general terms; there are some new thoughts and beautiful passages, but there is likewise much which he would have advised the author to expunge. He has several favourite epithets, of which he has never settled the meaning, but which are very commodiously applied to books which he has not read, or cannot understand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *stiff*, and another *slimy*; sometimes he discovers delicacy of style, and sometimes meets with *strange expressions*.

He is never so great, or so happy, as when a youth of promising parts is brought to receive his directions for the prosecution of his studies. He then puts on a very serious air; he advises the pupil to read none but the best authors, and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to study his beauties, but avoid his faults; and, when he sits down to write, to consider how his favourite author would think at the present time on the present occasion. He exhorts him to catch those moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted, but to take care lest imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of success; yet enjoins him, with great earnestness, not to read more than he can digest, and not to confuse his mind by pursuing studies of contrary tendencies. He tells him, that every man has his genius, and that Cicero could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, resolves to follow his genius, and to think how Milton would have thought; and Minim feasts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.

N<sup>o</sup> LXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

**A**N opinion prevails almost universally in the world, that he who has money has every thing. This is not a modern paradox, or the tenet of a small and obscure sect, but a persuasion which appears to have operated upon most minds in all ages, and which is supported by authorities so numerous and so cogent, that nothing but long experience could have given me confidence to question it's truth.

But experience is the test by which all the philosophers of the present age agree that speculation must be tried; and I may be therefore allowed to doubt the power of money, since I have been a long time rich, and have not yet found that riches can make me happy.

My father was a farmer, neither wealthy nor indigent, who gave me a better education than was suitable to my birth, because my uncle in the city designed me for his heir, and desired that I might be bred a gentleman. My uncle's wealth was the perpetual subject of conversation in the house; and when any little misfortune befell us, or any mortification dejected us, my father always exhorted me to hold up my head, for my uncle would never marry.

My uncle, indeed, kept his promise. Having his mind completely busied between his warehouse and the 'Change, he felt no tediousness of life, nor any want of domestick amusements. When my father died, he received me kindly; but, after a few months, finding no great pleasure in the conversation of each other, we parted, and he remitted me a small annuity, on which I lived a quiet and studious life, without any wish to grow great by the death of my benefactor.

But though I never suffered any malignant impatience to take hold on my mind, I could not forbear sometimes to imagine to myself the pleasure of being rich; and when I read of diversions and magnificence, resolved to try, when time should put the trial in my power, what pleasure they could afford.

My uncle, in the latter spring of his life, when his ruddy cheek and his firm

nerves promised him a long and healthy age, died of an apoplexy. His death gave me neither joy nor sorrow. He was to me good, and I regarded him with affection; but I could not please him, and therefore could not love him.

He had the policy of little minds, a love to surprize; and having always presented his fortune as less than it was, I suppose, often gratified himself with thinking, how I should be surprised to find myself twice as rich as I expected. My wealth was such as exceeded all the schemes of expence I had formed, and I soon began to expand my thoughts, and look round for some purchase of felicity.

The most striking effect of riches was the splendour of dress, which ever has observed to enforce respect, and facilitate reception; and my first desire was to be fine. I sent for a tailor who employed by the nobility, and ordered such a suit of cloaths as I had never looked on with involuntary submission, and am ashamed to remember with flutters of expectation I waited for an hour when I should issue forth in the splendour of embroidery. The dress was brought, and for three days served many eyes turned towards me. I passed: but I felt myself obstructed from the common intercourse of civil life by an uneasy consciousness of my appearance; as I thought myself over-served, I was more anxious about my mien and behaviour; and the mien which is formed by care is commonly awkward. A short time accustomed myself, and my dress was without affect and without pleasure.

For a little while I tried to be great, but I began too late; and having no turn for a frolic, was in danger of ending in a drunkard. I never, in which not one of my company paid me a visit, gave me time for reflection. I found that there was no pleasure in breaking windows and in the round-house; and resolved to associate no longer with those who thought I had treated and bailed them. I could not make friends.

I then changed my measure, and had the care of running horses, and had the con-

come very often in the news. I strut herse, the grandson of who won four plates, and ten shillings; and a bay filly, who carried five years old plate, and was to perform much greater exertions. My groom broke her wind, happened to catch him falling over her. This happened was soon after; there was no pleasure when I won I could not boast myself by the virtues of my groom, and refused to spend any time in the stable. As now known that I had money, could spend it; and I passed four

months in the company of an architect, whose whole business was to persuade me to build a house. I told them that I had more room than I wanted, but could not get rid of their importunities. A new plan was brought in, every day; and at last my country was empowered, and I began to build. The happiness of building lasted but a little while, for though I love to spend, I like to be cheated; and I soon found that to build is to be robbed.

How I proceed in the pursuit of happiness, you shall hear when I find myself disposed to write.

I am, Sir, &c.

TIM. RANGER.

## Nº LXIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

THE natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket; and when the accidents of the chase, or the convenience of pasturage leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The mind set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionick and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt

columns, imbricated floors, and petty ornaments, which show rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor.

Language proceeds, like every thing else, through improvement to degeneracy. The natives who first take possession of a country, having not many ideas, and their naturally modest and determinate, were contented, as by general terms and abrupt sentences they could make their thoughts known to one another; as language begins to become regulated, and property to become distinct, disputes must be decided, and of consequence the differences of things are noted, and distinctions and propriety of expression become necessary. In this, happiness and pleasure give rise to curiosity, and the sciences are cultivated for curiosity and pleasure; to the arts which are necessary to begeth convenience then adds the art of teaching; and the sciences and ambitious content, not only who shall teach best, but who shall tell their thoughts in the most pleasing manner.

I then begin the rules of the trades and poetry, the regulation of figures, the behaviour of crowds, the modulation of passions, the rules of tradition, the disposition of churches, and all the delicacies of style and subtleties of composition; and while they advance post haste, and I doubtless be they improve themselves till they shall more harm the writer than assist the reader or delight him.



The first state is commonly antecedent to the practice of writing; the ignorant essays of imperfect diction pass away with the savage generation that uttered them. No nation can trace their language beyond the second period, and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain.

The fate of the English tongue is like that of others. We know nothing of the scanty jargon of our barbarous ancestors, but we have specimens of our language when it began to be adapted to civil and religious purposes, and find it such as might naturally be expected, artless and simple, unconnected and concise. The writers seem to have desired little more than to be understood, and perhaps seldom aspired to the praise of pleasing. Their verses were considered chiefly as memorial, and therefore did not differ from prose but by the measure or the rhyme.

In this state, varied a little according to the different purposes or abilities of writers, our language may be said to have continued to the time of Gower, whom Chaucer calls his master; and

who, however obscured by his popularity, seems justly to claim honour which has been hitherto him, of shewing his country something more was to be desired than that English verse might be exact poetry.

From the time of Gower onward, the English writers have shewn more elegance, and advanced their language by successive improvements, to as much perfection as it can easily receive, and as copiousness as human knowledge therto required. These advances have not been made at all times with diligence or the same success. Elegance has suspended the course of improvement, or affectation turned time into waste with little change has been made without merit. But elegance has been in view with attention as near to nature as life permits, till every man endeavours to excel others in a way or outshine them in splendour and the danger is, lest care be soon past to affectation.

## NO LXIV: SATURDAY, JULY 7.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

AS Nature has made every man desirous of happiness, I flatter myself, that you and your readers cannot but feel some curiosity to know the sequel of my story: for though, by trying the different schemes of pleasure, I have yet found nothing in which I could finally acquiesce; yet the narrative of my attempts will not be wholly without use, since we always approach nearer to truth as we detect more and more varieties of error.

When I had sold my racers, and put the orders of architecture out of my head, my next resolution was to be a *fine gentleman*. I frequented the polite coffee-houses, grew acquainted with all the men of humour, and gained the right of bowing familiarly to half the nobility. In this new scene of life my great labour was to learn to laugh. I had been used to consider laughter as the effect of merriment, but I soon learned that it is *one of the arts of adulation*, and, from *laughing only to shew that I was pleas-*

ed, I now began to laugh when it pleased. This was at first very difficult. I sometimes heard the most dull indifference, and, not exalting myself to merriment by due gratitude, burst out suddenly into an uproar of noise, which was not always fairly interpreted. Sometimes I was the rest of the company, and the grace of laughing by delay; at other times, when I began at the right time, I was deficient in loudness or in length by diligent imitation of the best. I attained at last such flexible muscles, that I was always a ready auditor of a story, and got the reputation of a good-natured fellow.

This was something; but much more was to be done, that I might be fully allowed to be a fine gentleman. I appeared at court on all public occasions, betted at gaming-tables, and passed all the routs of eminence. I went to the opera, took a fiddle to my credit, and put my supposed merit under my protection. I came the head of a musical fact, and had sometimes concerts at

I once thought to have attained the rank of elegance, by taking a fashionable dress into keeping. But my favourite siller contrived to be arrested on the night of a concert, for a finer suit of cloaths than I had ever presumed to wear, and I lost all the fame of patronage by refusing to hail him.

My next ambition was to sit for my picture. I spent a whole winter in going from painter to painter, to bespeak a whole length of one, and a half length of another; I talked of nothing but attitudes, draperies, and proper lights; took my friends to see the pictures after every sitting; heard every day of a wonderful performer in crayons and miniature, and sent my pictures to be copied; was told by the judges that they were not like, and was recommended to other artists. At length, being not able to please my friends, I grew less pleased myself, and at last resolved to think no more about it.

It was impossible to live in total idleness; and, wandering about in search of something to do, I was invited to a weekly meeting of virtuosos, and felt myself instantaneously seized with an unextinguishable ardour for all natural curiosities. I ran from auction to auction, became a critic in shells and fossils, bought a *hortus ficus* of inestimable value, and purchased a secret art of preserving insects, which made my collection the envy of the other philosophers. I found this pleasure mingled with much vexation. All the faults of my life were for nine months circulated through the town with the most active malignity, because I happened to catch a moth of peculiar variegation; and because I once out-bid all the lovers of shells and carried off a *Nautilus*, it was hinted that the validity of my uncle's will ought to be disputed. I will not deny that I was very proud both of the moth and of the shell, and gratified myself with the

envy of my companions, perhaps more than became a benevolent being. But in time I grew weary of being hated for that which produced no advantage, gave my shells to children that wanted playthings, and suppressed the art of drying butterflies, because I would not tempt Idleness and Cruelty to kill them.

I now began to feel life tedious, and wished to store myself with friends, with whom I might grow old in the interchange of benevolence. I had observed that popularity was most easily gained by an open table, and therefore hired a French cook, furnished my side-board with great magnificence, filled my cellar with wines of pompous appellations, bought every thing that was dear before it was good, and invited all those who were most famous for judging of a dinner. In three weeks my cook gave me warning, and, upon enquiry, told me that Lord Queasy, who dined with me the day before, had sent him an offer of double wages. My pride prevailed, I raised his wages, and invited his lordship to another feast. I love plain meat, and was therefore soon weary of spreading a table of which I could not partake. I found that my guests, when they went away, criticised their entertainment, and censured my profusion; my cook thought himself necessary, and took upon him the direction of the house; and I could not rid myself of flatterers, or break from slavery, but by shutting up my house, and declaring my resolution to live in lodgings.

After all this, tell me, dear Idler, what I must do next. I have health, I have money, and hope that I have understanding; yet, with all these, I have never yet been able to pass a single day which I did not wish at an end before sun-set. Tell me, dear Idler, what I shall do. I am your humble servant,

TIM. RANGER.

## Nº LXV. SATURDAY, JULY 14.

THE sequel of Clarendon's History, at last happily published, is an accession to English literature equally agreeable to the admirers of elegance and the lovers of truth; many doubtful facts may now be ascertained, and many

questions, after long debate, may be determined by decisive authority. He that records transactions in which himself was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars which escape spectators, but has his

nature

natural powers exalted by that ardour which always rises at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.

The difficulties through which this work has struggled into light, and the delays with which our hopes have been long mocked, naturally lead the mind to the consideration of the common fate of posthumous compositions.

He who sees himself surrounded by admirers, and whose vanity is hourly feasted with all the luxuries of studied praise, is easily persuaded that his influence will be extended beyond his life; that they who cringe in his presence will reverence his memory; and that those who are proud to be numbered among his friends, will endeavour to vindicate his choice by zeal for his reputation.

With hopes like these, to the executors of Swift was committed the history of the last years of Queen Anne, and to those of Pope the works which remained unprinted in his closet. The performances of Pope were burnt by those whom he had perhaps selected from all mankind as most likely to publish them; and the history had likewise perished, had not a straggling transcript fallen into busy hands.

The papers left in the closet of Peiresec supplied his heirs with a whole winter's fuel; and many of the labours of the learned Bishop Lloyd were consumed in the kitchen of his descendants.

Some works, indeed, have escaped total destruction, but yet have had reason to lament the fate of orphans expelled to the frauds of unfaithful guardians. How Hale would have borne the mutilations which his *Phas of the Crown* have suffered from the editor, they who know his character will easily conceive.

The original copy of Burnet's History, though promised to some publick library\*, has never been given; and who then can prove the fidelity of the publication, when the authenticity of Clarendon's History, though printed with the sanction of one of the first universities of the world, had not an unexpected manuscript been happily discovered, would,

with the help of factious critics, been brought into question lowest of all human beings for a party, and a commercial case?

Vanity is often no less than negligence or dishonesty; it possesses a valuable manuscript, raises its esteem by concealing lights in the distinction which gives himself to obtain by key of a treasure which he nor imparts. From him it is other owner, less vain but gent, who considers it as use and rids himself of the incu-

Yet there are some work authors must consign unpopularity, however unexpected event, however hopeless. He who writes the history times, if he adheres steadily will write that which his own not easily endure. He must repose his book till all fictions shall cease, and love give way to curiosity.

But many leave the labours of their life to their executors; because they will not send unfinished; and are unable to having prescribed to themselves degree of exactness as human can scarcely attain. 'Lodner, 'did not lay out his life the same diligence as he laboured was always hesitating and raising objections and remanding waiting for clearer light discovery. Baker, after many in biography, left his manuscript buried in a library, because perfect which could never be.

Of these learned men, let us aspire to the same praise, in diligence, and avoid the scruple it be always remembered short, that knowledge is that many doubts deserve cleared. Let those whom study have qualified to teach tell us what they have learned are yet able to tell it, and reputation only to themselves.

\* It would be proper to repose, in some publick place, the manuscript which has not escaped all suspicion of unfaithful publication.

## N° LXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 21.

**N**O complaint is more frequently repeated among the learned, than that of the waste made by time among the labours of Antiquity. Of those who once filled the civilized world with their renown, nothing is now left but their names, which are left only to raise desires that never can be satisfied, and sorrow which never can be comforted.

Had all the writings of the ancients been faithfully delivered down from age to age, had the Alexandrian library been spared, and the Palatine repositories remained unimpaired, how much might we have known of which we are now doomed to be ignorant! how many labours enquires, and dark conjectures, how many collations of broken hints and mutilated passages, might have been spared! We should have known the successions of princes, the revolutions of empire, the actions of the great, and opinions of the wise, the laws and constitutions of every state, and the arts by which public grandeur and happiness are acquired and preserved; we should have traced the progress of life, seen colonies from distant regions take possession of European deserts, and troops of savages settled into communities by the desire of keeping what they had acquired; we should have traced the gradations of civility, and travelled upward to the original of things by the light of history, till in remoter times it had glimmered in fable, and at last sunk into darkness.

If the works of imagination had been less diminished, it is likely that all future times might have been supplied with inexhaustible amusement by the fictions of Antiquity. The tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides would have shewn all the stronger passions in all their diversities; and the comedies of Menander would have furnished all the maxims of domestic life. Nothing would have been necessary to moral wisdom but to have studied these great masters, whose knowledge would have guided doubt, and whose authority would have silenced cavils.

Such are the thoughts that rise in every student, when his curiosity is eluded, and his searches are frustrated; yet

it may perhaps be doubted, whether our complaints are not sometimes inconsiderate, and whether we do not imagine more evil than we feel. Of the Ancients, enough remains to excite our emulation, and direct our endeavours. Many of the works which time has left us, we know to have been those that were most esteemed, and which Antiquity itself considered as models; so that, having the originals, we may without much regret lose the imitations. The obscurity which the want of contemporary writers often produces, only darkens single passages, and those commonly of slight importance. The general tendency of every piece may be known; and though that diligence deserves praise which leaves nothing unexamined, yet it's miscarriages are not much to be lamented; for the most useful truths are always universal, and unconnected with accidents and customs.

Such is the general conspiracy of human nature against contemporary merit, that if we had inherited from antiquity enough to afford employment for the laborious, and amusement for the idle, I know not what room would have been left for modern genius or modern industry; almost every subject would have been pre-occupied, and every style would have been fixed by a precedent from which few would have ventured to depart. Every writer would have had a rival, whose superiority was already acknowledged, and to whose fame his work would, even before it was seen, be marked out for a sacrifice.

We see how little the united experience of mankind has been able to add to the heroic characters displayed by Homer, and how few incidents the fertile imagination of modern Italy has yet produced, which may not be found in the Iliad and Odyssey. It is likely, that if all the works of the Athenian philosophers had been extant, Malbranche and Locke would have been condemned to be silent readers of the ancient metaphysicians; and it is apparent, that if the old writers had all remained, the Idler could not have written a disquisition on the loss.

N<sup>o</sup> LXVII. SATURDAY, JULY 28.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

**I**N the observations which you have made on the various opinions and pursuits of mankind, you must often, in literary conversations, have met with men who consider Dissipation as the great enemy of the intellect; and maintain, that in proportion as the student keeps himself within the bounds of a settled plan, he will more certainly advance in science.

This opinion is, perhaps, generally true; yet, when we contemplate the inquisitive nature of the human mind, and its perpetual impatience of all restraint, it may be doubted whether the faculties may not be contracted by confining the attention; and whether it may not sometimes be proper to risque the certainty of little for the chance of much. Acquisitions of knowledge, like blazes of genius, are often fortuitous. Those who had proposed to themselves a methodical course of reading, light by accident on a new book, which seizes their thoughts and kindles their curiosity, and opens an unexpected prospect, to which the way which they had prescribed to themselves would never have conducted them.

To enforce and illustrate my meaning, I have sent you a journal of three days employment, found among the papers of a late intimate acquaintance; who, as will plainly appear, was a man of vast designs, and of vast performances, though he sometimes designed one thing and performed another. I allow that the Spectator's inimitable productions of this kind may well discourage all subsequent journalists; but, as the subject of this is different from that of any which the Spectator has given us, I leave it to you to publish or suppress it.

*M. m.* The following three days I propose to give up to reading; and intend, after all the delays which have obstructed themselves upon me, to finish my *Essay on the Extent of the Mental Powers*; to revise my *Treatise on Logick*; to begin the *Epick* which I have long projected; to proceed in my perusal of the *Scrip-*

*tures*; with *Grotius's Comment*; an leisure to regale myself with the classics, ancient and modern, finish my *Ode to Astronomy*.

*Monday.*] Designed to rise but, by my servant's laziness, was not lighted before eight, dropped into a slumber that lasted nine; at which time I rose, ate breakfast, at ten sat down to studying to begin upon my *Essay*; being occasion to consult a passage I was absorbed in the perusal of publick till twelve. I had neglected company, and now entered Careless, who, after half an hour insisted upon my going with him joy an absurd character, that he pointed, by an advertisement, him at a particular coffee-house. We had for some time entertained ourselves with him, we sallied out, each to repair to his home; it fell out, coming up in the street, a man, whose steel by his side I saw him a butcher, we overheard him giving an address to a genteel young lady, whom he walked with. 'Miss, though your father is not a coal-lighter, and you will be a fortune, 'tis true; yet I wish I might cut into quarters if it is not or and not lucre of gain, that is a fine for offering terms of marriage. As this lover proceeded in his speech, he missed us the length of three streets in admiration at the unlimited power of tender passion, that could soft the heart of a butcher. We then journeyed to a tavern, and from thence to one of the publick gardens, where we regaled with a most amusing variety of men possessing great talents, but coloured by affectation, that they made them eminently ridiculous. Those low things, who, by continual flattery, had annihilated the few virtues nature had given them, and yet were celebrated for wonderful pretty young ladies extolled for their cause they were handsome; empty women as well as men, life, a tired for their knowledge; their being resolutely positive;

men of real understanding so far from pleasing the polite million, that they frightened them away, and were left solitary. When we quitted this entertaining scene, Tom pressed me, irresistibly, to sup with him. I reached home at twelve, and then reflected, that though indeed I had, by remarking various characters, improved my insight into human nature, yet still I had neglected the studies proposed, and accordingly took up my *Treatise on Logick*, to give it the intended revision, but found my spirits too much agitated, and could not forbear a few satyrical lines, under the title of *The Evening's Walk*.

'*Tuesday.*] At breakfast, seeing my *Ode to Astronomy* lying on my desk, I was struck with a train of ideas, that I thought might contribute to it's improvement. I immediately rang my bell to forbid all visitors, when my servant opened the door, with—'Sir, Mr. Jeffery Gape.' My cup dropped out of one hand, and my poem out of the other. I could scarce ask him to sit; he told me he was going to walk, but as there was a likelihood of rain, he would sit with me; he said, he intended at first to have called at Mr. Vacant's, but as he had not seen me a great while, he did not mind coming out of his way to wait on me: I made him a bow, but thanks for the favour stuck in my throat. I asked him if he had been to the coffee-house. He replied, two hours.

'Under the oppression of this dull interruption, I sat looking wishfully at the clock; for which, to increase my satisfaction, I had chosen the inscription, *Art is long, and Life is short*; exchanging questions and answers at long intervals, and not without some hints that the weather-glass promised fair weather. At half an hour after three he told me he would trespass on me for a dinner, and desired me to send to his house for a bundle of papers, about inclosing a common upon his estate, which he would read to me in the evening. I declared myself busy, and Mr. Gape went away.

'Having dined, to compose my chagrin, I took up Virgil, and several other classics, but could not calm my mind, or proceed in my scheme. At about five I laid my hand on a Bible that lay on my table, at first with coldness and insensibility; but was imperceptibly engaged in a close attention to it's sublime morality, and felt my heart expanded by

warm philanthropy, and exalted to dignity of sentiment; I then censured my too great solicitude, and my disgust conceived at my acquaintance, who had been so far from designing to offend, that he only meant to shew kindness and respect. In this strain of mind I wrote *An Essay on Benevolence*, and *An Elegy on sub-lunary Disappointments*. When I had finished these, at eleven, I supped, and recollected how little I had adhered to my plan, and almost questioned the possibility of pursuing any settled and uniform design; however, I was not so far persuaded of the truth of these suggestions, but that I resolved to try once more at my scheme. As I observed the moon shining through my window, from a calm and bright sky, spangled with innumerable stars, I indulged a pleasing meditation on the splendid scene, and finished my *Ode to Astronomy*.

'*Wednesday.*] Rose at seven, and employed three hours in perusal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment*; and after breakfast fell into meditation concerning my projected *Epick*; and being in some doubt as to the particular lives of some heroes, whom I proposed to celebrate, I consulted Bayle and Moreri, and was engaged two hours in examining various lives and characters, but then resolved to go to my employment. When I was seated at my desk, and began to feel the glowing succession of poetical ideas, my servant brought me a letter from a lawyer, requiring my instant attendance at Gray's Inn for half an hour. I went full of vexation, and was involved in business till eight at night; and then, being too much fatigued to study, supped, and went to bed.'

Here my friend's journal concludes, which perhaps is pretty much a picture of the manner in which many prosecute their studies. I therefore resolved to send it you, imagining, that if you think it worthy of appearing in your paper, some of your readers may receive entertainment by recognizing a resemblance between my friend's conduct and their own. It must be left to the Idler accurately to ascertain the proper methods of advancing in literature; but this one position, deducible from what has been said above, may, I think, be reasonably asserted, that he who finds himself strongly attracted to any particular study, though it may happen to be out of his

proposed scheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application to it, since it is likely that he will, with much more ease and expedition, at-

tain that which a warm inclination to pursue, than which a prescribed law compels to. I am, &c.

*in translation*

## Nº LXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4.

**A**MONG the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of Translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes less inconvenient.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but Translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once, or distant nations had little commerce with each other; and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk into oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their

teachers. Every man who is aspired to the praise of literature, if necessary to learn Greek, and need of versions when they could not be the originals. Translation, however, not wholly neglected. Dramatic could be understood by the people in their own language but their own, and Romans were sometimes entertained by the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old Latin Iliad there is mention of a Latin Iliad; we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it appears that any man grew emulous of interpreting another, and perhaps was more frequent to translate for amusement, than for satisfaction.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of Translation. When they had subdued the eastern part of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and in haste to relieve their wants by increasing their knowledge. They discovered that they might grow wise by the labour of others, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to translate on medicine and philosophy, and their chief authors into Arabic. Sometimes they attempted the poets, but they were not known; their literary zeal was very great, but it was short, and probably before they had time to add the elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the invasions of the northern nations, who first destroyed the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages, not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention; the knowledge was lost, and those who gained did not have immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate miseries to redress. They had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or

mults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and Translation be-

came one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation spread from south to north, and Curiosity and Translation found their way to Britain.

## Nº LXIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST II.

HE that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that Translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of *Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy*, the book which seems to have been the favourite of the middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illustrated with a copious *Comment* ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us Typography about the year 1474. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the *Deffruccion of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but Translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of Translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal Translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson in his version of Horace; and whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Festham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical Translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had this principle prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshawe's version of Guarini as the example of a *new and noble way*, as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom and assert the natural freedom of the Muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the followers of the Restoration



ration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered Translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancients, than to exhibit their graces and transmute their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept spriteliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and

mistake as the impatience and need of a mind too rapid to stop at ties, and too elevated to descend to nuteness.

Thus was Translation made useful to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder and pleasure have found their ad. The paraphrastic liberties have most universally admitted; an bourn, whose learning was eminent who had no need of any excuse slightly over obscurities, is the writer who in later times has attempted to justify or revive the ancient

There is undoubtedly a maxim observed. Dryden saw very early the closeness best preserved an author and that freedom best exhibited; he therefore will deserve the praise, who can give a representation once faithful and pleasing, who convey the same thoughts with the graces, and who when he translates changes nothing but the language.

*Dr. John Rylands*

## N° LXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

**F**EW faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them, and the critic ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to level with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many sub-

jects of general use may be treated in different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can parallel, discover consequence, multiply conclusions, are best with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire to receive the seeds of knowledge, they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow with guidance.

The Guardian directs one of its pupils to think with the wise, but not with the vulgar. This is a precious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He who thinks with more extent than he can express will want words of larger meaning; that thinks with more subtilty will want terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since

are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows no wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency: but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. 'Every man,' says Swift, 'is more able to explain the subject of an art than it's professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before.' This could only have been said by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has it's peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but

by it's proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only because few, that look upon an edifice, examine it's parts, or analyse it's columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thresh will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain.

## Nº LXXI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

**D**ICK Shifter was born in Cheap-side, and having passed reputably through all the classes of St. Paul's school, has been for some years a student in the Temple. He is of opinion that intense application dulls the faculties, and thinks it necessary to temper the severity of the law by books that engage the mind, but do not fatigue it. He has therefore made a copious collection of plays, poems, and romances, to

which he has recourse when he fancies himself tired with statutes and reports, and he seldom enquires very nicely whether he is weary or idle.

Dick has received from his favourite authors very strong impressions of a country life; and though his furthest excursions have been to Greenwich on one side, and Chelsea on the other, he has talked for several years, with great pomp of language and elevation of sentiments,

timents, about a state too high for contempt and too low for envy, about homely quiet and blameless simplicity, pastoral delights and rural innocence.

His friends who had estates in the country often invited him to pass the summer among them, but something or other had always hindered him; and he considered, that to reside in the house of another man, was to incur a kind of dependence inconsistent with that laxity of life which he had imaged as the chief good.

This summer he resolved to be happy, and procured a lodging to be taken for him at a solitary house, situated about thirty miles from London, on the banks of a small river, with corn fields before it, and a hill on each side covered with wood. He concealed the place of his retirement that none might violate his obscurity, and promised himself many a happy day when he should hide himself among the trees, and contemplate the tumults and vexations of the town.

He stepped into the post-chaise with his heart beating and his eyes sparkling, was conveyed through many varieties of delightful prospects: saw hills and meadows, corn fields and pasture, succeed each other, and for four hours charged none of his poets with fiction or exaggeration. He was now within six miles of happiness, when having never felt so much agitation before, he began to wish his journey at an end, and the last hour was passed in changing his posture, and quarrelling with his driver.

An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long; he at length alighted at his new dwelling, and was received as he expected; he looked round upon the hills and rivulets, but his joints were stiff and his muscles sore, and his first request was to see his bed-chamber.

He rested well, and ascribed the soundness of his sleep to the stillness of the country. He expected from that time nothing but nights of quiet and days of rapture; and, as soon as he had risen, wrote an account of his new state to one of his friends in the Temple.

DEAR FRANK,

I Never pitied thee before. I am now, as I could wish every man of wisdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation; with all the beauties of nature soliciting my no-

tice, and all the diversities of courting my acceptance; the chirping in the hedges, and the blooming in the mead; the whistling in the woods, and dancing on the water. I can, with truth, that a man capable of enjoying the purity of happiness, more busy than in his hours of solitude.

I am, dear Fr

When he had sent away his servant, he walked into the wood with convenience from the furze that protected him, and the briars that served for a seat; he at last sat down under a tree, and heard with great delight the rustling of the branches: 'This,' said he, 'is the true image of obscurity; of troubles and commotions I never feel them.'

His amusement did not overtake him, and he there called for his dinner. He had heard that the country produces whatever is good or drunk, and imagining that he was now at the source of luxury, he indulged himself with dainties supposed might be procured next to nothing, if any price were expected; and intended to amuse himself with his generosity, by giving more than they would ask. He ordered dishes which he named, he went to find that scarce one was to be had, and heard with astonishment and indignation, that all the fruits of the country were sold at a higher price than in the streets of London.

His meal was short and simple, and he retired again to his tree, to consider how dearnefs could be consistent with abundance, or how fraud could be practised by simplicity. He was satisfied with his own speculation, and returning home early in the evening went a while from window to window, and found that he wanted so much to do.

He enquired for a newsman, and was told that farmers never brought news, but that they could be bought from the ale-house. A messenger was dispatched, who ran away at once, but loitered an hour behind, and at last coming back w



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purposely bemired, instead of expressing the gratitude which Mr. Shifter expected for the bounty of a shilling, said that the night was wet, and the way dirty, and he hoped that his worship would not think it much to give him half-a-crown.

Dick now went to bed with some abatement of his expectations; but sleep, I know not how, revives our hopes and rekindles our desires. He rose early in the morning, surveyed the landscape, and was pleased. He walked out, and passed from field to field, without observing any beaten path, and wondered that he had not seen the shepherdesses dancing, nor heard the swains piping to their flocks.

At last he saw some reapers and harvest-women at dinner. 'Here,' said he, 'are the true Arcadians;' and advanced courteously towards them, as afraid of confusing them by the dignity of his presence. They acknowledged his superiority by no other token than that of asking him for something to drink. He imagined that he had now purchased the privilege of discourse, and began to descend to familiar questions, endeavouring to accommodate his discourse to the grossness of rustick understandings. The clowns soon found that he did not know wheat from rye, and began to despise him; one of the boys, by pretending to shew him a bird's nest, decoyed him into a ditch, and one of the wenches sold him a bargain.

This walk had given him no great

pleasure, but he hoped to find other rusticks less coarse of manners, and less mischievous of disposition. Next morning he was accosted by an attorney, who told him, that unless he made Farmer Dobson satisfaction for trampling his grass, he had orders to indict him. Shifter was offended, but not terrified; and telling the attorney that he was himself a lawyer, talked so volubly of pettifoggers and barrators, that he drove him away.

Finding his walks thus interrupted, he was inclined to ride; and being pleased with the appearance of a horse that was grazing in a neighbouring meadow, enquired the owner, who warranted him sound, and would not sell him, but that he was too fine for a plain man. Dick paid down the price, and riding out to enjoy the evening, fell with his new horse into a ditch; they got out with difficulty, and as he was going to mount again, a countryman looked at the horse, and perceived him to be blind. Dick went to the feller, and demanded back his money; but was told, that a man who rented his ground must do the best for himself; that his landlord had hired though the year was barren; and that, whether horses had eyes or no, he should sell them to the highest bidder.

Shifter now began to be tired with rustick simplicity, and on the fifth day took possession again of his chambers, and bade farewell to the regions of calm content and placid meditation.

## NO. LXXII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

**M**EN complain of nothing more frequently than of deficient Memory; and, indeed, every one finds that many of the ideas which he desired to retain have slipped irretrievably away; that the acquisitions of the mind are sometimes equally fugitive with the gifts of fortune; and that a short intermission of attention more certainly lessens knowledge than impairs an estate.

To assist this weakness of our nature, many methods have been proposed, all of which may be justly suspected of being ineffectual; for no art of memory, however its effects have been boasted or admired, has been ever adopted into general use, nor have those who possessed it appeared to excel others in readiness

of recollection or multiplicity of attainments.

There is another art of which all have felt the want, though Themistocles only confessed it. We suffer equal pain from the pertinacious adhesion of unwelcome images, as from the evanescence of those which are pleasing and useful; and it may be doubted whether we should be more benefited by the art of Memory or the art of Forgetfulness.

Forgetfulness is necessary to remembrance. Ideas are retained by renovation of that impression which time is always wearing away, and which new images are striving to obliterate. If useless thoughts could be expelled from the mind, all the valuable parts of our knowledge

knowledge would more frequently recur, and every recurrence would reinstate them in their former place.

It is impossible to consider, without some regret, how much might have been learned, or how much might have been invented, by a rational and vigorous application of time, uselessly or painfully passed in the revocation of events, which have left neither good nor evil behind them, in grief for misfortunes either repaired or irreparable, in resentment of injuries known only to ourselves, of which death has put the authors beyond our power.

Philosophy has accumulated precept upon precept, to warn us against the anticipation of future calamities. All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured; yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to lament the past. The business of life is to go forwards: he who sees evil in prospect meets it in his way, but he who catches it by retrospection turns back to find it. That which is feared may sometimes be avoided, but that which is regretted to-day may be regretted again to-morrow.

Regret is indeed useful and virtuous, and not only allowable but necessary, when it tends to the amendment of life, or to admonition of error which we may be again in danger of committing. But a very small part of the moments spent in meditation on the past, produce any reasonable caution or salutary sorrow. Most of the mortifications that we have suffered, arose from the concurrence of local and temporary circumstances, which can never meet again; and most of our disappointments have succeeded those expectations, which life allows not to be formed a second time.

It would add much to human happiness, if an art could be taught of for-

getting all of which the remembrance at once useless and afflictive, if it which never can end in pleasure be driven totally away, that he might perform its functions without incumbrance, and the past might no longer encroach upon the present.

Little can be done well to which whole mind is not applied; the of every day calls for the day to it is assigned; and he will have sure to regret yesterday's vexatious resolves not to have a new subject to-morrow.

But to forget or to remember sure, are equally beyond the power of man. Yet as memory may be by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by stated times of recollection, so the power of forgetting is capable of improvement. Reason will, by little contest, prevail over imagination, and the power may be obtained conferring the attention as judgment directs.

The incursions of troublesome thoughts are often violent and untoward; and it is not easy to a man accustomed to their inroads to exclude them immediately by putting better into motion; but this enemy of above all others weakened by exertion; the reflection which has been overpowered and ejected, seldom with any formidable vehemence.

Employment is the great insurmountable barrier of intellectual dominion. We cannot retire from its enemy in vacancy, or turn aside from on but by passing to another. The idle and the resentful are always among those who have nothing to do, or who do nothing. We must about good or evil, and he to whom present offers nothing will oftening backward on the past.

## NO LXXIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER :

**T**HAT every man would be rich if he could obtain riches, is a wish which I believe few will contest, at least in a nation like ours, in which commerce has kindled an universal emulation of wealth, and in which money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge and of virtue.

Yet though we are all labouring for the chief good, and natural effort of unwearied diligence have found many expeditions of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the art of using it, or it produce more happiness than was afforded in former times, when each claimer expiated on it's misfortune.

every philosopher taught his followers to despise it.

Many of the dangers imputed of old to exorbitant wealth, are now at an end. The rich are neither waylaid by robbers, nor watched by informers; there is nothing to be dreaded from proscriptions, or seizures. The necessity of concealing treasure has long ceased; no man now needs counterfeit mediocrity, and condemn his plate and jewels to caverns and darkness, or feast his mind with the consciousness of clouded splendour, of finery which is useless till it is shewn, and which he dares not shew.

In our time the poor are strongly tempted to assume the appearance of wealth, but the wealthy very rarely desire to be thought poor; for we are all at full liberty to display riches by every mode of ostentation. We fill our houses with useless ornaments, only to shew that we can buy them; we cover our coaches with gold, and employ artists in the discovery of new fashions of expence; and yet it cannot be found that riches produce happiness.

Of riches, as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we consider them as the means to be used, at some future time, for the attainment of felicity, we press on our pursuit ardently and vigorously, and that ardour secures us from weariness of ourselves; but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions, than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

One cause which is not always observed of the insufficiency of riches, is, that they very seldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is desired, and more than is wanted; to have something which may be spent without reluctance, and scattered without care, with which the sudden demands of desire may be gratified, the casual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. There is another poverty to which the rich are exposed with less guilt by the officiousness of others. Every man, eminent for exuberance of fortune, is surrounded from morning to evening, and from evening to midnight, by flatterers, whose art of adulation consists in exciting artificial wants, and in forming new schemes of profusion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to age,

found himself in possession of a fortune, of which the twentieth part might perhaps have made him rich. His temper is easy, and his affections soft; he receives every man with kindness, and hears him with credulity. His friends took care to settle him by giving him a wife, whom, having no particular inclination, he rather accepted than chose, because he was told that she was proper for him.

He was now to live with dignity proportionate to his fortune. What his fortune requires or admits Tom does not know, for he has little skill in computation, and none of his friends think it their interest to improve it. If he was suffered to live by his own choice, he would leave every thing as he finds it, and pass through the world distinguished only by inoffensive gentleness. But the ministers of luxury have marked him out as one at whose expence they may exercise their arts. A companion, who had just learned the names of the Italian masters, runs from sale to sale, and buys pictures, for which Mr. Tranquil pays, without enquiring where they shall be hung. Another fills his garden with statues, which Tranquil wishes away, but dares not remove. One of his friends is learning architecture by building him a house, which he passed by, and enquired to whom it belonged; another has been for three years digging canals and raising mounts, cutting trees down in one place, and planting them in another, on which Tranquil looks with serene indifference, without asking what will be the cost. Another projector tells him that a water-work, like that of Versailles, will complete the beauties of his seat, and lays his draughts before him; Tranquil turns his eyes upon them, and the artist begins his explanations; Tranquil raises no objections, but orders him to begin the work, that he may escape from talk which he does not understand.

Thus a thousand hands are busy at his expence, without adding to his pleasures. He pays and receives visits, and has loitered in publick or in solitude, talking in summer of the town, and in winter of the country, without knowing that his fortune is impaired, till his steward told him this morning, that he could pay the workmen no longer but by mortgaging a manor.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

**I**N the mythological pedigree of learning, Memory is made the mother of the Muses, by which the masters of ancient wisdom, perhaps, meant to shew the necessity of storing the mind copiously with true notions, before the imagination should be suffered to form fictions or collect embellishments; for the works of an ignorant poet can afford nothing higher than pleasing sound, and fiction is of no other use than to display the treasures of Memory.

The necessity of Memory to the acquisition of knowledge is inevitably felt and universally allowed, so that scarcely any other of the mental faculties are commonly considered as necessary to a student: he that admires the proficiency of another, always attributes it to the happiness of his Memory; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wish that his Memory was better.

It is evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all the attempts at eminence of knowledge must be vain; and as few are willing to be doomed to perpetual ignorance, I may, perhaps, afford consolation to some that have fallen too easily into dependence, by observing that such weakness is, in my opinion, very rare, and that few have reason to complain of Nature as unkindly sparing of the gifts of Memory.

In the common business of life, we find the Memory of one like that of another, and honestly impute omissions not to involuntary forgetfulness, but culpable inattention; but in literary enquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of Memory than of diligence.

We consider ourselves as defective in Memory, either because we remember less than we desire, or less than we suppose others to remember.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied who measures them by what he can conceive, or by what he can desire. He whose mind is most capacious, finds it much too narrow for his wishes; he that remembers most, remembers little compared with what he forgets. He therefore that, after the perusal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind,

is not to consider the disappointment as peculiar to himself, or to resign all hopes of improvement, because he does not retain what even the author has perhaps forgotten.

He who compares his Memory with that of others, is often too hasty to lament the inequality. Nature has sometimes, indeed, afforded examples of enormous, wonderful, and gigantick Memory. Scaliger reports of himself, that, in his youth, he could repeat above an hundred verses, having once read them; and Barthicus declares, that he wrote his *Comment upon Claudian* without consulting the text. But not to have such degrees of Memory, is no more to be lamented, than not to have the strength of Hercules, or the swiftness of Achilles. He that in the distribution of good has an equal share with common men, may justly be contented. Where there is no striking disparity, it is difficult to know of two which remembers most, and still more difficult to discover which read with greater attention, which has renewed the first impression by more frequent repetitions, or by what accidental combination of ideas either mind might have united any particular narrative or argument to its former stock.

But Memory, however impartially distributed, so often deceives our trust, that almost every man attempts, by some artifice or other, to secure its fidelity.

It is the practice of many readers, to note in the margin of their books, the most important passages, the strongest arguments, or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of curiosity by useless deliberation, and by frequent interruption break the current of narration or the chain of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the passages and marks together.

Others I have found unalterably persuaded, that nothing is certainly remembered but what is transcribed; and they have therefore passed weeks and months in transferring large quotations to a common-place book. Yet, why any part of a book, which can be consulted at pleasure, should be copied, I was never

is able to discover. The hand has no closer correspondence with the Memory than the eye. The act of writing itself distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. This method therefore consumes time without assisting Memory.

The true art of Memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect de-

fecated and pure, neither turbid with care, nor agitated by pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain. What is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, seldom leave any traces on the mind.

## Nº LXXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

IN the time when Bassora was considered as the school of Asia, and flourished by the reputation of its professors and the confluence of its students, among the pupils that listened round the chair of Albumazar was Gelaeddin, a native of Tauris in Persia, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundless curiosity, incessant diligence, and irresistible genius, of quick apprehension and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowness, and eager for novelty without inconstancy.

No sooner did Gelaeddin appear at Bassora, than his virtues and abilities raised him to distinction. He passed from class to class, rather admired than envied by those whom the rapidity of his progress left behind; he was consulted by his fellow-students as an oracular guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the sages.

After a few years, having passed through all the exercises of probation, Gelaeddin was invited to a professor's seat, and entreated to increase the splendour of Bassora. Gelaeddin affected to deliberate on the proposal, with which, before he considered it, he resolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the students, and, entering a solitary walk, began to meditate upon his future life.

'If I am thus eminent,' said he, 'in the regions of literature, I shall be yet more conspicuous in any other place: if I should now devote myself to study and retirement, I must pass my life in silence, unacquainted with the delights of wealth, the influence of power, the pomp of greatness, and the charms of

elegance, with all that man envies and desires, with all that keeps the world in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of losing it. I will therefore depart to Tauris, where the Persian monarch resides in all the splendour of absolute dominion: my reputation will fly before me, my arrival will be congratulated by my kinsmen and my friends; I shall see the eyes of those who predicted my greatness sparkling with exultation, and the faces of those that once despised me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting kindness by artificial smiles. I will shew my wisdom by my discourse, and my moderation by my silence; I will instruct the modest with easy gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by reasonable superciliousness. My apartments will be crowded by the inquisitive and the vain, by those that honour and those that rival me; my name will soon reach the court; I shall stand before the throne of the emperor; the judges of the law will confess my wisdom, and the nobles will contend to heap gifts upon me. If I shall find that my merit, like that of others, excites malignity, or feel myself tottering on the seat of elevation, I may at last retire to academic obscurity, and become, in my lowest state, a professor of Bassora.'

Having thus settled his determination, he declared to his friends his design of visiting Tauris, and saw with more pleasure than he ventured to express, the regret with which he was dismissed. He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was destined, and therefore hastened away, and in a short time entered the capital of Persia. He was immediately

ately immersed in the crowd, and passed unobserved to his father's house. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any excess of fondness or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his absence, suffered many losses, and Gelaeddin was considered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his surprize, he began to display his acquisitions, and justified all the arts of narration and disquisition; but the poor have no leisure to be pleased with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleasantries without a smile. He then applied himself singly to his brothers and sisters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and insensible of any other excellence than that which could bring some remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood that Gelaeddin was returned, and he sat for some days in expectation that the learned would visit him for consultation, or the great for entertainment. But who will be pleased or instructed in the mansions of Poverty? He then frequented places of public resort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiousness of his talk. The spritely were silenced, and went away to censure in

some other place his arrogance and pedantry; and the dull listened for a while, and then wondered any man should take pains to obtain much knowledge which would be him good.

He next solicited the visers for employment, not doubting but his would be eagerly accepted. He told by one that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his was above any patronage but that of an emperor; by a third, that he would forget him; and by the chief that he did not think literature of great use in publick business. I sometimes admitted to their tables, he exerted his wit and diffused his ledge; but he observed, that when endeavour or accident, he had not ably excelled, he was seldom in a second time.

He now returned to Bassora, and disgusted, but confident of his former rank, and revelling in satiety of praise. But he had been neglected at Tauris, was not regarded at Bassora; he was considered as a fugitive, who returned only he could live in no other place; his companions found that they had over-rated his abilities, and belis without notice or esteem.

## Nº LXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER

### TO THE IDLER.

578,

**I** Was much pleased with your ridicule of those shallow Criticks, whose judgment, though often right as far as it goes, yet reaches only to inferior beauties, and who, unable to comprehend the whole, judge only by parts, and from thence determine the merit of extensive works. But there is another kind of Critick still worse, who judges by narrow rules, and those too often false; and which, though they should be true, and founded on nature, will lead him but a very little way towards the justification of the sublime beauties in works of genius; for whatever part of an art can be executed or criticised by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules. For my own part,

I profess myself an Idler, and give my judgment, such as it is, in my immediate perceptions, much fatigue of thinking; and opinion, that if a man has not these perceptions right, it will be vain for him to endeavour to supply their place by rules, which may enable him to talk learnedly, but not to distinguish acutely. Another reason which has lessened my affection for the study of criticism is, that Criticks, so far as they are observed, debar themselves from enjoying any pleasure from the political or moral part of the same time that they profess to admire them: for these rules are always uppermost, give them a propensity to criticise, that, in giving up the reins of their imagination into their author's hands, their minds are employed in examining



## THE IDLER.

109

formance be according to the  
who are resolved to be Crit-  
of nature, and at the same  
great disposition to much  
study, I would recommend  
sume the character of Con-  
nich may be purchased at a  
rate than that of a Critick  
The remembrance of a few  
inters, with their general  
with a few rules of the aca-  
h they may pick up among  
will go a great way to-  
g a very notable connoisseur.  
entleman of this cast, I vic-  
ek the Cartoons at Hamp-  
he was just returned from  
moisseur of course, and of  
outh full of nothing but the  
faelle, the purity of Dome-  
learning of Poussin, the air  
he greatness of taste of the  
and the sublimity and grand  
Michael Angelo; with all  
be cant of criticism, which  
with that volubility which  
ose orators have who annex  
beir words.

re-passing through the rooms,  
to the gallery, I made him  
hole length of Charles the  
dyke, as a perfect represen-  
character as well as the  
man. He agreed it was very  
wanted spirit and contrast,  
t the flowing line, without  
pure could not possibly be  
When we entered the gal-  
ght I could perceive him re-  
is rules by which he was to  
faelle. I shall pass over his  
of the boats being too little,  
criticisms of that kind, till

at *St. Paul preaching*.  
ys he, 'is esteemed the most  
of all the Cartoons; what  
, what dignity there is in  
e of St. Paul! and yet what  
on to that nobleness could  
have given, had the art of  
een known in his time! but  
, the flowing line, which  
s grace and beauty. You  
t then have seen an upright  
nding equally on both legs,  
hands stretched forward in  
direction, and his drapery,  
surance, without the least art  
ion.' The following pic-

ture is the *Charge to Peter*. 'Here  
says he, 'are twelve upright figures;  
' what a pity it is that Raffaele was not  
' acquainted with the pyramidal princi-  
' ple! he would then have contrived the  
' figures in the middle to have been on  
' higher ground, or the figures at the  
' extremities stooping or lying, which  
' would not only have formed the group  
' into the shape of a pyramid, but like-  
' wise contrasted the standing figures.  
' Indeed,' added he, 'I have often la-  
' mented that so great a genius as Raf-  
' faelle had not lived in this enlightened  
' age, since the art has been reduced to  
' principles, and had had his education  
' in one of the modern academies; what  
' glorious works might we then have  
' expected from his divine pencil!'

I shall trouble you no longer with  
my friend's observations, which, I sup-  
pose, you are now able to continue by  
yourself. It is curious to observe, that,  
at the same time that great admiration is  
pretended for a name of fixed reputa-  
tion, objections are raised against those  
very qualities by which that great name  
was acquired,

Those Criticks are continually lament-  
ing that Raffaele had not the colouring  
and harmony of Rubens, or the light  
and shadow of Rembrant, without con-  
sidering how much the gay harmony  
of the former, and affectation of the  
latter, would take from the dignity of  
Raffaele; and yet Rubens had great  
harmony, and Rembrant understood  
light and shadow; but what may be an  
excellence in a lower class of painting,  
becomes a blemish in a higher; as the  
quick, sprightly turn, which is the life  
and beauty of epigrammatick compo-  
sitions, would but ill suit with the ma-  
jesty of heroick poetry,

To conclude; I would not be thought  
to infer from any thing that has been  
said, that rules are absolutely unneces-  
sary, but to censure scrupulosity, a ser-  
vile attention to minute exactness, which  
is sometimes inconsistent with higher ex-  
cellency, and is lost in the blaze of ex-  
panded genius.

I do not know whether you will  
think painting a general subject. By  
inserting this letter, perhaps you will  
incur the censure a man would deserve,  
whose business being to entertain a whole  
room, should turn his back to the com-  
pany, and talk to a particular person.  
I am, Sir, &c.

N<sup>o</sup>  
Raynolds.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXVII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER

**E**ASY Poetry is universally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed, by which it may be decided when Poetry can be properly called easy. Horace has told us, that it is such as *every reader hopes to equal, but after long labour finds unattainable*. This is a very loose description, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be investigated.

Easy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expressed without violence to the language. The discriminating character of Easy consists principally in the diction, for all true poetry requires that the sentiments be natural. Language suffers violence by harsh or by daring figures, by transposition, by unusual acceptations of words, and by any licence, which would be avoided by a writer of prose. Where any artifice appears in the construction of the verse, that verse is no longer easy. Any epithet which can be ejected without diminution of the sense, any curious iteration of the same word, and all unusual, though not ungrammatical structure of speech, destroy the grace of easy poetry.

The first lines of Pope's *Iliad* afford examples of many licences which an easy writer must decline.

*Arbith' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddesses sing,  
The wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.*

In the first couplet the language is distorted by inversions, clogged with superfluities, and clouded by a harsh metaphor; and in the second there are two words used in an uncommon sense, and two epithets inserted only to lengthen the line; all these practices may in a long work easily be pardoned, but they always produce some degree of obscurity and ruggedness.

Easy poetry has been so long excluded by ambition of ornament, and luxuriance of imagery, that it's nature seems now to be forgotten. Affectation, however opposite to ease, is sometimes mistaken for it; and those who aspire to *gentle elegance*, collect female phrases and *fashionable barbarisms*, and ima-

gine that style to be easy which has made familiar. Such of the poet who wrote the verses to a *Countess cutting*,

*Pallas grew vap'rish once and  
She would not do the least;  
Either for Goddesses or for God  
Nor work, nor play, nor pi*

*Jove frown'd, and 'Use,' he cry'd  
'So skilful, and those hands  
'Do something exquisite and  
She bow'd, obey'd him, and*

This vexing him who gave her  
Thought by all heaven a blessing  
*What does she next, but bids us  
Her Burlington do just the same*

*Pallas, you give yourself strain  
But sure you'll find it hard  
The sense and taste of one that  
The name of *Savile* and of*

Alas! one bad example shown  
How quickly all the sex pursue  
See, Madam! see the arts o'er  
Between *John Overton* and;

It is the prerogative of ease to be understood as long as it lasts; but modes of speech, their prevalence only to mortals, the eminence of those that die away with their inventor meaning, in a few years, known.

Easy poetry is common petty compositions upon minor subjects, though it exclude admit greatness. Many long Soliloquy are at once easy and

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out  
And intimates eternity to man  
—— If there's a Power above  
And that there is all Nature  
Thro' all her works, he must delude  
And that which he delights in

Nor is ease more contrary to sublimity; the celebrated *Italy*, on a lady elaborately nothing of it's freedom by the sentiment.

Th' adorning thee with so n  
Is but a bar'rous skill,  
'Tis like the poisoning of a d  
Too apt before to kill.



seems to have possessed the riting easily beyond any other is, yet his pursuit of remote d him often into harshness of

Waller often attempted, attained it; for he is too fre-iven into transpositions. The n the time of Dryden, have advanced in embellishment, uently departed from simpli-  
fic.

ire from any author many

pieces of easy poetry, would be indeed to oppress him with too hard a task. It is less difficult to write a volume of lines swelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and stiffened by transpositions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and simple purity, which require so much care and skill, that I doubt whether any of our authors has yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to observe the true definition of easy poetry.

## LXXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

assed the summer in one of  
aces to which a mineral spring  
dle and luxurious an annual  
esorting, whenever they fancy  
offended by the heat of Lon-  
at is the true motive of this  
assembly, I have never yet  
o discover. The greater part  
ints neither feel diseases nor

What pleasure can be ex-  
than the variety of the jour-  
w net, for the numbers are  
r privacy, and too small for

As each is known to be a  
ie rest, they all live in conti-  
nt; and having but a narrow  
ensure, they gratify it's crav-  
ying on one another.

y condition has some advan-  
this confinement, a smaller  
is opportunities for more exact

The glass that magnifies  
contracts the sight to a point,  
ad must be fixed upon a single  
remark it's minute peculia-  
quality or habit which passes  
in the tumult of successive  
becomes conspicuous when  
to the notice day after day;  
s I have, without any distinct  
thousands like my late com-  
r when the scene can be va-  
sure, a slight disgust turns us  
s a deep impression can be  
the mind.

ras a select sett, supposed to  
isted by superiority of intel-  
always passed the evening to-  
o be admitted to their con-  
as the highest honour of the  
y youths aspired to distinc-  
tending to occasional invita-  
be ladies were often wishing

to be men, that they might partake the pleasures of learned society.

I know not whether by merit or de-  
stiny, I was, soon after my arrival, ad-  
mitted to this envied party, which I fre-  
quented till I had learned the art by  
which each endeavoured to support his  
character.

Tom Steady was a vehement assertor  
of uncontroverted truth; and by keeping  
himself out of the reach of contradic-  
tion, had acquired all the confidence  
which the consciousness of irresistible  
abilities could have given. I was once  
mentioning a man of eminence; and,  
after having recounted his virtues, en-  
deavoured to represent him fully, by  
mentioning his faults. 'Sir,' said Mr.  
Steady, 'that he has faults I can easily  
' believe, for who is without them? No  
' man, Sir, is now alive, among the  
' innumerable multitudes that swarm  
' upon the earth, however wise, or how-  
' ever good, who has not, in some de-  
' gree, his failings and his faults. If  
' there be any man faultless, bring him  
' forth into publick view, shew him  
' openly, and let him be known; but I  
' will venture to affirm, and, till the  
' contrary be plainly shewn, shall al-  
' ways maintain, that no such man is to  
' be found. Tell not me, Sir, of im-  
' peccability and perfection; such talk  
' is for those that are strangers in the  
' world: I have seen several nations,  
' and conversed with all ranks of people;  
' I have known the great and the mean,  
' the learned and the ignorant, the old  
' and the young, the clerical and the  
' lay, but I have never found a man  
' without a fault; and I suppose shall die  
' in the opinion, that to be human is to  
' be frail.'

To all this nothing could be opposed. I listened with a hanging head; Mr. Steady looked round on the hearers with triumph, and saw every eye congratulating his victory; he departed, and spent the next morning in following those who retired from the company, and telling them, with injunctions of secrecy, how poor Spritely began to take liberties with men wiser than himself; but that he suppressed him by a decisive argument, which put him totally to silence.

Dick Snug is a man of fly remark and pithy sententiousness: he never immerses himself in the stream of conversation, but lies to catch his companions in the eddy: he is often very successful in breaking narratives and confounding eloquence. A gentleman, giving the history of one of his acquaintance, made mention of a lady that had many lovers: — 'Then,' said Dick, 'she was either handsome or rich.' This observation being well received, Dick watched the progress of the tale; and hearing of a man lost in a shipwreck, remarked, that *no man was ever drowned upon dry land.*

Will Startle is a man of exquisite sensibility, whose delicacy of frame, and quickness of discernment, subject him to impressions from the slightest causes; and who therefore passes his life between rapture and horror, in quiverings of delight, or convulsions of disgust. His emotions are too violent for many words; his thoughts are always discovered by exclamations. *Vile, odious, horrid, detestable, and sweet, charming, delightful, astonishing,* compose almost his whole vocabulary, which he utters with various contortions and gesticulations, not easily related or described.

Jack Solid is a man of much reading, who utters nothing but quotations; but having been, I suppose, too confident

of his memory, he has for neglected his books, and his stock every day more scanty. Mr. found an opportunity every night to peep from Hudibras—

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat

And from Waller—

Poets lose half the praise they would  
Were it but known that they did

Dick Mifty is a man of deep and forcible penetration. Content with superficial appearance, Dick holds, that there is no merit in a cause, and values himself on the power of explaining the difficulty of displaying the abstruse. Upon among us which of two young men was more beautiful—'You,' Mifty, turning to me, 'like Anaxagoras better than Chloris. I do not care at the preference, for the cause is indifferent: there is in man a perfect harmony, and a sensibility of connection, which touches the finest of the mental texture; and before he can descend from her throne, her sentence upon the throne is pared, drives us towards the common portion to our faculties, and is pulsed gentle, yet irresistible. The harmonick system of the universe, the reciprocal magnetism of natures, are always operating in conformity and union; not powers of the soul cease fire, till they find something they can repose.' To this no one opposed, and Amaranthia was obliged to excel Chloris.

Of the rest you may expect a list from, Sir, yours,

ROBIN SMITH

## Nº LXXIX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

**Y**OUR acceptance of a former letter on Painting gives me encouragement to offer a few more sketches on the same subject.

*Amongst the Painters, and the writers on Painting, there is one maxim uni-*

versally admitted and continued. *Imitate nature* is the rule; but I know none who have explained in what manner this is to be understood; the consequence is, that every one takes it in his own obvious sense, that objects are to be copied naturally when they have the appearance of being real. It is



aps, to bear this sense of it; but it must be confessed the excellency of a Painter in this kind of imitation, lose it's rank, and be no more as a liberal art, and try, this imitation being natural, in which the slowest ways sure to succeed best; of genius cannot stoop to which the understanding and what pretence has the kindred with Poetry, but over the imagination? To a Painter of genius directs sense he studies nature, and at his end, even by being the confined sense of the

style of Painting requires attention to be carefully must be kept as separate style of Poetry from that Poetical ornaments destroy truth and plainness which ratherize history; but the poetry consists in department narration, and adoption that will warm the

To desire to see the each style united, to mingle the Italian school, is to ties which cannot subsist which destroy the efficacy

The Italian attends only to the great and general re fixed and inherent in re; the Dutch, on the contrary truth and a minute exact detail, as I may say, of detail by accident. The petty peculiarities is the this naturalness so much in Dutch pictures, which, it to be a beauty, is never order, which ought to beauty of a superior kind, not be obtained but by de- he other.

on was asked concerning Michael Angelo, whether receive any advantage from mechanical merit, I should say they would not only vantage, but would lose, sure, the effect which they every mind susceptible of ideas. His works may ill genius and soul, and y be loaded with heavy

matter which can only counteract his purpose by retarding the progress of the imagination.

If this opinion should be thought one of the wild extravagances of enthusiasm, I shall only say, that those who censure it are not conversant in the works of the great masters. It is very difficult to determine the exact degree of enthusiasm that the arts of Painting and Poetry may admit. There may perhaps be too great an indulgence as well as too great a restraint of imagination; and if the one produces incoherent monsters, the other produces what is full as bad, lifeless insipidity. An intimate knowledge of the passions, and good sense, but not common sense, must at last determine it's limits. It has been thought, and I believe with reason, that Michael Angelo sometimes transgressed those limits; and I think I have seen figures of him of which it was very difficult to determine whether they were in the highest degree sublime or extremely ridiculous. Such faults may be said to be the ebullitions of genius; but at least he had this merit, that he never was insipid, and whatever passion his works may excite, they will always escape contempt.

What I have had under consideration is the sublimest style, particularly that of Michael Angelo, the Homer of Painting. Other kinds may admit of this naturalness, which of the lowest kind is the chief merit; but in Painting, as in Poetry, the highest style has the least of common nature.

One may very safely recommend a little more enthusiasm to the modern Painters; too much is certainly not the vice of the present age. The Italians seem to have been continually declining in this respect from the time of Michael Angelo to that of Carlo Maratti, and from thence to the very bathos of insipidity to which they are now sunk; so that there is no need of remarking, that where I mentioned the Italian Painters in opposition to the Dutch, I mean not the moderns, but the heads of the old Roman and Bolognian schools; nor did I mean to include in my idea of an Italian Painter, the Venetian school, which may be said to be the Dutch part of the Italian genius. I have only to add a word of advice to the Painters, that however excellent they may be in painting naturally, they would not flatter themselves very much upon it; and to the Connoisseurs,



seurs, that when they see a cat or a fiddle painted so finely, that, as the phrase is, *It looks as if you could take it up*, they would

not for that reason immediately compare the painter to Raffaele and Michael Angelo.

*St. John. Reynolds.*

## Nº LXXX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

**T**HAT every day has it's pains and sorrows is universally experienced, and almost universally confessed: but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we shall find that every day has likewise it's pleasures and it's joys.

The time is now come when the town is again beginning to be full, and the rusticated beauty sees an end of her banishment. Those whom the tyranny of Fashion had condemned to pass the summer among shades and brooks, are now preparing to return to plays, balls, and assemblies, with health restored by retirement, and spirits kindled by expectation.

Many a mind which has languished some months without emotion or desire, now feels a sudden renovation of it's faculties. It was long ago observed by Pythagoras, that Ability and Necessity dwell near each other. She that wandered in the garden without sense of it's fragrance, and lay day after day stretched upon a couch behind a green curtain, unwilling to wake and unable to sleep, now summons her thoughts to consider which of her last year's cloaths shall be seen again, and to anticipate the raptures of a new suit; the day and the night are now filled with occupation; the laces which were too fine to be worn among rusticks, are taken from the boxes and reviewed, and the eye is no sooner closed after it's labours, than whole shops of silk busy the fancy.

But happiness is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied. Before the day of departure a week is always appropriated to the payment and reception of ceremonial visits, at which nothing can be mentioned but the delights of London. The lady who is hastening to the scene of action flutters her wings, displays her prospects of felicity, tells how she grudges every moment of delay, and in the presence of those, whom she knows condemned to *Ray at home*, is sure to wonder by what *arts life can be made supportable* through

a winter in the country, and to tell how often amidst the extasies of an opera she shall pity those friends whom she has left behind. Her hope of giving pain is seldom disappointed; the affected indifference of one, the faint congratulations of another, the wishes of some openly confessed, and the silent dejection of the rest, all exalt her opinion of her own superiority.

But however we may labour for our own deception, truth, though unwelcome, will sometimes intrude upon the mind. They who have already enjoyed the crowds and noise of the great city, know that their desire to return is little more than the restlessness of a vacant mind, that they are not so much led by hope as driven by disgust, and wish rather to leave the country than to see the town. There is commonly in every coach a passenger enwrapped in silent expectation, whose joy is more sincere, and whose hopes are more exalted. The virgin whom the last summer released from her governess, and who is now going between her mother and her aunt to try the fortune of her wit and beauty, suspects no fallacy in the gay representation. She believes herself passing into another world, and images London as an Elysian region, where every hour has it's proper pleasure, where nothing is seen but the blaze of wealth, and nothing heard but merriment and flattery; where the morning always rises on a show, and the evening closes on a ball; where the eyes are used only to sparkle, and the feet only to dance.

Her aunt and her mother amuse themselves on the road, with telling her of dangers to be dreaded, and cautions to be observed. She hears them as they heard their predecessors, with incredulity or contempt. She sees that they have ventured and escaped; and one of the pleasures which she promises herself is to detect their falsehoods, and be freed from their admonitions.

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not know, because they never

deceived us. The fair admirer perhaps listen to the Idler, cannot suspect of rivalry or that he scarcely expects to be when he tells her, that her exit will likewise end in disap-

uniform necessities of human life, and for part of the day place like another: to dress, to eat and to sleep, are in London as in the country. Numerous hours have indeed a variety both of pleasure and of the stranger gazed on by multitudes first appearance in the Park, on the highest summit of felicity; but how great is the annihilation of the novelty of another face worshippers away! The heart for a time under a fine gown, the sight of a gown yet finer puts in rapture. In the first row for two hours may be happily listening to the musick on the terrace, watching the glances of the fair but how will the night end

in despondency, when she that imagined herself the sovereign of the place sees lords contending to lead Iris to her chair? There is little pleasure in conversation to her whose wit is regarded but in the second place; and who can dance with ease or spirit that sees Amaryllis led out before her? She that fancied nothing but a succession of pleasures, will find herself engaged without design in numberless competitions, and mortified without provocation with numberless afflictions.

But I do not mean to extinguish that ardour which I wish to moderate, or to discourage those whom I am endeavouring to restrain. To know the world is necessary, since we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to despise it. She that brings to London a mind well prepared for improvement, though she misses her hope of uninterrupted happiness, will gain in return an opportunity of adding knowledge to vivacity, and enlarging innocence to virtue.

## LXXXI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

The English army was passing the river Quebec along a soft saven a mountain and a lake, petty chiefs of the inland reposed upon a rock surrounded by sand from behind the shelter of contemplated the art and re-European war. It was even-ly pitched: he observed with which the troops rested it, and the order with which it was renewed in the morning. He used to pursue them with his eye could be seen no longer, and for some time silent and pensive. Turning to his followers—'My friends,' said he, 'I have often heard of an hoary with long life, that is a time when our ancestors absolute lords of the woods, the lakes, and the lakes, wherever the reach or the foot can pass. They had and hunted, feasted and and when they were weary under the first thicket, with-er and without fear. They their habitations as the sea-

sons required, convenience prompted, or curiosity allured them; and sometimes gathered the fruits of the mountain, and sometimes sported in canoes along the coast.

'Many years and ages are supposed to have been thus passed in plenty and security; when, at last, a new race of men entered our country from the great ocean. They inclosed themselves in habitations of stone, which our ancestors could neither enter by violence, nor destroy by fire. They issued from those fastnesses, sometimes covered like the armadillo with shells, from which the lance rebounded on the striker, and sometimes carried by mighty beasts which had never been seen in our vales or forests, of such strength and swiftness, that flight and opposition were alike vain. Those invaders ranged over the continent, slaughtering in their rage those that resisted, and those that submitted, in their mirth. Of those that remained, some were buried in caverns, and condemned to dig metals for their masters; some were employed

‘ employed in tilling the ground, of which foreign tyrants devour the produce; and when the sword and the mines have destroyed the natives, they supply their place by human beings of another colour, brought from some distant country to perish here under toil and torture.

‘ Some there are who boast their humanity, and content themselves to seize our chaces and fisheries, who drive us from every track of ground where fertility and pleasantness invite them to settle, and make no war upon us except when we intrude upon our own lands.

‘ Others pretend to have purchased a right of residence and tyranny; but surely the insolence of such bargains is more offensive than the avowed and open dominion of force. What reward can induce the possessor of a country to admit a stranger more powerful than himself? Fraud or terror must operate in such contracts; either they promised protection which they never have afforded, or instruction which they never imparted. We hoped to be secured by their favour from some other evil, or to learn the arts of Europe, by which we might be able to secure ourselves. Their power they have never exerted in our defence, and their arts they have studiously concealed from us. Their treaties are only to deceive, and their traffick only to defraud us. They have a written law among them, of which they boast as derived from Him

‘ who made the earth and sea, and by which they profess to believe that man will be made happy when life shall forsake him. Why is not this law communicated to us? It is concealed because it is violated. For how can they preach it to an Indian nation, when I am told that one of its first precepts forbids them to do to others what they would not that others should do to them?

‘ But the time perhaps is now approaching when the pride of usurpation shall be crushed, and the cruelties of invasion shall be revenged. The sons of Rapacity have now drawn their swords upon each other, and referred their claims to the decision of war; let us look unconcerned upon the slaughter, and remember that the death of every European delivers the country from a tyrant and a robber; for what is the claim of either nation, but the claim of the vulture to the leveret, of the tiger to the faun? Let them then continue to dispute their title to regions which they cannot people, to purchase by danger and blood the empty dignity of dominion over mountains which they will never climb, and rivers which they will never pass. Let us endeavour, in the mean time, to learn their discipline, and to forge their weapons; and when they shall be weakened with mutual slaughter, let us rush down upon them, force their remains to take shelter in their ships, and reign once more in our native country.’

## Nº LXXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

### TO THE IDLER.

112,  
**D**ISCOURSING in my last letter on the different practice of the Italian and Dutch Painters, I observed, that the Italian Painter attends only to the invariable, the great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal nature.’

I was led into the subject of this letter by endeavouring to fix the original cause of this conduct of the Italian masters. If it can be proved that by this choice they selected the most beautiful part of the creation, it will shew how much their principles are founded

on reason, and, at the same time, discover the origin of our ideas of beauty.

I suppose it will be easily granted, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in it's kind, or deformed, who has seen only one of that species; that is as conclusive in regard to the human figure; so that if a man, born blind, was to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman was brought before him, he could not determine whether she was handsome or not; nor if the most beautiful and most deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he should give the preference, having seen only those two. To distin-

guish

beauty, then, implies the having many individuals of that species. asked, how is more skill acquired observation of greater numbers? or, that, in consequence of having any, the power is acquired, even seeking after it, of distinguishing between accidental blemishes and beauties which are continually varied on the surface of Nature's works, the invariable general form which most frequently produces, and seems to intend in her produc-

tion amongst the blades of grass or of the same tree, though no two found exactly alike, yet the general form is invariable: a naturalist, who chose one as a sample, would select many, since if he took the first occurred, it might have, by accident otherwise, such a form as that which scarce be known to belong to the species; he selects, as the Painter the most beautiful, that is, the general form of nature.

In every species of the animal as well as vegetable creation may be said to have a fixed or determinate form towards which nature is continually inclining, various lines terminating in the centre; it may be compared to pendulums vibrating in different directions round a central point; and as they all converge to the center, though only one passes through any other point, so it will be that perfect beauty is oftener produced by nature than deformity; I do not mean deformity in general, but only one kind of deformity. To be in a particular part of a feature; that forms the ridge of the nose is beautiful when it is straight; this, then, is the central form, which is oftener produced than either concave, convex, or other irregular form that shall be produced. As we are then more inclined to beauty than deformity, we conclude that to be the reason why we love and admire it, as we approve and admire customs and fashions of other nations, or no other reason than that we are drawn to them; so that though habit alone cannot be said to be the cause of beauty, it is certainly the cause of our preference: and I have no doubt but that we are more used to deformity than to beauty, deformity would then lose the power annexed to it, and take that of beauty as if the whole world should

agree, that *yes* and *no* should change their meanings; *yes* would then deny; and *no* would affirm.

Whoever undertakes to proceed further in this argument, and endeavours to fix a general criterion of beauty respecting different species, or to shew why one species is more beautiful than another, it will be required from him first to prove that one species is really more beautiful than another. That we prefer one to the other, and with very good reason, will be readily granted; but it does not follow from thence that we think it a more beautiful form; for we have no criterion of form by which to determine our judgment. He who says a swan is more beautiful than a dove, means little more than that he has more pleasure in seeing a swan than a dove, either from the stateliness of its motions or its being a more rare bird; and he who gives the preference to the dove, does it from some association of ideas of innocence that he always annexes to the dove; but if he pretends to defend the preference he gives to one or the other, by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he shall fix on as a criterion of form; he will be continually contradicting himself, and find at last that the great Mother of Nature will not be subjected to such narrow rules. Among the various reasons why we prefer one part of her works to another, the most general, I believe, is habit and custom; custom makes, in a certain sense, white black, and black white; it is custom alone determines our preference of the colour of the Europeans to the *Æthiopians*, and they, for the same reason, prefer their own colour to ours. I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the Goddess of Beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not: for by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea? We, indeed, say, that the form and colour of the European is preferable to that of the *Æthiopian*; but I know of no other reason we have for it, but that we are more accustomed to it. It is absurd to say, that beauty is possessed of attractive powers.

powers, which irresistibly seize the corresponding mind with love and admiration, since that argument is equally conclusive in favour of the white and the black philosopher.

The black and white nations must, in respect of beauty, be considered as of different kinds, at least a different species of the same kind; from one of which to the other, as I observed, no inference can be drawn.

Novelty is said to be one of the causes of beauty: that novelty is a very sufficient reason why we should admire, is not denied; but because it is uncommon, is it therefore beautiful? The beauty that is produced by colour, as when we prefer one bird to another, though of the same form, on account of its colour, has nothing to do with this argument, which reaches only to form. I have here considered the word Beauty as being properly applied to form alone. There is a necessity of fixing this confined sense; for there can be no argument, if the sense of the word is extended to every thing that is approved. A rose may as well be said to be beautiful, because it has a fine smell, as a bird because of its colour. When we apply the word Beauty, we do not mean always by it a more beautiful form, but

something valuable on account of rarity, usefulness, colour, or a property. A horse is said to be a beautiful animal; but had a horse good qualities as a tortoise, I imagine that he would be then beautiful.

A fitness to the end proposed to be another cause of beauty; supposing we were proper judges form is the most proper in man to constitute strength or if we always determine concern beauty, before we exert our understanding to judge of its fitness.

From what has been said, it is inferred, that the works of Nature compare one species with another all equally beautiful; and that excellence is given from custom, or association of ideas: and that in the case of the same species, beauty is a dium or centre of all various forms.

To conclude, then, by way of allusion: if it has been proved, Painter, by attending to the particular and general ideas of nature, beauty, he must, by regarding particularities and accidental notions, deviate from the rule, and pollute his canvas with mimicry.]

*J. R. Reynolds.*

*Gravina V. 1. p. 317. et c. in the 1st. John 17.*

## N° LXXXIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Suppose you have forgotten that many weeks ago I promised to send you an account of my companions at the Wells. You would not deny me a place among the most faithful votaries of Idleness, if you knew how often I have recollected my engagement, and contented myself to delay the performance for some reason which I durst not examine because I knew it to be false; how often I have sat down to write, and rejoiced at interruption; and how often I have praised the dignity of resolution, determined at night to write in the morning, and referred it in the morning to the quiet hours of night.

I have at last begun what I have long wished at an end, and find it more easy than I expected to continue my narration.

Our assembly could boast no such com-

stellation of intellects as Clarendon and his band of associates. We had a no Selden, Falkland, or Wallingford; we had men not less important than they, though less distinguished in the publick; and many a time lamented the partiality of mankind, agreed that men of the deepest talents sometimes let their discoveries lie in silence; that the most competent observers have seldom opportunity of imparting their remarks, and that merit passes in the crowd and unheeded.

One of the greatest men of the age was Sir Isaac Newton, who lives in the annual equinox of doubt, and is a constant enemy to confidence and esteem. Sir Isaac's favourite topic of conversation is the narrowness of the mind, the fallaciousness of our senses, the prevalence of early prejudice, and the uncertainty of appearance.



doubts about the nature of it is sometimes inclined to be-  
sensation may survive motion,  
dead man may feel though he  
r. He has sometimes hinted  
might perhaps have been na-  
quadruped, and thinks it would  
proper that at the Foundling  
some children should be in-  
an apartment, in which the  
ould be obliged to walk half  
and half upon two, that the  
gs, being bred without the pre-  
example, might have no other  
in nature, and might at last  
th into the world as genius  
est, erect, or prone, on two  
four.

at in dignity of mien and flu-  
talk, was Dick Wormwood,  
delight is to find every thing  
Dick never enters a room but  
that the door and the chimney  
ecd. He never walks into the  
he finds ground plowed which  
or pasture. He is always an  
the present fashion. He holds  
e beauty and virtue of women  
be destroyed by the use of tea.  
phs when he talks on the pre-  
m of education, and tells us  
vehemence, that we are learn-  
; when we should learn things.  
opinion that we suck in errors  
ife's breast, and thinks it ex-  
tremely ridiculous that children should  
to use the right-hand rather  
eft.

urly considers it as a point of  
o say again what he has once  
wonders how any man that  
known to alter his opinion, can  
neighbours in the face. Bob  
ost formidable disputant of the  
npany; for without troubling  
search for reasons, he tries his

antagonist with repeated affirmations.  
When Bob has been attacked for an  
hour with all the powers of eloquence  
and reason, and his position appears to  
all but himself utterly untenable, he al-  
ways closes the debate with his first de-  
claration, introduced by a stout preface  
of contemptuous civility. 'All this is  
' very judicious; you may talk, Sir, as  
' you please; but I will still say what I  
' said at first.' Bob deals much in uni-  
versals, which he has now obliged us to  
let pass without exceptions. He lives  
on an annuity, and holds that *there are*  
*as many thieves as traders*; he is of  
loyalty unshaken, and always maintains,  
that *he who sees a Jacobite sees a rascal*.

Phil Gentle is an enemy to the rude-  
ness of contradiction and the turbulence  
of debate. Phil has no notions of his  
own, and therefore willingly catches  
from the last speaker such as he shall  
drop. This flexibility of ignorance is  
easily accommodated to any tenet; his  
only difficulty is, when the disputants  
grow zealous, how to be of two con-  
trary opinions at once. If no appeal  
is made to his judgment, he has the  
art of distributing his attention and  
his smiles in such a manner, that each  
thinks him of his own party; but if he  
is obliged to speak, he then observes,  
that the question is difficult; that he never  
received so much pleasure from a debate  
before; that neither of the controvertists  
could have found his match in any other  
company; that Mr. Wormwood's as-  
sertion is very well supported, and yet  
there is great force in what Mr. Scruple  
advanced against it. By this indefinite  
declaration both are commonly satisfied;  
for he that has prevailed is in good hu-  
mour; and he that has felt his own  
weakness is very glad to have escaped so  
well. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

ROBIN SPRITELY.

## LXXXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

GRAPHY is, of the various  
ds of narrative writing, that  
most eagerly read, and most  
sied to the purposes of life.  
ances, when the wild field of  
lies open to invention, the in-  
ay easily be made more nume-  
*vicissitudes more sudden, and*  
*more wonderful*; but from

the time of life when fancy begins to be  
over-ruled by reason and corrected by  
experience, the most artful tale raises  
little curiosity when it is known to be  
false; though it may, perhaps, be some-  
times read as a model of a neat or ele-  
gant style, not for the sake of knowing  
what it contains, but how it is written;  
or those that are weary of themselves.

Q

ma

may have recourse to it as a pleasing dream, of which, when they awake, they voluntarily dismis the images from their minds.

The examples and events of history press, indeed, upon the mind with the weight of truth; but when they are reported in the memory, they are oftener employed for show than use, and rather diversify conversation than regulate life. Few are engaged in such scenes as give them opportunities of growing wiser by the downfall of statesmen or the defeat of generals. The stratagems of war, and the intrigues of courts, are read by far the greater part of mankind with the same indifference as the adventures of fabled heroes, or the revolutions of a fairy region. Between falsehood and useless truth there is little difference. As gold which he cannot spend will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wise.

The mischievous consequences of vice and folly, of irregular desires and predominant passions, are best discovered by those relations which are levelled with the general surface of life, which tell not how any man became great, but how he was made happy; not how he lost the favour of his prince, but how he became discontented with himself.

Those relations are therefore commonly of most value in which the writer tells his own story. He that recounts the life of another, commonly dwells most upon conspicuous events, lessens the familiarity of his tale to increase its dignity, shews his favourite at a distance decorated and magnified like the ancient actors in their tragick dress, and endeavours to hide the man that he may produce a hero.

But if it be true, which was said by a French prince, *that no man was a hero to the servants of his chamber*, it is equally true, that every man is yet less a hero to himself. He that is most elevated above the crowd by the importance of his employments, or the reputation of his genius, feels himself affected by fame or business but as they influence his domestic life. The high and low, as they have the same faculties and the same senses, have no less similitude in their pains and pleasures. The sensations are the same in all, though produced by very different occasions. The prince feels the same pain when an invader seizes a province, as the farmer when a thief drives away his cow. Men

thus equal in themselves will appear equal in honest and impartial biography; and those whom fortune or nature place at the greatest distance may afford instruction to each other.

The writer of his own life has at least the first qualification of an historian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may be plausibly objected that his temptations to disguise it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the passages of his own life, as from him that delivers the transactions of another.

Certainty of knowledge not only excludes mistake, but fortifies veracity. What we collect by conjecture, and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or sentiments, is easily modified by fancy or desire; as objects imperfectly discerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falsified but with reluctance of understanding and alarm of conscience: of understanding, the lover of truth; of conscience, the sentinel of virtue.

He that writes the life of another is either his friend or his enemy, and wishes either to exalt his praise or aggravate his infamy; many temptations to falsehood will occur in the disguise of passions, too specious to fear much resistance. Love of virtue will animate panegyric, and hatred of wickedness imbitter censure. The zeal of gratitude, the ardour of patriotism, fondness for an opinion, or fidelity to a party, may easily overpower the vigilance of a mind habitually well disposed, and prevail over unassisted and unfriended veracity.

But he that speaks of himself has no motive to falsehood or partiality except self-love, by which all have to often been betrayed, that all are on the watch against its artifices. He that writes an apology for a single action, to confute an accusation to recommend himself to favour, is indeed always to be suspected of favouring his own cause; but he that sits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of posterity, or to amuse himself, and leaves this account unpublished, may be commonly presumed to tell truth, since falsehood cannot appease his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.

## LXXXV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

of the peculiarities which distinguish the present age is the nation of books. Every day advertisements of literary un-  
s, and we are flattered with remises of growing wile on easier  
our progenitors.

uch either happiness or know-  
lanced by this multitude of  
t is not very easy to decide.

teaches us any thing which  
not before, is undoubtedly to  
ced as a master. He that con-  
vledge by more pleasing ways,  
properly be loved as a bene-  
id he that supplies life with in-  
usement, will be certainly ca-  
a pleasing companion.

v of those who fill the world  
cs, have any pretensions to the  
er of pleasing or instructing.  
e often no other talk than to  
ooks before them, out of which  
pile a third, without any new  
of their own, and with very  
lication of judgment to those  
inner authors have supplied.

ll compilations are useless I do  
. Particles of science are often  
ly scattered. Writers of ex-  
omprehension have incidental  
upon topics very remote from  
ipal subject, which are often  
nable than formal treatises, and  
t are not known because they  
romised in the title. He that  
hose under proper heads is very  
employed, for though he exerts  
abilities in the work, he faci-  
le progress of others, and by  
that easy of attainment which is  
written, may give some mind,  
orous or more adventurous than  
leisure for new thoughts and  
designs.

ie collections poured lately from  
have been seldom made at any  
pence of time or enquiry, and  
only serve to distract choice  
supplying any real want.

bserved that *a corrupt society has*  
*no*; I know not whether it is  
illy true, that *an ignorant age*  
*y books*. When the treasures of  
knowledge lie unexamined, and

original authors are neglected and for-  
gotten, compilers and plagiaries are en-  
couraged, who give us again what we  
had before, and grow great by setting  
before us what our own sloth had hid-  
den from our view.

Yet are not even these writers to be  
indiscriminately censured and rejected.  
Truth like beauty varies it's fashions,  
and is best recommended by different  
dresses to different minds; and he that  
recalls the attention of mankind to any  
part of learning which time has left be-  
hind it, may be truly said to advance  
the literature of his own age. As the  
manners of nations vary, new topics of  
persuasion become necessary, and new  
combinations of imagery are produced;  
and he that can accommodate himself to  
the reigning taste, may always have re-  
aders who perhaps would not have looked  
upon better performances.

To exact of every man who writes  
that he should say something new, would  
be to reduce authors to a small number;  
to oblige the most fertile genius to say  
only what is new, would be to contract  
his volumes to a few pages. Yet, sure-  
ly, there ought to be some bounds to  
repetition; libraries ought no more to be  
heaped for ever with the same thoughts  
differently expressed, than with the same  
books differently decorated.

The good or evil which these secon-  
dary writers produce is seldom of any  
long duration. As they owe their ex-  
istence to change of fashion, they com-  
monly disappear when a new fashion be-  
comes prevalent. The authors that in  
any nation last from age to age are very  
few, because there are very few that have  
any other claim to notice than that they  
catch hold on present curiosity, and gra-  
tify some accidental desire, or produce  
some temporary conveniency.

But however the writers of the day  
may despair of future fame, they ought  
at least to forbear any present mischief.  
Though they cannot arrive at eminent  
heights of excellence, they might keep  
themselves harmless. They might take  
care to inform themselves before they at-  
tempt to inform others, and exert the  
little influence which they have for bo-  
nest purposes.



But such is the present state of our literature, that the ancient sage, who thought *a great book a great evil*, would now think the multitude of books a multitude of evils. He would consider a bulky writer who engrossed a year, and

a swarm of pamphleteers who stole each an hour, as equal wasters of human life, and would make no other difference between them, than between a beast of prey, and a flight of locusts.

## Nº LXXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8.

### TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Am a young lady newly married to a young gentleman. Our fortune is large, our minds are vacant, our dispositions gay, our acquaintances numerous, and our relations splendid. We considered that marriage, like life, has it's youth, that the first year is the year of gaiety and revel, and resolved to see the shews and feel the joys of London before the increase of our family should confine us to domestick cares and domestick pleasures.

Little time was spent in preparation; the coach was harnessed, and a few days brought us to London, and we alighted at a lodging provided for us by Miss Biddy Trifle, a maiden niece of my husband's father; where we found apartments on a second floor, which my cousin told us would serve us till we could please ourselves with a more commodious and elegant habitation, and which she had taken at a very high price, because it was not worth the while to make a hard bargain for so short a time.

Here I intended to lie concealed till my new cloaths were made, and my new lodging hired; but Miss Trifle had so industriously given notice of our arrival to all her acquaintance, that I had the mortification next day of seeing the door thronged with painted coaches and chairs with coronets, and was obliged to receive all my husband's relations on a second floor.

Inconveniences are often balanced by some advantage: the elevation of my apartments furnished a subject for conversation, which, without some such help, we should have been in danger of wanting. Lady Stately told us how many years had passed since she climbed so many steps. Miss Airy ran to the window, and thought it charming to see the walkers so little in the street; and

Miss Gentle went to try the same experiment, and screamed to find herself so far above the ground.

They all knew that we intended to remove, and therefore all gave me advice about a proper choice. One street was recommended for the purity of it's air, another for it's freedom from noise, another for it's nearness to the Park, another because there was but a step from it to all places of diversion, and another, because it's inhabitants enjoyed at once the town and country.

I had civility enough to hear every recommendation with a look of curiosity while it was made, and of acquiescence when it was concluded, but in my heart felt no other desire than to be free from the disgrace of a second floor, and cared little where I should fix, if the apartments were spacious and splendid.

Next day a chariot was hired, and Miss Trifle was dispatched to find a lodging. She returned in the afternoon, with an account of a charming place, to which my husband went in the morning to make the contract. Being young and unexperienced, he took with him his friend Ned Quick, a gentleman of great skill in rooms and furniture, who sees, at a single glance, whatever there is to be commended or censured. Mr. Quick, at the first view of the house, declared that it could not be inhabited, for the sun in the afternoon shone with full glare on the windows of the dining-room.

Miss Trifle went out again, and soon discovered another lodging, which Mr. Quick went to survey, and found, that, whenever the wind should blow from the east, all the smoke of the city would be driven upon it.

A magnificent set of rooms was then found in one of the streets near Westminster Bridge, which Miss Trifle preferred to any which she had yet seen; but Mr. Quick, having mused upon it for a time,

cluded that it would be too posed in the morning to the fogs from the river.

Mr. Quick proceeded to give us y new testimonies of his taste inspection; sometimes the street narrow for a double range of

Sometimes it was an obscure it inhabited by persons of quame places were dirty, and some in some houses the furniture uted, and in others the stairs narrow. He had such fertility ions, that Miss Trifle was at , and desisted from all attempts ccommodation.

mean time I have still continued r company on a second floor, sked twenty times a day when I ave those odious lodgings, in ive tumultuously without plea- l expensively without honour.

My husband thinks so highly of Mr. Quick, that he cannot be persuaded to remove without his approbation; and Mr. Quick thinks his reputation raised by the multiplication of difficulties.

In this distress to whom can I have recourse? I find my temper vitiated by daily disappointment, by the sight of pleasures which I cannot partake, and the possession of riches which I cannot enjoy. Dear Mr. Idler, inform my husband that he is trifling away, in superfluous vexation, the few months which custom has appropriated to delight; that matrimonial quarrels are not easily reconciled between those that have no children; that wherever we settle he must always find some inconvenience; but nothing is so much to be avoided as a perpetual state of enquiry and suspense. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

PEGGY HEARTLESS.

## LXXXVII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15.

hat we know not we can only lge by what we know. Every ppears more wonderful as it is ote from any thing with which e or testimony have hitherto d us, and if it passes further be- notions that we have been ac- to form, it becomes at last in-

dom consider that human know- ery narrow, that national man- formed by chance, that uncon- nctures of causes produce rare r that what is impossible at one lace may yet happen in another. ays easier to deny than to en- To refuse credit confers for a an appearance of superiority, ery little mind is tempted to hen it may be gained so cheaply thdrawing attention from evind declining the fatigue of g probabilities. The most per- and vehement demonstrator eared in time by continual ne- and incredulity, which an old is address to Raleigh, calls *the* 's, obtrudes the argument which answer, as woolacks dead n ough they cannot repel them. relations of travellers have ed as *fabulous*, till more fre-

quent voyages have confirmed their vera- city; and it may reasonably be imagined, that many ancient historians are unjustly suspected of falshood, because our own times afford nothing that resembles what they tell.

Had only the writers of antiquity in- formed us that there was once a nation in which the wife lay down upon the burning pile only to mix her ashes with those of her husband, we should have thought it a tale to be told with that of Endymion's commerce with the moon. Had only a single traveller related that many nations of the earth were black, we should have thought the accounts of Negroes and of the Phoenix equally credible. But of black men the numbers are too great who are now reining under English cruelty, and the custom of voluntary cremation is not yet lost among the ladies of India.

Few narratives will either to men or women appear more incredible than the histories of the Amazons; of female nations of whose constitution it was the essential and fundamental law, to exclude men from all participation either of publick affairs or domestick business; where female armies marched under female captains, female farmers gathered the harvest, female partners danced to-

gether,

gether, and female wits diverted one another.

Yet several ages of antiquity have transmitted accounts of the Amazons of Caucasus; and of the Amazons of America, who have given their names to the greatest river in the world. Condamine lately found such memorials as can be expected among erratick and unlettered nations, where events are recorded only by tradition, and new swarms settling in the country from time to time, confuse and efface all traces of former times.

To die with husbands, or to live without them, are the two extremes which the prudence and moderation of European ladies have, in all ages, equally declined; they have never been allured to death by the kindness or civility of the politest nations, nor has the roughness and brutality of more savage countries ever provoked them to doom their male associates to irrevocable banishment. The Bohemian matrons are said to have made one short struggle for superiority, but instead of banishing the men, they contented themselves with condemning them to servile offices; and their constitution, thus left imperfect, was quickly overthrown.

There is, I think, no class of English women from whom we are in any danger of Amazonian usurpation. The old maids seem nearest to independence, and most likely to be animated by revenge against masculine authority; they often speak of men with acrimonious vehemence, but it is seldom found that

they have any settled hatred and it is yet more rarely that they have any kindness for them. They will not easily conspire; and if they should retire and fortify themselves in mountains, the sentinel will pass in spite, and the garrison capitulate upon easy terms, if they have handsome sword-knives well supplied with fringe and feathers.

The gamesters, if they would make a formidable party, since they consider men on that are to lose their money live together without any officiousness of gallantry or of diversified conversation. Nothing would hold them together but the hope of plundering one another. If government would fail from its principles, the men only to neglect them, and perish in a few weeks by a pestilence.

I do not mean to censure England as defective in knowledge or spirit, when I suppose them to revive the military honours. The character of the ancient was rather terrible than lovely; could not be very delicate or employed in drawing the bow, or distilling the battle-axe; they maintained by cruelty, they were deformed by ferocity, and ample only shews that men live best together.

## Nº LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER

**W**HEN the philosophers of the last age were first congregated into the Royal Society, great expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be near when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not plowed brought

no harvest, and neither grapes would grow upon the vine. At last, those who were disappointed began to be angry; those who had hated innovation were given an opportunity of ridiculing it. Knowledge was depreciated, perhaps with arrogance, the knowledge of the ancients. And it appears from some of the most illustrious apologies, that the philosophers with great sensibility the opportunities of those who were improving. 'What have ye done?'

The truth is, that little has been done compared with what it was promised; and the question could only be answered by



new hopes, which, when frustrated, gave a new occasion to a vexatious enquiry.

question has disturbed the other minds. He that in the course of his life too strictly enforces his duty, can very seldom find from his own heart such an ill will to give him satisfaction.

indeed so often disappoint  
elves. We not only think  
than others of our own abo-  
our ourselves to form hopes  
er communicate, and please  
with employments which  
allot us, and with eleva-  
we are never expected to  
in our days and years have  
common business or com-  
ments, and we find at last  
suffered our purposes to  
time of action is past, we  
d only by our own reflec-  
our friends nor our ene-  
that we live and die like the  
ind; that we live without  
ie without memorial; they  
at task we had proposed,  
cannot discern whether it

impares what he has done  
has left undone, will feel  
ch muft always follow the  
f imagination with reality;  
with contempt on his own  
, and wonder to what pur-  
into the world; he will re-  
hall leave behind him no  
s having been, that he has  
to the system of life, but

has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will than the imbecillity of his nature.

From this mistaken notion of human greatness it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wisdom so loudly declare that they despise themselves. If I had ever found any of the self-contemnners much irritated or pained by the consciousness of their meanness, I should have given them consolation by observing, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being who with respect to the multitudes about him is himself little more than nothing. Every man is obliged by the supreme Master of the universe to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity such abilities as are bestowed upon him. But he has no reason to repine, though his abilities are small and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue or advanced the happiness of one fellow-creature, he that has ascertained a single moral proposition, or added one useful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with respect to mortals like himself, may demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed at his departure with applause.

XXIX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Ἀίχμη ἐκ ἀπείχης.

**Epist.**

I came into the world ; for  
 upon it is that life is over-  
 each boundless varieties of  
 the only thinking being of  
 doomed to think merely to  
 and to pass his time from  
 in fearing or in suffering  
 a question which philoso-  
 pher asked, and which phi-  
 never answer.

forms us that misery and  
 iced together. The de-

pravation of human will was followed by a disorder of the harmony of nature; and by that providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poisons, vice was checked by misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited dominion.

A state of innocence and happiness is so remote from all that we have ever seen, that though we can easily conceive it possible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our speculations upon

upon it must be general and confused. We can discover that where there is universal innocence, there will probably be universal happiness; for why should afflictions be permitted to infertile beings who are not in danger of corruption from blessings, and where there is no use of terror nor cause of punishment? But in a world like ours, where our senses assault us, and our hearts betray us, we should pass on from crime to crime, heedless and remorseless, if misery did not stand in our way, and our own pains admonish us of our folly.

Almost all the moral good which is left among us, is the apparent effect of physical evil.

Goodness is divided by divines into soberness, righteousness, and godliness. Let it be examined how each of these duties would be practised if there were no physical evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleasure; and if pleasure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it? We see every hour those in whom the desire of present indulgence overpowers all sense of past and all foresight of future misery. In a remission of the gout the drunkard returns to his wine, and the glutton to his feast; and if neither disease nor poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would sink down in idle sensuality, without any care of others, or of himself. To eat and drink, and lie down to sleep, would be the whole business of mankind.

Righteousness, or the system of social duty, may be subdivided into justice and charity. Of Justice one of the heathen sages has shewn, with great acuteness, that it was impressed upon mankind only by the inconveniences which injustice had produced. 'In the first ages,' says he, 'men acted without any rule but the impulse of desire, they practised injustice upon others, and suffered it from others in their turn; but in time it was discovered, that the pain of suffering wrong was greater than the pleasure of doing it; and mankind, by a general compact, submitted to the restraint of laws, and resigned the pleasure to escape the pain.'

Of Charity it is superfluous to observe, that it could have no place if there were no want, for of a virtue which could not be practised, the omission could not

be culpable. Evil is not original but the efficient cause of it; we are incited to the relief of the consciousness that we have shared the sufferer, to the danger of the same distress; and sometime implore the same.

Godliness, or piety, is the mind towards the Supreme and extension of the thought of life. The other life is but the Supreme Being is invisible. We have recourse to an invisible that all other subjects had hopes. None would fix their eyes upon the future, but that they were contented with the present. They were sealed with perpetuity they would always keep in subjection. Reason has no power over us, but by its power against evil.

In childhood, while our minds are yet unoccupied, religion is impressed upon them, and the first years of all who have been well educated are passed in a regular discharge of piety. But as we grow up, the crowds of life's pleasures solicit our inclinations; innumerable cares distract the mind; the time of youth is passed in dissipation; manhood is led on to hope, and from project to project; the dissoluteness of pleasure, the ardour of success, the ardour of ambition, and the vehemence of competition, all tend to keep the mind alike to the present; nor is it remembered how the pleasures of trifles must be scattered, and the pleasures that float upon the river are lost for ever in the gulph. To this consideration scarcely awakened but by some pressing evil. The death of those who have derived his pleasures, or the loss of his possessions, which shews him the vanity of his acquisitions, or the gloom which intercepts his prospect of joyment, forces him to fix his eyes upon another state, and he is contented with the temperance of his strength fails him, he finds the shelter of religion.

That misery does not necessarily follow, experience too certainly shews; but it is no less certain that where there is, misery pro-



Physical evil may be  
ured with patience, since  
of moral good; and pa-  
tience itself is one virtue by which we are  
prepared for that state in which evil shall  
be no more.

## C. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1760.

plaint which has been  
time to time, and which  
lately become more fre-  
English Oratory, however  
gument, or elegant in ex-  
efficient and inefficacious,  
eakers want the grace and  
on.

numerous projectors who  
refine our manners, and  
aculies, some are willing  
deficiency of our speakers.

more than one exhorta-  
the neglected art of mov-  
ns, and have been encou-  
re that our tongues, how-  
themselves, may, by the  
hands and legs, obtain an  
e dominion over the most  
ence, animate the insensi-  
tive careless, force tears  
rate, and money from the

of hand, or nimbleness of  
wonders can be perform-  
d neglect to attain the free-  
s may be justly censured  
lazy. But I am afraid  
en of such effects will ea-

If I could once find a  
Charge-Aikie raising the

by the power of persua-  
I should very zealously re-  
study of his art; but hav-  
any action by which lan-  
ch assisted, I have been  
ed to doubt whether my  
re not blamed too hastily  
and motionless utterance.  
of many nations accom-  
ch with action; but why  
xample have more influ-

than ours upon them?  
not to be changed but for  
those who desire to reform  
nests of the change pro-  
the Frenchman waves his  
thes his body in recount-  
ions of a game at cards,  
an, who tells the hour of  
upon his fingers the num-  
ventions, I do not per-

ceive that their manual exercise is of  
much use, or that they leave any image  
more deeply impressed by their bustle  
and vehemence of communication.

Upon the English stage there is no  
want of action; but the difficulty of  
making it at once various and proper,  
and it's perpetual tendency to become  
ridiculous; notwithstanding all the ad-  
vantages which art and show, and custom  
and prejudice, can give it, may prove  
how little it can be admitted into any  
other place, where it can have no recom-  
mendation but from truth and nature.

The use of English oratory is only at  
the bar, in the parliament, and in the  
church. Neither the judges of our laws  
nor the representatives of our people  
would be much affected by laboured  
gesticulation, or believe any man the  
more because he rolled his eyes, or puff-  
ed his cheeks, or spread abroad his  
arms, or stamped the ground, or thump-  
ed his breast, or turned his eyes some-  
times to the ceiling and sometimes to the  
floor. Upon men intent only upon truth,  
the arm of an orator has little power; a  
credible testimony, or a cogent argument,  
will overcome all the art of modulation,  
and all the violence of contortion.

It is well known that in the city  
which may be called the Parent of Ora-  
tory, all the arts of mechanical persua-  
sion were banished from the court of su-  
preme judicature. The judges of the  
Arcopagus considered action and vocif-  
eration as a foolish appeal to the exter-  
nal senses, and unworthy to be practised  
before those who had no desire of idle  
amusement, and whose only pleasure was  
to discover right.

Whether action may not be yet of use  
in churches, where the preacher addresses  
a mingled audience, may deserve en-  
quiry. It is certain that the senses are  
more powerful as the reason is weaker;  
and that he whose ears convey little to  
his mind, may sometimes listen with his  
eyes till truth may gradually take pos-  
session of his heart. If there be any use  
of gesticulation, it must be applied to the  
ignorant and rude, who will be more  
affected

affected by vehemence than delighted by propriety. In the pulpit little action can be proper, for action can illustrate nothing but that to which it may be referred by nature or by custom. He that imitates by his hand a motion which he describes, explains it by natural similitude; he that lays his hand on his breast, when he expresses pity, enforces his words by a customary illusion. But theology has few topics to which action can be appropriated; that action which is vague and indeterminate will at last settle into habit, and habitual peculiarities are quickly ridiculous.

It is perhaps the character of the English to despise trifles; and that a surely be accounted a trifle which once useless and ostentatious, will seldom be practised with propriety which as the mind is more cultivated, is less powerful. Yet as all innocents are to be used for the propagation of truth, I would not deter those employed in preaching to congregations from any practice which may find persuasive; for, with the conversion of sinners, plainness and elegance are less than nothing.

## Nº XCI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

**I**T is common to overlook what is near, by keeping the eye fixed upon something remote. In the same manner present opportunities are neglected, and attainable good is slighted, by minds busied in extensive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time, and it's progress towards happiness, though naturally slow, is yet retarded by unnecessary labour.

The difficulty of obtaining knowledge is universally confessed. To fix deeply in the mind the principles of science, to settle their limitations, and deduce the long succession of their consequences; to comprehend the whole compass of complicated systems, with all the arguments, objections, and solutions, and to repose in the intellectual treasury the numberless facts, experiments, apophthegms, and positions, which must stand single in the memory, and of which none has any perceptible connection with the rest, is a task which, though undertaken with ardor and pursued with diligence, must at last be left unfinished by the frailty of our nature.

To make the way to learning either less short or less smooth is certainly absurd; yet this is the apparent effect of the prejudice which seems to prevail among us in favour of foreign authors, and of the contempt of our native literature, which this excursive curiosity must necessarily produce. Every man is more speedily instructed by his own language, than by any other; before we search the rest of the world for teachers, let us try whether we may not spare our trouble by finding them at home.

The riches of the English library are much greater than they are commonly supposed. Many useful and valuable books lie buried in shop-braries, unknown and unexamined, till some lucky compiler opens the chance, and finds an easy spoil and learning. I am far from intent to insinuate, that other languages are not necessary to him who aspires to science, and whose whole life is to be spent in study; but to him who reads for amusement, or whose purpose is to deck himself with the honours of literature, but to be qualified for domestic usefulness, and sit down content with subordinate reputation, we have sufficient to fill up all the vacant hours of his time, and gratify most of his desires for information.

Of our poets I need say little, they are perhaps the only authors whom their country has done well to honour. We consider the whole succession of names which the continent can boast, and therefore the poets of other countries, however familiarly they may be sometimes mentioned, are very little except by those who design to borrow beauties.

There is, I think, not one of the liberal arts which may not be completely learned in the English language; that searches after mathematical knowledge may busy himself among his countrymen, and will find one capable to instruct him in every part of the abstruse sciences. He that is desirous of experiments, and wishes to trace the nature of bodies from certain

visible effects, is happily placed where the mechanical philosophy was first established by a public institution, and from which it was spread to all other countries.

The more airy and elegant studies of Philology and Criticism have little need of any foreign help. Though our language, not being very analogical, gives few opportunities for grammatical researches, yet we have not wanted authors who have considered the principles of speech; and with critical writings we abound sufficiently to enable Pedantry to impose rules which can seldom be observed, and Vanity to talk of books which are seldom read.

But our own language has, from the Reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, considered as commentators, controvertists, or preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them. No vulgar language can boast such treasures of theological knowledge, or such multitudes of authors at once learned, elegant, and pious. Other countries and other communions have authors perhaps equal in abilities and diligence to ours;

but if we unite number with excellence, there is certainly no nation which must not allow us to be superior. Of Morality little is necessary to be said, because it is comprehended in practical divinity, and is perhaps better taught in English sermons than in any other books ancient or modern. Nor shall I dwell on our excellence in metaphysical speculations, because he that reads the works of our divines will easily discover how far human subtilty has been able to penetrate.

Political knowledge is forced upon us by the form of our constitution, and all the mysteries of government are discovered in the attack or defence of every minister. The original law of society, the rights of subjects, and the prerogatives of kings, have been considered with the utmost nicety, sometimes profoundly investigated, and sometimes familiarly explained.

Thus copiously instructive is the English language, and thus needless is all recourse to foreign writers. Let us not therefore make our neighbours proud by soliciting help which we do not want, nor discourage our own industry by difficulties which we need not suffer.

## Nº XCII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

**W**HATEVER is useful or honourable will be desired by many who never can obtain it; and that which cannot be obtained when it is desired, artifice or folly will be diligent to counterfeit. Those to whom fortune has denied gold and diamonds decorate themselves with stones and metals, which have something of the show but little of the value; and every moral excellence or intellectual faculty has some vice or folly which imitates its appearance.

Every man wishes to be wise, and they who cannot be wise are almost always cunning. The less is the real discernment of those whom business or conversation brings together, the more illusions are practised, nor is caution ever so necessary as with associates or opponents of feeble minds.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that where the

path is straight and even he may proceed in security, and where it is rough and crooked he easily complies with the turns and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk fears more as he feels less; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe, tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise lest violence should approach him. Wisdom comprehends at once the end and the means, estimates easiness or difficulty, and is cautious or confident in due proportion. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication of stratagems and superfluity of suspicion. The man of cunning always considers that he can never be too safe, and therefore always keeps himself enveloped in a mist, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curiosity.

Upon this principle, Tom Double has formed a habit of eluding the most harmless



harmless question. What he has no inclination to answer, he pretends sometimes not to hear, and endeavours to divert the enquirer's attention by some other subject; but if he be pressed hard by repeated interrogation, he always evades a direct reply. Ask him whom he likes best on the stage, he is ready to tell that there are several excellent performers. Enquire when he was last at the coffee-house, he replies, that the weather has been bad lately. Desire him to tell the age of any of his acquaintance, he immediately mentions another who is older or younger.

Will Puzzle values himself upon a long reach. He foresees every thing before it will happen, though he never relates his prognostications till the event is past. Nothing has come to pass for these twenty years of which Mr. Puzzle had not given broad hints, and told at least that it was not proper to tell. Of those predictions, which every conclusion will equally verify, he always claims the credit, and wonders that his friends did not understand them. He supposes very truly that much may be known which he knows not, and therefore pretends to know much of which he and all mankind are equally ignorant. I desired his opinion yesterday of the German war, and was told, that if the Prussians were well supported, something great may be expected; but that they have very powerful enemies to encounter; that the Austrian general has long experience, and the Russians are hardy and resolute; but that no human power is invincible. I then drew the conversation to our own affairs, and invited him to balance the probabilities of war and peace; he told me that war requires courage, and negotiation judgment, and that the time will come when it will be seen whether our skill in treaty is equal to our bravery

in battle. To this general I will appeal hereafter, and will to have his foresight applauded, shall at last be conquered or victorious.

With Ned Smuggle all is evasion and malignity on every rejoices in the dexterity by which he escaped snares that never were held that a man is never deceived never trusts, and therefore will the name of his taylor or his liveryman out every morning for the pleasure of himself with thinking that he knows where he has been; when with a friend he never goes to the nearest way, but walks a street to perplex the scent. He has a coach called, he never tells the door the true place to which he is going, but stops him in the way, may give him directions which he can hear him. The price of his goods buys or sells is always concealed; often takes lodgings in the country under a wrong name, and thinks that he is wondering where he can be heard of; in these transactions he registers in his mind which he says, will some time amaze posterity.

It is remarked by Bacon, that men try to procure reputation by objections, of which, if they are admitted, the nullity never appears, because the design is laid aside. 'false feint of wisdom,' says he, 'the ruin of business.' The power of cunning is privative of nothing and to do nothing, is to be out of its reach. Yet men thus in nature, and mean by art, are able to rise by the miscarriages of others, and the openness of integrity watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which would be long properly to higher character.

## Nº XCIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26

**SAM** Softly was bred a sugar-baker: but succeeding to a considerable estate on the death of his elder brother, he retired early from business, married a fortune, and settled in a country house near Kentish Town. Sam, who formerly was a sportsman, and in his apprenticeship used to frequent Barnet races, keeps a high chaise, with a brace of

seasoned geldings. During the last months, the principal passion and employment of Sam's life is to visit in a vehicle, the most eminent for nobility and gentry in different parts of the kingdom, with his wife and select friends. By these periculous Sam gratifies many purposes. He assists the sev-

nancies of his wife; he shews his chaise to the best advantage; he indulges his insatiable curiosity for finery, which, since he has turned gentleman, has grown upon him to an extraordinary degree; he discovers taste and spirit; and, what is above all, he finds frequent opportunities of displaying to the party, at every house he sees, his knowledge of family connections. At first, Sam was contented with driving a friend between London and his villa. Here he prided himself in pointing out the boxes of the citizens on each side of the road, with an accurate detail of their respective failures or successes in trade: and harangued on the several equipages that were accidentally passing. Here, too, the seats, interspersed on the surrounding hills, afforded ample matter for Sam's curious discoveries. For one, he told his companion, a rich Jew had offered money; and that a retired widow was courted at another, by an eminent dry-falter. At the same time he discussed the utility and enumerated the expenses of the Islington turnpike. But Sam's ambition is at present raised to nobler undertakings.

When the happy hour of the annual expedition arrives, the seat of the chaise is furnished with *Ogilby's Book of Roads*, and a choice quantity of cold tongues. The most alarming disaster which can happen to our hero, who thinks he *throws a whip* admirably well, is to be overtaken in a road which affords no *quarter* for wheels. Indeed few men possess more skill or discernment for concerting and conducting a *party of pleasure*. When a seat is to be surveyed, he has a peculiar talent at selecting some shady bench in the Park, where the company may most commodiously refresh themselves with cold tongue, chicken, and French rolls; and is very sagacious in discovering what cool temple in the garden will be best adapted for drinking tea, brought for this purpose in the af-

ternoon, and from which the chaise may be resumed with the greatest convenience. In viewing the house itself, he is principally attracted by the chairs and beds, concerning the cost of which his minute enquiries generally gain the clearest information. An agate table easily diverts his eyes from the most capital strokes of Rubens, and a Turkey carpet has more charms than a Titian. Sam, however, dwells with some attention on the family portraits, particularly the most modern ones; and as this is a topick on which the house-keeper usually harangues in a more copious manner, he takes this opportunity of improving his knowledge of inter-marriages. Yet notwithstanding this appearance of satisfaction, Sam has some objection to all he sees. One house has too much gilding; at another, the chimney-pieces are all monuments; at a third, he conjectures that the beautiful canal must certainly be dried up in a hot summer. He despises the statues at Wilton, because he thinks he can see much better carving at Westminster Abbey. But there is one general objection which he is sure to make at almost every house, particularly at those which are most distinguished. He allows that all the apartments are extremely fine, but adds, with a sneer, that they are too fine to be inhabited.

Misapplied genius most commonly proves ridiculous. Had Sam, as Nature intended, contentedly continued in the calmer and less conspicuous pursuits of sugar-baking, he might have been a respectable and useful character. At present he dissipates his life in a specious idleness, which neither improves himself nor his friends. Those talents which might have benefited society, he exposes to contempt by false pretensions. He affects pleasures which he cannot enjoy, and is acquainted only with those subjects on which he has no right to talk, and which it is no merit to understand.

## Nº XCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

**I**T is common to find young men ardent and diligent in the pursuit of knowledge; but the progress of life very often produces laxity and indifference, and not only those who are at liberty to *chuse their business and amusements*,

but those likewise whose professions engage them in literary enquiries, pass the latter part of their time without improvement, and spend the day rather in any other entertainment than that which they might find among their books.

That

This abatement of the vigour of curiosity is sometimes imputed to the insufficiency of Learning. Men are supposed to remit their labours, because they find their labours to have been vain; and to search no longer after truth and wisdom, because they at last despair of finding them.

But this reason is for the most part very falsely assigned. Of Learning, as of virtue, it may be affirmed, that it is at once honoured and neglected. Whoever forsakes it will for ever look after it with longing, lament the loss which he does not endeavour to repair, and desire the good which he wants resolution to seize and keep. The Idler never applauds his own idleness, nor does any man repent of the diligence of his youth.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more spritely and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, it's certainty and it's duration being reckoned with it's power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of Learning, that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of it's value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idle-

ness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intemperance of meditation.

That those who profess to advance Learning sometimes obstruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of Learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grown weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

There are indeed some repetitions always lawful, because they never deceive. He that writes the history of past times, undertakes only to decorate known facts by new beauties of method or of style or at most to illustrate them by his own reflections. The author of a system whether moral or physical, is obliged to nothing beyond care of selection and regularity of disposition. But there are others who claim the name of author merely to disgrace it, and fill the work with volumes only to bury letters in their own rubbish. The traveller who tells, in a pompous folio, that he saw the Pantheon at Rome, and the Medicean Venus at Florence; the natural historian who, describing the productions of a narrow island, recounts all that it has in common with every other part of the world; the collector of antiquities, that accounts every thing a curiosity which the ruins of Herculaneum happen to emit, though an instrument already shewn in a thousand repositories or a cup common to the ancients, the moderns, and all mankind, may be justly censured as the persecutors of students and the thieves of that time which never can be restored.

N<sup>o</sup> XCV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

## TO THE IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

**I**T is, I think, universally agreed, that seldom any good is gotten by complaint; yet we find that few forbear to complain, but those who are afraid of being reproached as the authors of their own miseries. I hope therefore for the common permission, to lay my case before you and your readers, by which I shall disburthen my heart, though I cannot hope to receive either assistance or consolation.

I am a trader, and owe my fortune to frugality and industry. I began with little; but by the easy and obvious method of spending less than I gain, I have every year added something to my stock, and expect to have a seat in the common-council at the next election.

My wife, who was as prudent as myself, died six years ago, and left me one son and one daughter, for whose sake I resolved never to marry again, and rejected the overtures of Mrs. Squeeze, the broker's widow, who had ten thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I bred my son at a school near Islington, and when he had learned arithmetic, and wrote a good hand, I took him into the shop, designing, in about ten years, to retire to Stratford or Hackney, and leave him established in the business.

For four years he was diligent and sedate, entered the shop before it was opened, and when it was shut, always examined the pins of the window. In any intermission of business it was his constant practice to peruse the Ledger. I had always great hopes of him, when I observed how sorrowfully he would shake his head over a bad debt, and how eagerly he would listen to me when I told him that he might, at one time or other, become an alderman.

We lived together with mutual confidence, till unluckily a visit was paid him by two of his school-fellows, who were placed, I suppose, in the army, because they were fit for nothing better: they came glittering in the military dress, acknowledged their old acquaintance, and introduced him to a tavern, where, as I have

been since informed, they ridiculed the means of commerce, and wondered how a youth of spirit could spend the prime of life behind a counter.

I did not suspect any mischief. I knew my son was never without money in his pocket, and was better able to pay his reckoning than his companions, and expected to see him return triumphing in his own advantages, and congratulating himself that he was not one of those who expose their heads to a musquet bullet for three shillings a day.

He returned sullen and thoughtful; I supposed him sorry for the hard fortune of his friends, and tried to comfort him by saying that the war would soon be at an end, and that if they had any honest occupation, half-pay would be a pretty help. He looked at me with indignation; and snatching up his candle, told me, as he went up the stairs, that *he hoped to see a battle yet*.

Why he should hope to see a battle I could not conceive, but let him go quietly to sleep away his folly. Next day he made two mistakes in the first bill, disobliterated a customer by surly answers, and dated all his entries in the Journal in a wrong month. At night he met his military companions again, came home late, and quarrelled with the maid.

From this fatal interview he has gradually lost all his laudable passions and desires. He soon grew useless in the shop, where, indeed, I did not willingly trust him any longer; for he often mistook the price of goods to his own loss, and once gave a promissory note instead of a receipt.

I did not know to what degree he was corrupted, till an honest taylor gave me notice that he had bespoke a laced suit, which was to be left for him at a house kept by the sister of one of my journey-men. I went to this clandestine lodging, and find, to my amazement, all the ornaments of a fine gentleman, which he has taken upon credit, or purchased with money subducted from the shop.

This detection has made him desperate. He now openly declares his resolution to be a gentleman; says that his soul is too great for a counting-house; ridicules

ridicules the conversation of city taverns; talks of new plays, and boxes, and ladies; gives dutchesses for his toasts; carries silver, for readiness, in his waistcoat-pocket; and comes home at night in a chair, with such thunders at the door, as have more than once brought the watchmen from their stands.

Little expences will not hurt us; and I could forgive a few juvenile frolicks, if he would be careful of the main; but his favourite topick is contempt of money, which, he says, is of no use but to be spent. Riches, without honour, he holds empty things; and once told me to my face, that wealthy plodders were only purveyors for men of spirit.

He is always impatient in the company of his old friends, and seldom speaks till he is warmed with wine; he then entertains us with accounts that we do not desire to hear, of intrigues among lords and ladies, and quarrels between officers

of the guards; shews a mini snuff-box, and wonders they can look upon the new dance with rapture.

All this is very provoking; all this might be borne, if it supported his pretensions. But he may think, he is yet far from compliments which he has earned to purchase at so dear a rate. I watched him in public; I sneaks in like a man that I where he should not be; he catch the slightest salutation claims it when it is not intended for him; men receive dignity from his booby looks always more than from his finery. Dear Mr. Idler, he must at last become of a pride will not suffer to be a whom long habits in a shop a gentleman. I am, Sir, &c.

TIM. W.

## Nº XCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY

**H**ACHO, a king of Lapland, was in his youth the most renowned of all the northern warriors. His martial achievements remain engraved on a pillar of flint in the rocks of Hanga, and are to this day solemnly carolled to the harp by the Laplanders, at the fires with which they celebrate their nightly festivities. Such was his intrepid spirit, that he ventured to pass the lake Vether to the Isle of Wizards, where he descended alone into the dreary vault in which a magician had been kept bound for six ages, and read the Gothick characters inscribed on his brazen mace. His eye was so piercing, that, as ancient chronicles report, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them. At twelve years of age, he carried an iron vessel of a prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in the presence of all the chiefs of his father's castle.

Nor was he less celebrated for his prudence and wisdom. Two of his proverbs are yet remembered and repeated among the Laplanders. 'To express the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to say—' Odin's belt is always buckled.' 'To shew that the most prosperous condition of life is often hazardous, his lesson was—' When you

' slide on the smoothest ice ' pita beneath.' His confidantrymen, when they were ordered to leave the frozen deserts, and resolved to seek some mate, by telling them, that nations, notwithstanding sterility, passed every night horrors of anxious apprehensions were inexpressibly affrighted, stunned, every morning, with the sun while he was rising.

His temperance and severities were his chief praise. Years he never tasted wine; he drank out of a painted earthen vessel; he constantly slept in his armour, with a sword in his hand; nor would he touch a glass whose handle was inscribed with his name. He did not, however, peruse books in contempt of luxury; nor did he waste his days with honour.

One evening, after hunting a wild-dog, being bewildered in a thorny forest, and having perished the day without any refreshment, he discovered a pot of honey in the hollow of a tree, which he had before, and being at once satisfied, he fed greedily upon it. It was unusual and delicious repast.





so much satisfaction, that, at his return home, he commanded honey to be served up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to lose his native relish for simple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himself in delicacies; he ordered the delightful gardens of his castle to be thrown open, in which the most luscious fruits had been suffered to ripen and decay, unobserved and untouched, for many revolving autumns, and gratified his appetite with luxurious desserts. At length he found it expedient to introduce wine, as an agreeable improvement, or a necessary ingredient, to his new way of living; and having once tasted it, he was tempted, by little and little, to give a loose to the excesses of intoxication. His general simplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments by burning the wood of the most aromatick fir, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the rein-deer. Indolence and effeminacy stole upon him by pleasing and imperceptible gradations, relaxed the sinews of his resolution, and extinguished his thirst of military glory.

While Hacho was thus immersed in pleasure and in repose, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night a disastrous omen had been discovered, and that bats and hideous

birds had drunk up the oil which nourished the perpetual lamp in the temple of Odin. About the same time, a messenger arrived to tell him, that the king of Norway had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army. Hacho, terrified as he was with the omen of the night, and enervated with indulgence, roused himself from his voluptuous lethargy, and recollecting some faint and few sparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the forest where Hacho had been lost after hunting; and it so happened, that the king of Norway challenged him to single combat, near the place where he had tasted the honey. The Lapland chief, languid and long disused to arms, was soon overpowered; he fell to the ground; and before his insulting adversary struck his head from his body, uttered this exclamation, which the Laplanders still use as an early lesson to their children: 'The vicious man should date his destruction from the first temptation. How justly do I fall a sacrifice to sloth and luxury, in the place where I first yielded to those allurements which seduced me to deviate from temperance and innocence! The honey which I tasted in this forest, and not the hand of the king of Norway, conquers Hacho.'

## NO XC VII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

IT may, I think, be justly observed, that few books disappoint their readers more than the narrations of travellers. One part of mankind is naturally curious to learn the sentiments, manners, and condition of the rest; and every mind that has leisure or power to extend its views, must be desirous of knowing in what proportion Providence has distributed the blessings of nature, or the advantages of art, among the several nations of the earth.

This general desire easily procures readers to every book from which it can expect gratification. The adventurer upon unknown coasts, and the describer of distant regions, is always welcomed as a man who has laboured for the pleasure of others, and who is able to enlarge our knowledge and rectify our opinions; but when the volume is opened, nothing is found but such general accounts as

leave no distinct idea behind them, or such minute enumerations as few can read with either profit or delight.

Every writer of travels should consider, that, like all other authors, he undertakes either to instruct or please, or to mingle pleasure with instruction. He that instructs must offer to the mind something to be imitated, or something to be avoided; he that pleases must offer new images to his reader, and enable him to form a tacit comparison of his own state with that of others.

The greater part of travellers tell nothing, because their method of travelling supplies them with nothing to be told. He that enters a town at night and surveys it in the morning, and then hastens away to another place, and guesses at the manners of the inhabitants by the entertainment which his inn afforded him, may please himself for a time with



a hasty change of scenes, and a confused remembrance of palaces and churches; he may gratify his eye with variety of landscapes; and regale his palate with a succession of vintages; but let him be contented to please himself without endeavour to disturb others. Why should he record excursions by which nothing could be learned, or wish to make a show of knowledge which, without some power of intuition unknown to other mortals, he never could attain?

Of those who crowd the world with their itineraries, some have no other purpose than to describe the face of the country; those who sit idle at home, and are curious to know what is done or suffered in distant countries, may be informed by one of these wanderers; that on a certain day he set out early with the caravan, and in the first hour's march saw, towards the south, a hill covered with trees, then passed over a stream, which ran northward with a swift course, but which is probably dry in the summer months; that an hour after he saw something to the right which looked at a distance like a castle with towers, but which he discovered afterwards to be a craggy rock; that he then entered a valley, in which he saw several trees tall and flourishing, watered by a rivulet not marked in the maps, of which he was not able to learn the name; that the road afterward grew stony, and the country uneven, where he observed among the hills many hollows worn by torrents, and was told that the road was passable only part of the year; that going on they found the remains of a building, once perhaps a fortress to secure the pass, or to restrain the robbers, of which the present inhabitants can give no other account than that it is haunted by faeries; that they went to dine at the foot of a rock, and travelled the rest of the day along the banks of a river, from which the road turned aside towards evening, and brought them within sight of a vil-

lage, which was once a confident town, but which afforded them no good victuals nor commodious lodgings.

Thus he conducts his reader through wet and dry, over rough and smooth, without incidents, without rest, and, if he obtains his company for another day, will dismiss him at night, equally fatigued with a succession of rocks and streams, mountains and ruins.

This is the common style of the writer of enterprise, who visits savage countries, and range through solitudes of desolation; who passes a desert, and that it is sandy; who crosses a valley, and find that it is green. There are writers of more delicate sensibility, than only the realms of elegance and science; that wander through Italian palaces, amuse the gentle reader with catalogues of pictures; that hear masses in magnificent churches, and recount the number of the pillars or variegations of pavement. And there are yet others, who, in disdain of trifles, copy inscriptions elegant and rude, ancient and modern; and transcribe into their books the walls of every edifice, sacred or profane. He that reads these books must consider his labour as its own reward; will find nothing on which to attend, or fix, or which memory can retain.

He that would travel for the amusement of others, should remember that the great object of remark is life. Every nation has something particular in its manufactures, its manners, its genius, its medicines, its customs, and its police; only is a useful traveller, who discovers something by which his country may be benefited; who procures a supply of want or some mitigation of distress, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others; to improve it whenever it is worse, and to enjoy it whenever it is better.

## N<sup>o</sup>. XCVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

TO THE IDLER.

SIR,

I Am the daughter of a gentleman, who during his life-time enjoyed a small income which arose from a pension from the court, by which he was enabled

to live in a genteel and comfortable manner.

By the situation in life in which I was placed, he was frequently introduced into the company of those of greater fortunes than his own,

when he was always received with complaisance, and treated with civility.

At six years of age I was sent to a boarding-school in the country, at which I continued till my father's death. This melancholy event happened at a time when I was by no means of sufficient age to manage for myself, while the passions of youth continued unbridled, and before experience could guide my sentiments or my actions.

I was then taken from school by an uncle, to the care of whom my father had committed me on his dying bed. With him I lived several years, and as he was unmarried, the management of his family was committed to me. In this character I always endeavoured to acquit myself, if not with applause, at least without censure.

At the age of twenty-one a young gentleman of some fortune paid his addresses to me, and offered me terms of marriage. This proposal I should readily have accepted, because from vicinity of residence, and from many opportunities of observing his behaviour, I had in some sort contracted an affection for him. My uncle, for what reason I do not know, refused his consent to this alliance, though it would have been complied with by the father of the young gentleman; and as the future condition of my life was wholly dependent on him, I was not willing to disoblige him, and therefore, though unwillingly, declined the offer.

My uncle, who possessed a plentiful

fortune, frequently hinted to me in conversation, that at his death I should be provided for in such a manner that I should be able to make my future life comfortable and happy. As this promise was often repeated, I was the less anxious about any provision for myself. In a short time my uncle was taken ill, and though all possible means were made use of for his recovery, in a few days he died.

The sorrow arising from the loss of a relation, by whom I had been always treated with the greatest kindness, however grievous, was not the worst of my misfortunes. As he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of health, he was the less mindful of his dissolution, and died intestate; by which means his whole fortune devolved to a nearer relation, his heir at law.

Thus excluded from all hopes of living in the manner with which I have to long flattered myself, I am doubtful what method I shall take to procure a decent maintenance. I have been educated in a manner that has set me above a state of servitude, and my situation renders me unfit for the company of those with whom I have hitherto conversed. But, though disappointed in my expectations, I do not despair. I will hope that assistance may still be obtained for innocent distress, and that friendship, though rare, is yet not impossible to be found. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

SOPHIA HEEDFULL.

## Nº XCIX. SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

**A**S Ortoğrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdad, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortoğrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with

golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

'Surely,' said he to himself, 'this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Gangas. He

‘ speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified! all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise; but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.’

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. ‘ Ortogrul,’ said the old man, ‘ I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite mountain.’ Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. ‘ Now,’ said his father, ‘ behold the

valley that lies between the hills. ortogrul looked, and espied a little out of which issued a small r ‘ Tell me now,’ said his father, ‘ thou wilt for sudden affluence may pour upon thee like the most torrent, or for a slow and gradual crease, resembling the rill gliding the well?’—‘ Let me be quickly said Ortogrul; ‘ let the golden be quick and violent.’—‘ Look thee,’ said his father, ‘ once : Ortogrul looked, and perceived the nel of the torrent dry and dust following the rivulet from the w traced it to a wide lake, which tply, slow and constant, kept alway He waked, and determined to gro by silent profit, and perseverin dustry.

Having sold his patrimony, gaged in merchandize, and in years purchased lands on which h a house, equal in sumptuousness of the visier, to which he invited ministers of pleasure, expecting t all the felicity which he had in riches able to afford. Leisure soo him weary of himself, and he lo be persuaded that he was great a py. He was courteous and libe gave all that approached him h pleasing him, and all who shoul him hopes of being rewarded. art of praise was tried, and every of adulatory fiction was exhauste ortogrul heard his flatterers with light, because he found himself to believe them. His own heart t its frailties, his own understanc proached him with his faults. ‘ long,’ said he, with a deep sigh, ‘ I been labouring in vain to wealth which at last is useles ‘ no man hereafter wish to be ri ‘ is already too wise to be flatter

## Nº C. SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

### TO THE IDLER.

TH, **T**HE uncertainty and defects of Language have produced very frequent complaints among the learned; yet there still remain many words among us undefined, which are very necessary to be rightly understood, and which pro-

duce very mischievous mistake they are erroneously interpreted.

I lived in a state of celibacy the usual time. In the hurry pleasure, and afterwards of busi felt no want of a domestick com but becoming weary of labour grew more weary of idleness, and







to follow the custom of seeking some solace of my cares in idleness, and some amusement in female cheerfulness.

which has been long commonly made at last with. My resolution was, to be neutral, and to marry in compliance with my reason. I bought a page of my pocket-book a list of female virtues and vices, which I bordered upon every virtue which are allied to it. I considered that wit, and magnanimity, independence, and frugality, were good and evil of every kind. I employed my own diligence and friends to find the lady in whom reason had reached mediocrity which is equally free from exuberance and deficiency. A man had her admirers and she, and the expectations raised were by another quickness; yet there was one in whose favour all suffrages concurred. She was universally allowed to be the sort of woman. Her fortune was, but is prudently managed, she wears finer cloaths and saw more than many who were known to be rich. Miss Gentle's visits were welcome, and what she favoured with her company left behind her such a kindness as recommended her to my day extended her acquaintance. All who knew her declared never met with a better sort of

Miss Gentle I made my address and was received with great temper. She did not in the friendship assume the privilege of rigorous commands, or repeat offences. If I forgot any directions, I was gently reminded. I missed the minute of appointment and was easily forgiven. I was living in marriage but a half-year and longed for the happiness to be found in the society of a good sort of woman. My future was soon settled by the consent of friends, and the day which Miss Gentle was made my wife. The first month was

passed easily enough in receiving and repaying the civilities of our friends. The bride practised with great exactness all the niceties of ceremony, and distributed her notice in the most punctilious proportions to the friends who surrounded us with their happy auguries.

But the time soon came when we were left to ourselves, and were to receive our pleasures from each other, and I then began to perceive that I was not formed to be much delighted by a good sort of woman. Her great principle is, that the orders of a family must not be broken. Every hour of the day has its employment inviolably appropriated, nor will any importunity persuade her to walk in the garden at the time which she has devoted to her needlework, or to sit up stairs in that part of the forenoon which she has accustomed herself to spend in the back parlour. She allows herself to sit half an hour after breakfast, and an hour after dinner; while I am talking or reading to her, she keeps her eye upon her watch, and when the minute of departure comes, will leave an argument unfinished, or the intrigue of a play unravelled. She once called me to supper when I was watching an eclipse, and summoned me at another time to bed when I was going to give directions at a fire.

Her conversation is so habitually cautious, that she never talks to me but in general terms, as to one whom it is dangerous to trust. For discriminations of character she has no names: all whom she mentions are honest men and agreeable women. She smiles not by sensation, but by practice. Her laughter is never excited but by a joke, and her notion of a joke is not very delicate. The repetition of a good joke does not weaken its effect; if she has laughed once, she will laugh again.

She is an enemy to nothing but ill-nature and pride, but she has frequent reason to lament that they are so frequent in the world. All who are not equally pleased with the good and bad, with the elegant and gross, with the witty and the dull, all who distinguish excellence from defect, she considers as ill-natured; and she condemns as proud all who repress impertinence or quell presumption, or expect respect from any other eminence than that of fortune, to which she is always willing to pay homage.

There are none whom she openly hates; for if once she suffers, or believes herself to suffer, any contempt or insult, she never dismisses it from her mind, but takes all opportunities to tell how easily she can forgive. There are none whom she loves much better than others; for when any of her acquaintance decline in the opinion of the world, she always finds it inconvenient to visit them; her affection continues unaltered, but it is impossible to be intimate with the whole town.

She daily exercises her benevolence by pitying every misfortune that happens to every family within her circle of notice; she is in hourly terrors lest one should catch cold in the rain, and another be frightened by the high wind. Her charity she shews by lamenting that

so many poor wretches should in the streets, and by wondering the great can think on that th little good with such large estat

Her house is elegant and dainty, though she has little rai gance, and is wholly free from luxury; but she comforts her nobody can say that her house or that her dishes are not well d

This, Mr. Idler, I have from long experience to be the character of a good sort of woman, which I give you for the information of whom a good sort of woman as woman may happen to be used valent terms, and who may mistake like your humble servant

TIM W

## Nº CI. SATURDAY, MARCH 22.

OMAR, the son of Hufsan, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive Califs had filled his house with gold and silver, and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the Calif the keys of trust and the seals of secrecy, and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent; Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. 'Tell me,' said Caled, 'thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which you have gained power and preserved it,

are to you no longer necessary; impart to me the secret of conduct, and teach me the path which your wisdom has brought to fortune.'

'Young man,' said Omar, 'little use to form plans of life. I took my first survey of the world in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind; the hour of solitude I said to myself, leaning against a cedar, spread its branches over my head. Seventy years are allowed to man; have yet fifty remaining: ten I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned; therefore shall be honoured. My city will shout at my arrival, and my student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed, I will fill my mind with images, which I will be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I will revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; my mind shall be new pleasures for every moment. I shall never more be weary of learning. I will, however, not deviate from the beaten track of life, but try what can be found in fecundity. I will marry a wife as beautiful as the Houries, and will be beside her; I will live

" years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for publick honours, nor disturb my quiet with affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

" The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the Calif. I was heard with attention, I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fattened on my heart.

" I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

" In my fiftieth year I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestick pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I enquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from publick employment.

" Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat."

## Nº CII. SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

**I**T very seldom happens to man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity, is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason why almost every one wishes to quit his employment; he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.

From this unwillingness to perform more than is required of that which is

commonly performed with reluctance, it proceeds that few authors write their own lives. Statesmen, courtiers, ladies, generals, and seamen, have given to the world their own stories, and the events with which their different stations have made them acquainted. They retired to the closet as to a place of quiet and amusement, and pleased themselves with writing, because they could lay down the pen whenever they were weary. But the author, however conspicuous, or however important, either in the publick eye or in his own, leaves his life to be related



related by his successors, for he cannot gratify his vanity but by sacrificing his ease.

It is commonly supposed that the uniformity of a studious life affords no matter for narration: but the truth is, that of the most studious life a great part passes without study. An author partakes of the common condition of humanity; he is born and married like another man; he has hopes and fears, expectations and disappointments, griefs and joys, and friends and enemies, like a courtier or a statesman; nor can I conceive why his affairs should not excite curiosity as much as the whisper of a drawing-room, or the factions of a camp.

Nothing detains the reader's attention more powerfully than deep involutions of distress, or sudden vicissitudes of fortune; and these might be abundantly afforded by memoirs of the sons of literature. They are intangled by contracts which they know not how to fulfil, and obliged to write on subjects which they do not understand. Every publication is a new period of time from which some encrease or declension of fame is to be reckoned. The gradations of a hero's life are from battle to battle, and of an author's from book to book.

Success and miscarriage have the same effects in all conditions. The prosperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and despised. No sooner is a book published than the writer may judge of the opinion of the world. If his acquaintance press round him in publick places, or salute him from the other side of the street; if invitations to dinner come thick upon him, and those with whom he dines keep him to supper; if the ladies turn to him when his coat is plain, and the

footmen serve him with attendance; he may be sure that has been praised by some leaden fashions.

Of declining reputation the are not less easily observed. A man enters a coffee-house, he to himself; if he calls at a boy the boy turns his back; and a most fatal of all prognosticks will visit him in a morning, a him hour after hour of the most of criticisms, the neglect of a bad taste of the age, and the c posterity.

All this modified and varied dent and custom would form a ing scenes of biography, and create many a mind which is delighted with conspiracies or intrigues of a court, or deb parliament: to this might be the changes of the countenance, traced from the first gl flattery rises in his cheek, the dour of fondness, vehemence mise, magnificence of praise, delay, and lamentation of ins the last chill look of final c when the one grows weary of and the other of hearing solici

Thus copious are the mater have been hitherto suffered to lected, while the repositories family that has produced a fo minister are ransacked, and lit crouded with useless folios of pers which will never be read, a contribute nothing to valuab ledge.

I hope the learned will be know their own strength and lue, and instead of devoting to the honour of those who sell them for their labours, resolve do justice to themselves.

## N<sup>o</sup> CIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

RESPICERE AD LONGÆ JUSSIT GRATIA ULTIMA VITÆ.

Juv.

**M**UCH of the pain and pleasure of mankind arises from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praise which we do not hear, and resent contempt which we do not see. The Idler

may therefore be forgiven, if his imagination to represent to his readers will say or think we are informed that they have no paper in their hands.

Value is more frequently



scarcity than by use. That which lay neglected when it was common, rises in estimation as it's quantity becomes less. We seldom learn the true want of what we have till it is discovered that we can have no more.

This essay will, perhaps, be read with care even by those who have not yet attended to any other; and he that finds this late attention recompensed, will not forbear to wish that he had bestowed it sooner.

Though the Idler and his readers have contracted no close friendship, they are perhaps both unwilling to part. There are few things not purely evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of sadness, *This is the last*. Those who never could agree together, shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation; of a place which has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart; and the Idler, with all his chilliness of tranquillity, is not wholly unaffected by the thought that his last essay is now before him.

This secret horror of the last is inseparable from a thinking being, whose life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. We always make a secret comparison between a part and the whole; the termination of any period of life reminds us that life itself has likewise it's termination; when we have done any thing for the last time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is past, and that as more is past there is less remaining.

It is very happily and kindly provided, that in every life there are certain pauses and interruptions, which force consideration upon the careless, and seriousness upon the light; points of time where one course of action ends and another begins: and by vicissitude of fortune, or alteration of employment, by change of place, or loss of friendship,

we are forced to say of something, *This is the last*.

An even and unvaried tenour of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of it's end. Succession is not perceived but by variation; he that lives to-day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day is, such will be the morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle, and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our duration is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition; it is only by finding life changeable that we are reminded of it's shortness.

This conviction, however forcible at every new impression, is every moment fading from the mind; and partly by the inevitable incursion of new images, and partly by voluntary exclusion of unwelcome thoughts, we are again exposed to the universal fallacy; and we must do another thing for the last time, before we consider that the time is nigh when we shall do no more.

As the last Idler is published in that solemn week which the Christian world has always set apart for the examination of the conscience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly desires, and the renovation of holy purposes, I hope that my readers are already disposed to view every incident with seriousness, and improve it by meditation; and that when they see this series of trifles brought to a conclusion, they will consider that, by outliving the Idler, they have passed weeks, months, and years, which are now no longer in their power; that an end must in time be put to every thing great as to every thing little; that to life must come it's last hour, and to this system of being it's last day, the hour at which probation ceases, and repentance will be vain; the day in which every work of the hand, and imagination of the heart, shall be brought to judgment, and an everlasting futurity shall be determined by the past.



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HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE  
L E T T E R S

OF

Sir Thomas Fitzosborne,  
*pseud. of William Melmoth.*

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

ABSENTIS PIGNUS AMICITIÆ.

MART.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXXVII.

MD





# LETTERS

ON

## SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

### LETTER I.

TO CLYTANDER.

SEPT. 1739.

I Entirely approve of your design: but whilst I rejoice in the hope of seeing Enthusiasm thus successfully attacked in her strongest and most formidable holds, I would claim your mercy for her in another quarter; and after having expelled her from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *con amore*: and inamoratos, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species, and we are all of us, perhaps, in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barber's brazen basin for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will

venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those *high conceits*, which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in a senseless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not

give



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give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire.

Wear'd we should lie down in death,  
This cheat of life would take no more;  
If you thought fame but empty breath,  
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

PRATOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchan-

treff, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver and an obliging flatterer. Let me conjure you, then good Clytander, not to break up her useful enchantments, which thus surround us on every side; but spare her harmless deceptions in mere charity to mankind. I am, &c.

## LETTER II:

TO PHILOTES.

I Should not have suffered so long an interval to interrupt our correspondence, if my expedition to Euphronius had not wholly employed me for these last six weeks. I had long promised to spend some time with him before he embarked with his regiment for Flanders; and as he is not one of those Hudibrastic heroes who chuse to run away one day, that they may live to fight another; I was unwilling to trust the opportunity of seeing him to the very precarious contingency of his return. The high enjoyments he leaves behind him, might, indeed, be a pledge to his friends that his caution would at least be equal to his courage, if his notions of honour were less exquisitely delicate. But he will undoubtedly act as if he had nothing to hazard; though at the same time, from the generous sensibility of his temper, he feels every thing that his family can suffer in their fears for his danger. I had an instance, whilst I was in his house, how much Euphronia's apprehensions for his safety are ready to take alarm upon every occasion. She called me one day into the gallery to look upon a picture which was just come out of the painter's hands; but the moment she carried me up to it, she burst into a flood of tears. It was drawn at the request, and after a design of her father's, and is a performance which does great honour to the ingenious artist who executed it. Euphronius is represented under the character of Hector when he parts from Andromache, who is personated in the piece by Euphronia; as her sister, who holds their little boy in her arms, is shadowed out under the figure

of the beautiful nurse with the young Astyanax.

I was so much pleased with the design in this uncommon family-piece, that I thought it deserved particular mention as I could wish it were to become a general fashion to have all pictures of the same kind executed in some such manner. If, instead of furnishing a room with separate portraits, a whole family were to be thus introduced into a single piece and represented under some interesting historical subject, suitable to their real and character; portraits, which are now so generally and so deservedly despised might become of real value to the public. By this means history-painting would be encouraged among us, and a ridiculous vanity turned to the improvement of one of the most instructive, as well as the most pleasing, of the imitative arts. Those who never contributed a single benefit to their own age, nor will ever be mentioned in any after-age, might by this means employ their pride as their expence in a way, which might render them entertaining and useful both to the present and future times. It would require, indeed, great judgment and address in the painter, to chuse an recommend subjects proper to the various characters which would prefer themselves to his pencil; and undoubtedly we should see many enormous absurdities committed, if this fashion were universally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious scope to genius; and probably supply us in due time, with some productions which might be mentioned with those of the most celebrated schools. I am yours





ed at least, that great talents have been sometimes lost to this art, by being confined to the dull, though profitable, labour of senseless portraits; as I should not doubt, if the method I am speaking of were to take effect, to see that very promising genius, who, in consequence of your generous offices, is now forming his hand by the noblest models in Rome, prove a rival to those great masters whose works he is studying.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing fondness of having our persons copied out for posterity, is, in the present application of it, a most absurd and useless vanity; as, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous scene, than those grotesque figures which usually line the mansions of a man who is fond of displaying his canvases-anc-

Good Heav'n! that fots and knaves should  
be so vain,  
To with their vile resemblance may remain;  
And stand recorded, at their own request,  
To future times a libel or a jest. DRYDEN.

You must by no means, however, imagine that I absolutely condemn this lower application of one of the noblest arts. It has certainly a very just use, when em-

ployed in perpetuating the resemblances of that part of our species, who have distinguished themselves in their respective generations. To be desirous of an acquaintance with the persons of those who have recommended themselves by their writings or their actions to our esteem and applause, is a very natural and reasonable curiosity. For myself, at least, I have often found much satisfaction in contemplating a well-chosen collection of the portrait kind, and comparing the mind of a favourite character, as it was either expressed or concealed in it's external lineaments. There is something likewise extremely animating in these lively representations of celebrated merits and it was an observation of one of the Scipio's, that he could never view the figures of his ancestors without finding his bosom glow with the most ardent passion of imitating their deeds. However, as the days of exemplary virtue are now no more, and we are not, many of us, disposed to transmit the most inflaming models to future times; it would be but prudence, methinks, if we are resolved to make posterity acquainted with the persons of the present age, that it should be by viewing them in the actions of the past. Adieu. I am, &c.

### LETTER III.

TO PALAMEDES.

JULY 4, 1739.

NOTwithstanding the fine things you alledge in favour of the Romans, I do not yet find myself disposed to become a convert to your opinion: on the contrary, I am still obstinate enough to maintain that the fame of your admired nation is more dazzling than solid, and owing rather to those false prejudices which we are early taught to conceive of them, than to their real and intrinsic merit. If conquest indeed be the genuine glory of a state, and extensive dominions the most infallible test of national virtue; it must be acknowledged that no people in all history have so just a demand of our admiration. But if we take an impartial view of this celebrated nation, perhaps much of our applause may abate. When we contemplate them, for instance, within their own walls, what do we see but the dangerous convulsions of an ill-regulated policy? as we can seldom, I

believe, consider them with respect to foreign kingdoms, without the utmost abhorrence and indignation.

But there is nothing which places these sons of Romulus lower in my estimation, than their unmanly conduct in the article of their triumphs. I must confess, at the same time, that they had the sanction of a god to justify them in this practice. Bacchus, or (as Sir Isaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Sesostris, after his return from his Indian conquests, gave the first instance of this ungenerous ceremony. But though his divinity was confessed in many other parts of the world, his example does not seem to have been followed till we find it copied out in all it's insolent pomp at Rome.

It is impossible to read the descriptions of these arrogant exhibitions of prosperity, and not be struck with indignation at this barbarous method of  
insulting

insulting the calamities of the unfortunate. One would be apt, at the first glance, to suspect that every sentiment of humanity must be extinguished in a people, who could behold with pleasure the moving instances, which these solemnities afforded, of the caprice of fortune; and could see the highest potentates of the earth dragged from their thrones, to fill up the proud parade of these ungenerous triumphs. But the prevailing maxim which ran through the whole system of Roman politics was, to encourage a spirit of conquest; and these honours were evidently calculated to awaken that unjust principle of mistaken patriotism. Accordingly, by the fundamental laws of Rome, no general was entitled to a triumph, unless he had added some new acquisition to her possessions. To suppress a civil insurrection, however dangerous; to recover any former member of her dominions, however important; gave no claim to this supreme mark of ambitious distinction. For it was their notion, it seems, (and Valerius Maximus is my authority for saying so) that there is as much difference between adding to the territories of a commonwealth, and restoring those it has lost, as between the actual conferring of a benefit, and the mere repelling of an injury. It was but of a piece, indeed, that a ceremony conducted in defiance of humanity, should be founded in contempt of justice; and it was natural enough that they should gain by oppression, what they were to enjoy by insult.

If we consider Paulus Æmilius, after his conquest of Macedonia, making his public entry into Rome, attended by the unfortunate Perseus and his infant family; and at the same time reflect upon our Black Prince when he passed through London with his royal captive, after the glorious battle of Poitiers; we cannot fail of having the proper sentiments of a Roman triumph. What generous mind who saw the Roman consul in all the giddy exaltation of unfeeling pride, but would rather (as to that single circumstance) have been the degraded Perseus, than the triumphant Æmilius? There is something indeed in distress that reflects a sort of merit upon every object which is so situated, and turns off our attention from those blemishes that stain even the most vicious characters. Accordingly, in the instance of which I am speaking,

the perfidious monarch was overlooked in the suffering Perseus; and a spectacle so affecting checked the joy of conquest even in a Roman breast. For Plutarch assures us, when that worthless, but unhappy, prince was observed, together with his two sons and a daughter, marching amidst the train of prisoners, nature was too hard for custom, and many of the spectators melted into a flood of tears. But with what a generous tenderness did the British hero conduct himself upon an occasion of the same kind? He employed all the artful address of the most refined humanity, to conceal from his unhappy prisoner every thing that could remind him of his disgrace; and the whole pomp that was displayed upon this occasion, appeared singly as intended to lighten the weight of his misfortunes, and to do honour to the vanquished monarch.

You will remember, Palameles, I am only considering the Romans in a political view, and speaking of them merely in their national character. As to individuals, you know, I pay the highest veneration to many that rose up against them. It would not indeed be just to involve particulars in general reflections of any kind: and I cannot but acknowledge ere I close my letter, that though, in the article I have been mentioning, the Romans certainly acted a most unworthy part towards their public enemies, yet they seem to have maintained the most exalted notions of conduct with respect to their private ones. That noble (and may I not add, that Christian) sentiment of Juvenal,

*minuti*  
*Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas;*  
*Ultio.*

was not merely the refined precept of their more improved philosophers, but a general and popular maxim among them and that generous sentiment so much and so deservedly admired in the Roman orator; *Non pariet me mortales inimicitias, sempiternas amicitias habere* was, as appears from Livy, so universally received as to become even a proverbial expression. Thus Sallust likewise, I remember, speaking of the virtues of the ancient Romans, mentions it as their principal characteristic, that upon all occasions they shewed a disposition rather to forgive than revenge an injury. But the false notions they had embraced

concerning

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concerning the glory of their country, taught them to subdue every affection of humanity, and extinguish every dictate of justice which opposed that destructive principle. It was this spirit,

however, in return and by a very just consequence, that proved at length the means of their total destruction. Farewel. I am, &c.

### LETTER IV.

TO PHILOTES.

JULY 4, 1743.

**W**HILST you are probably enjoying blue skies and cooling grotts, I am shivering here in the midst of summer. The *mollis sub arbore somni*, the *spelunca vivique lacus*, are pleasures which we in England can seldom taste but in description. For in a climate, where the warmest season is frequently little better than a milder sort of winter, the sun is much too welcome a guest to be avoided. If ever we have occasion to complain of him, it must be for his absence: at least I have seldom found his visits troublesome. You see I am still the same cold mortal as when you left me. But whatever warmth I may want in my constitution, I want none in my affections; and you have not a friend who is more ardently yours than I pretend to be. You have indeed such a right to my heart from mere gratitude, that I almost wish I owed you less upon that account, that I might give it you upon a more disinterested principle. However, if there is any part of it which you cannot demand in justice, be assured you have it by affection; so that, on one or other of these titles, you may always depend upon me as wholly yours. Can it be necessary after this to add, that I received your letter with singular satisfaction, as it brought me an account of your welfare, and of the agreeable manner in which you pass your time? If there be any room to wish you an increase of pleasure, it is, perhaps, that the three virgins you mention, were a few degrees handsomer and younger. But I would not desire their charms should be heightened, were I not sure they will never lessen your repose; for knowing your Stoicism, as I do, I dare trust your ease with any thing less than a goddess: and those females, I perceive, are so far removed from the order of di-

vinities, that they seem to require a considerable advance before I could even allow them to be so much as women.

It was mentioned to me the other day, that there is some probability we may see you in England by the winter. When I considered only my private satisfaction, I heard this with a very sensible pleasure. But as I have long learned to submit my own interests to yours, I could not but regret there was a likelihood of your being so soon called off from one of the most advantageous opportunities of improvement that can attend a sensible mind. An ingenious Italian author of your acquaintance compares a judicious traveller to a river, which increases its stream the farther it flows from its source; or to certain springs, which running through rich veins of mineral, improve their qualities as they pass along. It were pity then you should be checked in so useful a progress, and diverted from a course, from whence you may derive so many noble advantages. You have hitherto, I imagine, been able to do little more than lay in materials for your main design. But six months now, would give you a truer notion of what is worthy of observation in the countries through which you pass, than twice that time when you were less acquainted with the languages. The truth is, till a man is capable of conversing with ease among the natives of any country, he can never be able to form a just and adequate idea of their policy and manners. He who sits at a play without understanding the dialect, may indeed discover which of the actors are best dressed, and how well the scenes are painted or disposed; but the characters and conduct of the drama must for ever remain a secret to him. Adieu. I am, &c.

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## LETTER V.

TO CLYTANDER.

**I**F I had been a party in the conversation you mention, I should have joined, I believe, with your friend in supporting those sentiments you seem to condemn. I will venture indeed to acknowledge, that I have long been of opinion, the moderns pay too blind a deference to the antients; and though I have the highest veneration for several of their remains, yet I am inclined to think they have occasioned us the loss of some excellent originals. They are the proper and best guides, I allow, to those who have not the force to break out into new paths. But whilst it is thought sufficient praise to be their followers, genius is checked in her flights, and many a fair tract lies undiscovered in the boundless regions of imagination. Thus, had Virgil trusted more to his native strength, the Romans, perhaps, might have seen an original Epic in their language. But Homer was considered by that admired poet as the sacred object of his first and principal attention; and he seemed to think it the noblest triumph of genius, to be adorned with the spoils of that glorious chief.

You will tell me, perhaps, that even Homer himself was indebted to the antients; that the full streams he dispensed, did not flow from his own source, but were derived to him from an higher. This, I acknowledge, has been asserted; but asserted without proof, and, I may venture to add, without probability. He seems to have stood alone and unsupported; and to have stood, for that very reason, so much the nobler object of admiration. Scarce indeed, I imagine, would his works have received that high regard

which was paid to them from their liest appearance, had they been fit upon prior models, had they shone with reflected light.

But will not this servile humo subjecting the powers of invention guidance of the ancients, account some degree at least, for our meeting so small a number of authors who claim the merit of being original: not this a kind of submission, that d the fire and weakens the vigour of mind? For the antients seem to be sidered by us as so many guards to vent the free excursions of imagination and set bounds to her flight. Will they ought rather to be looked (the few, I mean, who are themselves originals) as encouragements to and uncontroled exertion of her ties. But if here or there a courage enough to trust to his own assisted reach of thought, his ex does not seem so much to incite to make the same adventurous attempt as to confirm them in the humble sition of imitation. For if he succeeds he immediately becomes himself the cation of a thousand models: if he not, he is pointed out as a discour instance of the folly of renouncing established leaders which antiquity authorized. Thus invention is d sord, and genius enslaved: the ci power of poetry is lost, and the inge instead of exerting that productive ty which alone can render them t objects of admiration, are humbled tented with borrowing both the ma and the plans of their mimic stru I am, &c.

## LETTER VI.

TO ORONTES.

MARCH 10,

**T**HERE is nothing, perhaps, where in mankind are more frequently mistaken, than in the judgments which they pass on each other. The stronger lines, indeed, in every man's character, must always be marked too clearly and

distinctly to deceive even the most less observer; and no one, I am p ed, was ever esteemed in the gen eration of the world as highly deficient his moral or intellectual qualities did not justly merit his reputation.

nly of those more nice and delicate which distinguish the several degrees of probity and good-sense, and the quantum (if I may so express it) of human merit. The powers of the mind are so often concealed by modesty, timidity, and a thousand accidental affections; and the complexion of her moral operations is so entirely on those internal sources from whence they proceed; and who form their notions of casual and distant views, must inevitably be led into very erroneous conclusions. Even Orontes, with all his sagacity and penetration, is not, I perceive, perfectly secure from mistakes of this kind; and the sentiments you express in your last letter concerning Varus, by no means agreeable to his character.

It may be acknowledged at the same time that Varus is an exception to all the general rules: neither his head nor his heart is exactly to be discovered by the usual rules, which are usually supposed to point directly to the genius and character of other men. Thus with a mind that will scarce serve him for the purposes of life, with an imagination even more slow than his memory, with an attention that could not pass through the easiest proposition, he has a sound and excellent judgment joined to a refined and delicate taste. But the rectitude of his mind seems to arise less from reflection and sensation; rather from certain feelings which the objects that present themselves to his consideration occasion in his mind, than from any of those active faculties which are capable of exerting for that purpose.

His conversation is unentertaining: for though he talks a great deal, all that he utters is delivered with labour and hesitation. Not that his ideas are really dark and confused; but because he is never contented to convey them in the first words that occur. Like the orator mentioned by Tully, *metuens ne vitiosum colligeret, etiam verum sanguinem perdebat*, he expresses himself ill by always endeavouring to express himself better. His reading cannot so properly be said to have rendered him knowing, as not ignorant: it has rather enlarged, than filled his mind.

His temper is as singular as his genius, and both equally mistaken by those who only know him a little. If you were to judge of him by his general appearance, you would believe him incapable of all the more delicate sensations: nevertheless, under a rough and boisterous behaviour, he conceals a heart full of tenderness and humanity. He has a sensibility of nature, indeed, beyond what I ever observed in any other man; and I have often seen him affected by those little circumstances, which would make no impression on a mind of less exquisite feelings. This extreme sensibility in his temper influences his speculations as well as his actions, and he hovers between various hypotheses without settling upon any, by giving importance to these minute difficulties which would not be strong enough to suspend a more active and vigorous mind. In a word, Varus is in the number of those whom it is impossible not to admire or not to despise; and at the same time that he is the esteem of all his friends, he is the contempt of all his acquaintance. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER VII.

TO HORTENSIVS.

YOUR excellent brawn wanted no additional recommendation to make it acceptable, but that of your command. However, though I cannot share my friend, I devote it to his memory and make daily offerings of it to divinity, whose temples, though long neglected, were once held in the highest veneration: she is mentioned by the ancient authors under the name

and title of *DIVA AMICITIA*. To her I bring the victim you have furnished me with, in all the pomp of Roman rites. Wreathed with the sacred *vitis*, and crowned with a branch of rosemary, I place it on an altar of well-polished mahogany, where I pour libations over it of acid wine, and sprinkle it with flour of mustard. I deal out certain portions to those who assist at this social ceremony.



ny, reminding them, with an *Hoc age*, of the important business upon which they are assembled; and conclude the festival with this votive couplet:

Cloze as this brawn the circling fillet binds  
May friendship's sacred bands unite our  
      mind!

Farewel. I am, &c.

## LETTER VIII.

TO CLYTANDER.

JULY 2, 1736.

**Y**OU must have been greatly distressed indeed, Clytander, when you thought of calling me in as your auxiliary, in the debate you mention. Or was it not rather a motive of generosity which suggested that design? and you were willing, perhaps, I should share the glory of a victory which you had already secured. Whatever your intention was, mine is always to comply with your requests; and I very readily enter the lists, when I am at once to combat in the cause of truth and on the side of my friend.

It is not necessary, I think, in order to establish the credibility of a particular Providence, to deduce it (as your objector, I find, seems to require) from known and indisputed facts. I should be exceedingly cautious in pointing out any supposed instances of that kind; as those who are fond of indulging themselves in determining the precise cases wherein they imagine the immediate interposition of the Divinity is discoverable, often run into the weakest and most injurious superstitions. It is impossible indeed, unless we were capable of looking through the whole chain of things, and of viewing each effect in it's remote connections and final issues, to pronounce of any contingency, that it is absolutely and in it's ultimate tendencies either good or bad. That can only be known by the great Author of nature, who comprehends the full extent of our total existence, and sees the influence which every particular circumstance will have in the general sum of our happiness. But though the peculiar points of divine interposition are thus necessarily, and from the natural imperfection of our discerning faculties, extremely dubious; yet it can by no means from thence be justly inferred, that the doctrine of a particular Providence is either groundless or absurd: the general principle may be true, though the application of it to any given

purpose be involved in very inextricable difficulties.

The notion, that the material world is governed by general mechanical laws, has induced your friend to argue, That it is probable the Deity should act by the same rule of conduct in the intellectual; and leave moral agents entirely to those consequences which necessarily result from the particular exercise of their original powers. But this hypothesis takes a question for granted, which requires much proof before it can be admitted. The grand principle which preserves this system of the universe in all it's harmonious order, is gravity, or that property by which all the particles of matter mutually tend to each other. Now this is a power which, it is acknowledged, does not essentially reside in matter, but must be ultimately derived from the action of some immaterial cause. Why therefore may it not reasonably be supposed to be the effect of the divine agency, immediately and constantly operating for the preservation of this wonderful machine of nature? Certain, at least, it is, that the explication which Sir Isaac Newton has endeavoured to give of this wonderful phenomenon, by means of his subtilty, has not afforded universal satisfaction: and it is the opinion of a very great writer, who seems to have gone far into enquiries of this abstruse kind, that the numberless effects of this power are inexplicable upon mechanical principle or in any other way than by having recourse to a spiritual agent, who connects, moves, and disposes all things according to such methods as best comport with his incomprehensible purpose.

But successful villainy and oppressive virtue are deemed, I perceive, in the count of your friend, as powerful instances to prove, that the Supreme Being remains an uninterposing spectator what is transacted upon this theatre of the world. However, ere this arg



in have a determining weight, be proved (which yet, surely, in be proved) that prosperous in—as all those advantages in reality it may seem to have in appearance; and that those accidents which ally esteemed as calamities, do in and in the just scale of things, to be distinguished by that opinion. It is a noble saying of the philosopher cited by Seneca, That there be a more unhappy man in the than he who has never experienced adversity. There is nothing, person in which mankind are more apt to false calculations, than in the both of their own happiness and others; as there are few, I believe who have lived any time in the but have found frequent occasions for the poor hunted stag in the field, who was entangled by those he had but just before been admiring;

*felicius qui nunc deum intelligo,  
mihi profuerint quæ despexeram,  
laudaram quantum lucus habuerint!*

PHIL.

look back upon the sentiments of ages, we shall find, the opinion for I am contending has prevailed the remotest account of time. It undoubtedly have entered the as early as Religion herself; since institutions of that kind must necessarily be founded upon the supposition of particular Providence. It appears to have been the favourite doctrine of some of the most distinguished in antiquity. Xenophon tells us, Cyrus led out his army against the Syrians, the word which he gave his soldiers was, ΖΕΥΣ ΣΤΗΜΑΧΟΣ ΕΜΩΝ, 'Jupiter the defender and leader;' and he represents that as attributing success, even in the of the field, to divine Providence. likewise, Timoleon (as the author of his life assures us) believed every of mankind to be under the immediate influence of the gods: and Livy

remarks of the first Scipio Africanus that he never undertook any important affair, either of private or public concern, without going to the Capitol in order to implore the assistance of Jupiter. Balbus the Stoic, in the dialogue on the nature of the gods, expressly declares for a particular providence: and Cicero himself, in one of his orations, imputes that superior glory which attended the Roman nation, singly to this animating persuasion. But none of the ancients seem to have had a stronger impression of this truth upon their minds, than the immortal Homer. Every page in the works of that divine poet will furnish proofs of this observation. I cannot however forbear mentioning one or two remarkable instances, which just now occur to me. When the Grecian chiefs cast lots which of them should accept the challenge of Hector, the poet describes the army as lifting up their eyes and hands to heaven, and imploring the gods that they would direct the lot to fall on one of their most distinguished heroes:

Αἰοί—Δεῦσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνίσταν,  
ὅδε τις εἰπόμεν, ἴδ' ὅν τις ἑμῶν σωθῆν·  
Ζεὺ πάτερ, ἢ Λίαῖνα λαχέιν, ἢ Τυδῆος υἱόν,  
ἢ αὐτὸν Βασίληα πολυχρυσόοιο Μενέλαον·

So likewise Antenor proposes to the Trojans the restitution of Helen, as having no hopes, he tells them, that any thing would succeed with them after they had broken the faith of treaties:

τὸν ὅρκα πρὶν  
Ψευδαμένου μαχόμεσθ'· τί ν' ἢ τι κέρδιον  
ἡμῖν  
ἐλθόμεν ἐκτάλυσθαι†.

And indeed Homer hardly ever makes his heroes succeed (as his excellent translator justly observes) unless they have first offered a prayer to Heaven. 'He is perpetually,' says Mr. Pope, 'acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to that alone all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or

- \* The people pray with lifted eyes and hands,  
And vows like those ascend from all the bands—  
† Grant, thou Almighty, in whose hand is fate,  
A worthy champion for the Grecian state:  
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,  
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd of Jove. POPE.

† The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,  
Our impious battles the just gods provoke. POPE.

punish-

• punishments of men. The grand moral laid down at the entrance of his poem, "ΔΙΟΙ ΠΡΟΒΛΕΠΟΝ ΘΕΩΝ, *The will of God was fulfilled*," runs through his whole work, and is, with a most remarkable care and conduct, put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion.'

Upon the whole, Clytander, we may safely assert, that the belief of a particular Providence is founded upon such probable reasons as may well justify our assent. It would scarce, therefore, be wise to renounce an opinion, which affords so firm a support to the soul in those seasons wherein she stands most in need of assistance, merely because it is not possible, in questions of this kind, to solve every difficulty which attends them. If it be highly consonant to our general notions of the benevolence of the Deity (as highly consonant it surely is) that he should not leave so impotent a creature as man, to the single guidance

of his own precarious fact would abandon a belief so most enlivening consolation, and with those metaphysical which are usually calculated silence, than to satisfy, an inquirer after truth? Who in wish to be convinced, that he guarded by that heavenly shield can protect him against all of an injurious and malevolent The truth is, the belief of providence is the most advantageous that the mind of man can embrace: it gives strength to and firmness to our resolutions; it draws out the sting of affliction; it is like the golden word, which Virgil's hero was denied, it affords the only secure passage through the regions of darkness and

I am, &c.

## LETTER IX.

TO TIMOCLEA.

JUL.

IT is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving Riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and deserves to make a part in the education of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art, indeed, which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems, which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For, as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful ad-

vantage in every branch of knowledge, by habituating the mind to separate ideas, and consequently to free it from that grand source of error, being deceived by false connections. In short, Timoclea, this young science contains the sum of good policy; and as there is no passing the world without sometimes meeting with fools and knaves, who chuse to be master of the art, in order, on proper occasions, to lead aside craft and to keep from their aim, by the convulsion of a prudent disguise? Is it not the maxim of a very wise prince, who knows not how to dissent, not how to reign: and I desire to receive it as mine, That he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live.

But besides the general use of this art, it will have a far more commendation to all true admirers of equity, as being practised by considerable personages of the world. It is almost three thousand years since Samson proposed his riddle so well known; though

cates for antient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But, as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most curious work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you will receive by perusing his ingenious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several riddles, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle, which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jö.

I am inclined to think, indeed, that the antients in general were such admirers of this art, as to inscribe riddles upon their tomb-stones, and that, not satisfied with puzzling the world in their life-time, they bequeathed enigmatical legacies to the public after their decease. My conjecture is founded upon an an-

tient inscription, which I will venture to quote to you, though it is in Latin, as your friend and neighbour the antiquarian will, I am persuaded, be very glad of obliging you with a dissertation upon it. Be pleased then to ask him, whether he does not think that the following inscription favours my sentiments—

VIATORES. OPTIME.  
NE. NVGIS. GRYPHIS. AMBAGIBVSQVE.  
MEIS. CONDONARE. POSCIMUS.

However this may be, it is certain that it was one of the great entertainments of the pastoral life, and therefore, if for no other reason, highly deserving the attention of our modern Arcadians. You remember, I dare say, the riddle which the shepherd Dametas proposes to Mænalca in Dryden's Virgil—

Say where the round of heav'n, which all contains,  
To three short ells on earth our sight restrains:  
Tell That, and rise a Phœbus for thy pains.

This ænigma, which has exercised the guesses of many a learned critic, remains yet unexplained: which I mention, not only as an instance of the wonderful penetration which is necessary to render a man a compleat adept in this most noble science, but as an incitement to you to employ your skill in attempting the solution. And now, Timoclea, what will your grave friend say, who reproached you, it seems, for your riddling genius, when he shall find you are thus able to defend your favourite study by the lofty examples of kings, commentators, and poets? I am, &c.

## LETTER X.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

**HARDLY**, I imagine, were you in earnest, when you required my thoughts upon Friendship: for, to give you the truest idea of that generous intercourse, may I not justly refer you back to the sentiments of your own heart? I am sure, at least, I have learned to improve my own notions of that refined affection, by those instances which I have observed in yourself; as it is from thence I have received the clearest conviction, that it derives all its strength and stability from virtue and good-sense.

There is not, perhaps, a quality more uncommon in the world, than that which is necessary to form a man for this refined commerce: for however sociableness may be esteemed a just characteristic of our species; *friendliness*, I am persuaded, will scarce be found to enter into its general definition. The qualifications requisite to support and conduct friendship in all its strength and extent, do not seem to be sufficiently diffused among the human race, to render them the distinguishing marks of mankind; unless

generosity and good-sense should be allowed (what they never can be allowed) universally to prevail. On the contrary, how few are in possession of those most amiable of endowments? how few are capable of that noble elevation of mind, which raises a man above those little jealousies and rivalships that shoot up in the paths of common amities?

We should not, indeed, so often hear complaints of the inconstancy and falseness of friends, if the world in general were more cautious than they usually are, in forming connections of this kind. But the misfortune is, our friendships are apt to be too *forward*, and thus either fall off in the blossom, or never arrive at just maturity. It is an excellent piece of advice, therefore, that the poet Martial gives upon this occasion—

*Tu tantum inspice qui novus paratur,  
An possit fieri vetus f. dalls.*

Were I to make trial of any person's qualifications for an union of so much delicacy, there is no part of his conduct I would sooner single out, than to observe him in his resentments. And this, not upon the maxim frequently advanced, That the best friends make the bitterest enemies; but on the contrary, because I am persuaded, that he who is capable of being a bitter enemy, can never possess the necessary virtues that constitute a true friend. For must he not want generosity (that most essential principle of an amicable combination) who can be so mean as to indulge a spirit of *settled* revenge, and coolly triumph in the oppression of an adversary? Accordingly there is no circumstance in the character of the excellent Agricola, that gives me a higher notion of the true heroism of his mind, than what the historian of his life mentions concerning his conduct in this particular instance. *Ex iracundia*, says Tacitus, *nihil supererat: secretum et silentium ejus non timeres*. His elevated spirit was too great to suffer his resentment to survive the occasion of it; and those who provoked his indignation, had nothing to apprehend from the *secret* and silent

workings of unextinguished in the practice, it must be owned. I might have said, the principle the world runs strongly on the contrary disposition; and thus addition to that generous sentiment admired orator, which I have heard you quote with approval, friendships are mortal, while enmities only that never die.

But though judgment must materials of this goodly friendship affection that gives the cement as well as reason should forming a firm and lasting Hence, perhaps, it is, that the most powerful but the most lasting ships are usually the produce of season of our lives, when we are susceptible of the warm and impressions. The connections we enter in any after-period, strength as our passions abate and there is not, I believe, a stance of a vigorous friendship struck root in a bosom chilled. How irretrievable then is to those best and fairest acquisitions youth? Seneca, taking notice of the lamenting, upon the occasion, the death of and Agrippa, observes, that could instant repair the deluge whole fleets and armies, and after a general conflagration, her ashes even with more lustre; was yet unable, during life, to fill up those lasting voids his friendship: a reflection, minds me of renewing my soul that you would be more cautious of a life which I have so sons to love and honour. For an accident of the same kind rate (and what other accident rate) the happy union which I substituted between us, where retrieve so severe a loss? I am disposed to enter into new habits extend the little circle of my ships: happy if I may but firm and unbroken to the element of my life! Adieu. I

## LETTER. XI.

TO HORTENSIVS.

AUGUST 12, 1742.

IF any thing could tempt me to read the Latin poem you mention, it would be your recommendation. But shall I venture to own, that I have no taste for modern compositions of that kind? There is one prejudice which always remains with me against them, and which I have never yet found cause to renounce: no true genius, I am persuaded, would submit to write any considerable poem in a dead language. A poet who glows with the genuine fire of a warm and lively imagination, will find the copiousness of his own native English scarce sufficient to convey his ideas in all their strength and energy. The most comprehensive language sinks under the weight of great conceptions; and a pregnant imagination disdains to flint the natural growth of her thoughts to the confined standard of classical expression. An ordinary genius, indeed, may be humbly contented to pursue words through indexes and dictionaries, and tamely borrow phrases from Horace and Virgil; but could the elevated invention of Milton, or the brilliant sense of Pope, have ingloriously submitted to lower the force and majesty of the most exalted and nervous sentiments, to the scanty measure of the Roman dialect? For copiousness is by no means in the number of those advantages which attend the Latin language, as many of the ancients have both confessed and lamented. Thus Lucretius and Seneca complain of it's deficiency with respect to subjects of philosophy; as Pliny the younger owns he found it incapable of furnishing him with proper terms, in compositions of wit and humour. But if the Romans themselves found their language thus penurious, in it's entire and most ample supplies; how much more contracted must it be to us, who are only in possession of it's broken and scattered remains?

To say truth, I have observed in most of the modern Latin poems which I have accidentally run over, a remarkable barrenness of sentiment, and have generally found the poet degraded into the parodist. It is usually the little dealers

on Parnassus, who have not a sufficient stock of genius to launch out into a more enlarged commerce with the Muses, that hawk about these classical gleanings. The style of these performances always puts me in mind of Harlequin's snuff, which he collected by borrowing a pinch out of every man's box he could meet, and then retailed it to his customers under the pompous title of *tabac de mille fleurs*. Half a line from Virgil or Lucretius, pieced out with a bit from Horace or Juvenal, is generally the motley mixture which enters into compositions of this sort. One may apply to these jack-daw poets with their stolen feathers, what Martial says to a contemporary plagiarist—

*Stat contra dicique tibi tua pagina: Fur es:*

This kind of theft, indeed, every man must necessarily commit, who sets up for a poet in a dead language. For, to express himself with propriety, he must not only be sure that every single word which he uses, is authorized by the best writers; but he must not even venture to throw them out of that particular combination in which he finds them connected; otherwise he may run into the most barbarous solecisms. To explain my meaning by an instance from modern language: the French words *arene* and *rive*, are both to be met with in their approved authors; and yet if a foreigner, unacquainted with the niceties of that language, should take the liberty of bringing those two words together as in the following verse,

*Sur la rive du fleuve amassant de l'arene;*

he would be exposed to the ridicule, not only of the critics, but of the most ordinary mechanic in Paris. For the idiom of the French tongue will not admit of the expression *sur la rive du fleuve*, but requires the phrase *sur le bord de la riviere*; as they never say, *amasser de l'arene*, but *du sable*. The same observation may be extended to all languages whether living or dead. But as no reasonings from analogy can be of the least force in determining the idiomatic proprieties of any language whatsoever.

a modern Latin poet has no other method of being sure of avoiding absurdities of this kind, than to take whole phrases as he finds them formed to his hands. Thus, instead of accommodating his expression to his sentiment, (if any he should have) he must necessarily bend his sentiment to his expression, as he is not at liberty to strike out into that boldness of style, and those unexpected combinations of words, which give such grace and energy to the thoughts of every true genius. True genius, indeed, is as much discovered by style, as by any other distinction; and every eminent writer, without indulging any unwarranted licences, has a language which he derives from himself, and which is peculiarly and literally his own.

I would recommend therefore to these empty echoes of the antients, which owe their voice to the ruins of Rome, the advice of an old philosopher to an affected orator of his times: *Vive moribus præteritis*, said he, *loquere verbis præsentibus*. Let these poets form their conduct, if they please, by the manners of the antients; but if they would prove their genius, it must be by the language of the moderns. I would not, however, have you imagine, that I exclude all merit from a qualification of this kind. To be skilled in the mechanism of Latin verse, is a talent, I confess, extremely worthy of a pedagogue; as it is an exercise of singular advantage to his pupils. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XII.

TO AMASIA.

JULY 8, 1744.

**I**F good manners will not justify my long silence, policy at least will: and you must confess there is some prudence in not owning a debt one is incapable of paying. I have the mortification, indeed, to find myself engaged in a commerce which I have not a sufficient fund to support; though I must add, at the same time, if you expect an equal return of entertainment for that which your letters afford, I know not where you will find a correspondent. You will scarcely at least look for him in the desert, or hope for any thing very lively from a man who is obliged to seek his companions among the dead. You who dwell in a land flowing with mirth and good humour, meet with many a gallant occurrence worthy of record: but what can a village produce, which is more famous for repose than for action, and is so much behind the manners of the present age, as scarce to have got out of the simplicity of the first? The utmost of our humour rises no higher than punch; and all that we know of Assemblies, is once a year round our May-pole. Thus unqualified, as I am, to contribute to *your* amusement, I am as much at a loss to supply my *own*; and am obliged to have recourse to a thousand stratagems to help me off with those lingering hours, which run so *swiftly, it seems, by you*. As one cannot

always, you know, be playing at push-pin, I sometimes employ myself with a less philosophical diversion; and either pursue butterflies, or hunt rhymes, as the weather and the seasons permit. This morning not proving very favourable to my sports of the field, I contented myself with those under covert; and as I am not at present supplied with any thing better for your entertainment, will you suffer me to set before you some of my game?

### A T A L E.

**E**RE Saturn's sons were yet disgrac'd,  
And heathen gods were all the taste,  
Full oft (we read) 'twas Jove's high will  
To take the air on Ida's hill.  
It chanc'd, as once, with serious ken,  
He view'd from thence the ways of men,  
He saw (and pity touch'd his breast)  
The world by three foul fiends possess'd.  
Pale Discord there, and Folly vain,  
With haggard Vice, upheld their reign.  
Then forth he sent his summons high,  
And call'd a senate of the sky.  
Round as the winged orders prest,  
Jove thus his sacred mind express'd—  
‘ Say, which of all this shining train  
‘ Will Virtue's conflict hard sustain?  
‘ For see! the godding takes her flight,  
‘ While not a god supports her right.’  
He paus'd—when, from amidst the sky,  
Wit, Innocence, and Harmony,

With

ited zeal arose,  
 grants to oppose,  
 from the realms of day,  
 as speed, they took their way:  
 idle direct their car,  
 with the ev'ning star.  
 road a mansion flood,  
 a circling wood.  
 us'd, their steps they bend,  
 re chance, to find a friend.  
 air hope; for records say  
 from thence was turn'd away.  
 he traveller's common chance,  
 iteous plea advance.  
 ale that Wit had feign'd,  
 easy soon obtain'd.  
 : who own'd, adorn'd the place;  
 ing daughters added grace.  
 ith gentlest manners blest  
 sweet, each heart possess;  
 her, catch'd the tender flame,  
 nasia was her name.  
 fence and polish'd air,  
 with Mira might compare?  
 r's eyes, and Lucia's lyre,  
 ad love inspire.  
 ow the table clear,  
 n ev'ry face appear:  
 he tale, the jest, went round,  
 ark, the trick profound.  
 dmirring and admir'd,  
 id guests at length retir'd;  
 thus spake her sister—train—  
 nds, our errand is but vain.

' Quick let us measure back the sky;  
 ' These nymphs alone may well supply  
 ' Wit, Innocence, and Harmony.'

}

You see to what expedient Solitude has reduced me, when I am thus forced to string rhymes, as boys do birds eggs, in order to while away my idle hours. But a gayer scene is, I trust, approaching; and the day will shortly, I hope, arrive, when I shall only complain that it steals away too fast. It is not from any improvement in the objects which surround me, that I expect this wondrous change; nor yet that a longer familiarity will render them more agreeable. It is from a promise I received, that Amasia will visit the hermit in his cell, and disperse the gloom of a solitaire by the cheerfulness of her conversation. What inducements shall I mention to prevail with you to hasten that day? Shall I tell you, that I have a bower over-arched with jessamine? that I have an oak which is the favourite haunt of a dryad? that I have a plantation, which flourishes with all the verdure of May, in the midst of all the cold of December? Or, may I not hope that I have something still more prevailing with you than all these, as I can with truth assure you, that I have a heart which is faithfully yours, &c.

## LETTER XIII.

TO PHILOTES.

I G all the advantages which  
 friendship, there is not one  
 ble than the liberty it admits  
 pen the various affections of  
 , without reserve or disguise.  
 omething in disclosing to a  
 occasional emotions of one's  
 wonderfully contributes to  
 lay it's perturbations, in all  
 nitive or anxious moments.  
 eed, seems to have cast us with  
 isposition to communication:  
 he same time it must be ac-  
 l, there are few to whom one  
 be communicative. Have I  
 then, to esteem it as one of  
 irable circumstances of my  
 dare, without scruple, or  
 sh aloud to Philotes? It is  
 xercise that happy privilege,  
 up my pen; and you must ex-  
 in this letter but the picture

of my heart in one of it's splenetic hours. There are certain seasons, perhaps, in every man's life, when he is dissatisfied with himself and every thing around him, without being able to give a substantial reason for being so. At least I am unwilling to think, that this dark cloud, which at present hangs over my mind, is peculiar to my constitution, and never gathers in any breast but my own. It is much more, however, my concern to dissipate this vapour in myself, than to discover that it sometimes arises in others: as there is no disposition a man would rather endeavour to cherish, than a constant aptitude of being pleased. But my practice will not always credit my philosophy; and I find it much easier to point out my disemper than to remove it. After all, is it not a mortifying consideration, that the powers of reason should be less prevalent than



than those of matter; and that a page of Seneca cannot raise the spirits, when a pint of claret will? It might, methinks, somewhat abate the insolence of human pride to consider, that it is but increasing or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids in the animal machine, to elate the soul with the gayest hopes, or sink her into the deepest despair; to depress the hero into a coward, or advance the coward into a hero. It is to some such mechanical cause I am inclined to attribute the present gloominess of my mind: at the same

time I will confess, there is in that very consideration wh strength to the fit, and renders it the more difficult to throw off. Tell me, is it not a discouragement to find one's self *servile* (Spenser expresses it) *to every passion*, and the sport of every passion to owe the ease of one's mind to the disposition of one's or but almost to that of every other surrounds us? Adieu. I an

## LETTER XIV.

TO ORONTES.

THE passage you quote is entirely in my sentiments. I agree both with that celebrated author and yourself, that our Oratory is by no means in a state of perfection; and though it has much strength and solidity, that it may yet be rendered far more polished and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in those countries where she flourished most, has ever been exceedingly slow. Athens had been in possession of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretensions to the persuasive arts were in any degree considerable; as the earliest orator of note among the Romans did not appear sooner than about a century before Tully.

That great master of persuasion, taking notice of this remarkable circumstance, assigns it as an evidence of the superior difficulty of his favourite art. Possibly there may be some truth in the observation: but whatever the cause be, the fact, I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances in our own country, with her sister arts; and though we have seen some excellent poets, and a few good painters, rise up amongst us, yet I know not whether our nation can supply us with a single orator of deserved eminence. One cannot but be surprized at this, when it is considered, that we have a profession set apart for the purposes of persuasion; and which not only affords the most animating and interesting topics of rhetoric, but wherein a talent of this kind would prove the likeliest, perhaps, of any other to obtain those ambitious prizes which were

thought to contribute so much successful progress of ancient

Among the principal defect English orators, their general of harmony has, I think, been observed. It would be unjust to deny that we have some parts of this kind amongst us, tolerable: but it must be acknowledged the same time, that it is more of accident than design, and proof of the power of our language of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotson, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this eloquence to it's highest perfection to have had no sort of notion of cal numbers: and may I venture, to add, without hazarding censure, that an affected singularity think no man had ever less fit to genuine oratory, than this preacher? If any thing could flame of eloquence in the best orator, there is no occasion upon one should imagine, it would likely to break out, than in the departed merit: yet the two which he preached upon the Mr. Gouge and Dr. Which cold and languid performance ever, perhaps, produced upon animating subject. One can but regret, that he, who also such noble and generous should want the art of setting with all the advantage they derive the sublime in morals should be attended with a suitable elevation of language. The truth, however

words are frequently ill-chosen, and almost always ill-placed; his periods are both tedious and unharmonious; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were easy to produce numberless instances in support of this assertion. Thus in his sermon preached before Queen Anne, when she was Princess of Denmark, he talks of *squeezing* a parable, *trusting* religion by, *driving* a strict bargain with God, *parting shifts*, &c. and speaking of the day of judgment, he describes the world as *tracking about our ears*. I cannot however but acknowledge, in justice to the oratorical character of this most valuable prelate, that there is a noble simplicity in some few of his sermons; as his excellent discourse on *sincerity* deserves to be mentioned with particular applause.

But to show his deficiency in the article I am considering at present, the following stricture will be sufficient, among many others that might be cited to the same purpose. 'One might be apt,' says he, 'to think at first view, that this parable was *over done*, and wanted something of a due decorum; it being hardly credible, that a man, after he had been so mercifully and generously dealt *withal*, as upon his humble request to have *so huge* a debt so freely forgiven, should, whilst the memory of so much mercy was fresh upon him, even in the very next moment, *handle* his fellow-servant, who had made the same humble request to him which he had *done* to his Lord, with so much roughness and cruelty, for so inconsiderable a sum.'

This whole period (not to mention other objections which might justly be raised against it) is unmusical throughout; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are most miserably loose and disjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was so exquisitely refined, as not always to be satisfied even when he read Demosthenes; how would it have been offended at the harshness and dissonance of so unharmonious a sentence?

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater distance from that of the ancients, than this Gothic arrangement; as those wonderful effects, which sometimes attended their elocution, were, in all probability, chiefly owing to their *skill in musical conceptions*. It was by

the charm of numbers, united with the strength of reason, that Tully confounded the audacious Catiline, and silenced the eloquent Hortensius. It was this that deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he rose up to oppose that great master of enchanting rhetoric: it was this, in a word, made even Cæsar himself tremble; nay, what is yet more extraordinary, made Cæsar alter his determined purpose, and acquit the man he had resolved to condemn.

You will not suspect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous composition, when you recollect the instance which Tully produces of it's wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatises, that he was himself a witness of it's influence as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following sentence, *Patris dictum sapiens, temeritas filii comprobavit*—it was astonishing, says he, to observe the general applause which followed that harmonious close. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occasion; and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with it's genuine emphasis and cadence. We are certain, however, that the music of it consisted in the *dissonance* with which it is terminated: for Cicero himself assures us, that if the final measure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been absolutely destroyed.

This art was first introduced among the Greeks by Thrasymachus, though some of the admirers of Isocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been observed by the Romans till near the times of Tully, and even then it was by no means universally received. The antient and less numerous manner of composition, had still many admirers, who were such enthusiasts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A disposition of the same kind may, perhaps, prevent it's being received with us; and while the archbishop shall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this species of eloquence. That strength of understanding likewise and solidity of reason, which is so eminently our national characteristic, may add somewhat

Somewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a study of this kind; as at first glance it may seem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a sacrifice of sense to sound. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which succeeded the dissolution of the Roman republic, this art was so perverted from its true end as to become the single study of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quintilian, assures us it was the ridiculous boast of certain orators in the time of the declension of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being set to music, and sung upon the stage. But it must be

remembered, that the true end I am recommending, is to supersede reason; that it is being necessarily effeminate, only adds grace but strenuous powers of persuasion. For Tully and Quintilian, those masters of numerous composition, set it down as a fixed and inviolable rule that it must never appear the labour in the orator; that the beauty of his periods must always be the usual result of their disposition; it is the highest offence again to weaken the expression, to give a more musical tone to it. In short, that no unmeaning words to be thrown in merely to fill up the measure, but that the rise in sense as they improve I am, &c.

## LETTER XV.

TO CLEORA.

AUGUST

**T**HOUGH it is but a few hours since I parted from my Cleora; yet I have already, you see, taken up my pen to write to her. You must not expect, however, in this, or in any of my future letters, that I say fine things to you; since I only intend to tell you true ones. My heart is too full to be regular, and too sincere to be ceremonious. I have changed the manner, not the style of my former conversations: and I write to you, as I used to talk to you, without form or art. Tell me then, with the same undissembled sincerity, what effect this absence has upon your usual cheerfulness? as I will honestly confess on

my own part, that I am too much to wish a circumstance, so little consistent with my own repose, should render me reconcilable to yours. I am tempted, however, to pursue my pen, and divert myself by writing to you recommended to my thoughts. It is impossible, I perceive, to get the mind at once from an object it has long dwelt upon with affection. My heart, like a poor bird hunted from her nest, is still returning to the place of its affections. Some vain efforts to fly off, to leave some vain efforts to fly off, so where all its cares and all its affections are centered. Adieu.

## LETTER XVI.

TO PHILOTES.

AUGUST

**I** FEAR I shall lose all my credit with you as a gardener, by this specimen which I venture to send you of the produce of my walls. The snails, indeed, have had more than their share of my peaches and nectarines this season; but will you not smile when I tell

you, that I deem it a sort of luxury to suffer them to be destroyed? I scarce dare to acknowledge my selfishness, (as the generality of the world would call it) had I been encouraged, by many agreeable assurances, that I may safely lay open to

sentiment of my heart. To confess the truth then, I have some scruples with respect to the liberty we assume in the unlimited destruction of these lower orders of existence. I know not upon what principle of reason and justice it is, that mankind have founded their right over the lives of every creature that is placed in a subordinate rank of being to themselves. Whatever claim they may have in right of food and self-defence, did they extend their privilege no farther than those articles would reasonably carry them, numberless beings might enjoy their lives in peace, who are now hurried out of them by the most wanton and unnecessary cruelties. I cannot, indeed, discover why it should be thought less inhumane to crush to death a harmless insect, whose single offence is that he eats that food which nature has prepared for it's sustenance; than it would be, were I to kill any more bulky creature for the same reason. There are few tempers so hardened to the impressions of humanity, as not to shudder at the thought of the latter; and yet the former is universally practised without the least check of compassion. This seems to arise from the gross error of supposing, that every creature is really in itself contemptible, which happens to be clothed with a body infinitely disproportionate to our own; not considering that *great* and *little* are merely relative terms. But the inimitable Shakespeare would teach us, that

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

And this is not thrown out in the latitude of poetical imagination, but supported by the discoveries of the most improved philosophy: for there is every reason to believe that the sensations of many insects are as exquisite as those of creatures of far more enlarged dimensions; perhaps even more so. The millepedes, for instance, rolls itself round, upon the slightest touch; and the snail gathers in her horns upon the least approach of your hand. Are not these the strongest indications of *their* sensibility? and is

it any evidence of *ours*, that we are not therefore induced to treat them with a more sympathizing tenderness?

I was extremely pleased with a sentiment I met with the other day in honest Montaigne. That good-natured author remarks, that there is a certain general claim of kindness and benevolence which every species of creatures has a right to from us. It is to be regretted, that this generous maxim is not more attended to, in the affair of education, and pressed home upon tender minds in it's full extent and latitude. I am far, indeed, from thinking that the early delight which children discover in tormenting flies, &c. is a mark of any innate cruelty of temper; because this turn may be accounted for upon other principles, and it is entertaining unworthy notions of the Deity to suppose he forms mankind with a propensity to the most detestable of all dispositions. But most certainly, by being unrestrained in sports of this kind, they may acquire by habit what they never would have learned from nature, and grow up into a confirmed inattention to every kind of suffering but their own. Accordingly the supreme court of judicature at Athens thought an instance of this sort not below it's cognizance, and punished a boy for putting out the eyes of a poor bird, that had unhappily fallen into his hands.

It might be of service, therefore, it should seem, in order to awaken as early as possible in children an extensive sense of humanity, to give them a view of several sorts of insects as they may be magnified by the assistance of glasses, and to shew them that the same evident marks of wisdom and goodness prevail in the formation of the minutest insect, as in that of the most enormous Leviathan: that they are equally furnished with whatever is necessary not only to the preservation but the happiness of their beings in that class of existence to which Providence has assigned them: in a word, that the whole construction of their respective organs distinctly proclaims them the objects of the divine benevolence, and therefore that they justly ought to be so of ours. I am, &c.

## LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

FEBRUARY

YOU see how much I trust to your good-nature and your judgment, whilst I am the only person, perhaps, among your friends, who have ventured to omit a congratulation in form. I am not, however, intentionally guilty; for I really designed you a visit before now: but hearing that your acquaintance flowed in upon you from all quarters, I thought it would be more agreeable to you, as well as to myself, if I waited till the inundation was abated. But if I have not joined in the general voice of congratulation, I have not, however, omitted the sincere, though silent wishes, which the warmest friendship can suggest to a heart entirely in your interests. Had I not long since forsaken the regions of poetry, I would tell you, in the language of that country, how often I have said, May

All heav'n,

And happy constellations on that he  
Shed their selectest influence!

But plain prose will do as well for truth; and there is no occasion to art to persuade you, that you have every occurrence of your life, good wishes. I hope shortly an opportunity of making myself known to Aspasia. When I shall rejoice with her on the chance has made of a man, from whom undertake to promise her all the news which the state she has entered can afford. Thus much I do not ple to say of her husband to regret I had rather say to her. any occasion you should meet let it be in the character which value myself upon, that of your obliged and very affectionate friend

## LETTER XVIII.

TO HORTENSIVS.

JULY

I Can by no means subscribe to the sentiments of your last letter, nor agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a passion which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. 'In reality,' (says that writer) 'the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: He doth not live because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e.

Cæsar and the conqueror of is the same thing; Cæsar is known by one designation or other. The amount then this: that the conqueror of conquered Pompey; or he conquered somebody; or rather Pompey is as little known as Cæsar, *somebody* conquered. Such a poor business is this immortality! and such is the called glory among us! To living men this fame is mere what they despise, if not shun. But surely, *to live to posterity* (as Horatio says to *Ha consider thus*. For though posterity should be, in the analysis of it, no other than what described, a mere uninteresting fiction, amounting to nothing in that *somebody* acted meritoriously it would not necessarily follow true philosophy would banish it of it from the human breast.

passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say improving) some of our tastes to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly are in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, *that sweetest music to an honest ear* in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the poet's description of Fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed bosoms? Accordingly Revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature has thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward

its growth. To be *exalted with honour*, and to be had in *everlasting remembrance*, are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred Author of the Christian system received his birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that *all generations should call her blessed*.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, Hortensius, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in *those* days, that may well serve as a model to *these*? Was it not the *consentientis laus honorum, the incorrupta vox bene judicantium*, (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the *good*, the uncorrupted applause of the *wise*, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right acting, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed Virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry: and since her followers and admirers have so little to hope from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion. Farewel. I am, &c.

## LETTER XIX.

TO CLEORA.

I Think, Cleora, you are the truest female hermit I ever knew. At least I do not remember to have met with any among your sex of the same order with yourself; for as to the religious on the other side of the water, I can by no means esteem them worthy of being ranked in your number. They are a sort of people who either have seen nothing of the world, or too much; and *where is the merit of giving up what*

one is not acquainted with, or what one is weary of? But you are a far more illustrious recluse, who have entered into the world with innocence, and retired from it with good humour. That sort of life, which makes so amiable a figure in the description of poets and philosophers, and which kings and heroes have professed to aspire after, Cleora actually enjoys: she lives her own, free from the follies and imperfections, the hurry and

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dis-

disappointments of false pursuits of every kind. How much do I prefer one hour of such solitude to all the glittering, glaring, gaudy days of the ambitious! I shall not envy them their gold and their silver, their precious jewels, and their changes of raiment, while you permit me to join you and Alexander in your hermitage. I hope to do so on Sunday evening; and attend you to the siege of Tyre, or the desarts of Africa, or wherever else your hero shall lead you. But should I find you in more elevated company, and engaged with the rapturous \* \* \*, even then, I hope, you will not refuse to admit me of your party. If I have not yet a proper *goût* for the mystic writers, perhaps I am not quite incapable of acquiring one; and as I have every thing of the hermit in my composition except the enthusiasm, it is

not impossible but I may catch this by the assistance of you and \* \* \*. desire you would receive me as a probationer at least, and as one who, living, if he is worthy, to be initiate your secret doctrines. I think I want this taste and a relish of the velleous, to be wholly in your sentiment. Possibly I may be so happy as to both in good time: I fancy at least is a close connection between them. I shall not despair of obtaining this if I can by any means arrive at either. But which must I endeavour first? shall I prepare for the my commencing with the romance, or you advise me to begin with Mall before I undertake Clelia? Sufficient however, ere I enter the regions of fiction, to bear testimony to one's truth, by assuring you that I am,

## LETTER XX.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

OCTOBER 10

I Have often mentioned to you the pleasure I received from Mr. Pope's translation of the *Iliad*: but my admiration of that inimitable performance has increased upon me, since you tempted me to compare the copy with the original. To say of this noble work, that it is the best which ever appeared of the kind, would be speaking in much lower terms than it deserves; the world perhaps scarce ever before saw a truly poetical translation: for, as Denham observes,

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,  
That few, but those who cannot write, translate.

Mr. Pope seems, in most places, to have been inspired with the same sublime spirit that animates his original; as he often takes fire from a single hint in his author, and blazes out even with a stronger and brighter flame of poetry. Thus the character of Thersites, as it stands in the English *Iliad*, is heightened, I think, with more matterly strokes of satire than appear in the Greek; as many of those similes in Homer, which would appear, perhaps, to a modern eye too naked and unornamented, are painted by Pope in all the beautiful disparity of the most graceful metaphor. With what propriety of figure, for in-

stance, has he raised the following parison!

Εὐρ' ὅρως κορυφῇσι Νότος καλεχέμεν ἅμῃ  
Ποιμῶν ὑπὲρ φίλῃ, κλισίῃ δὲ τε ῥυτῶς  
Τέσσοντις τ' ἐπιλευσσει, ὅσων τ' ἐπὶ λα  
Ὡς ἀρα τὸν ὕπο ποσσὶ καυσσάλοιο στυγνὴ  
ἔρχομεναι. III.

Thus from his flaggy wings when Eur  
A night of vapours round the mountain  
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields  
To thieves more grateful than the n  
shade:

While scarce the swains their feeding  
survey,  
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicket  
So wrapt in gathering dust the Grecians  
A moving cloud, swept on and hid th

When Mars, being wounded  
med, flies back to heaven, Hom  
pares him in his passage to a dar  
raised by summer heats, and dr  
the wind.

Οἷον δ' ἐκ νεφελῶν ἐρεττῶν φανείας ἀνδρῶν  
Καυσαλὸς ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσσας. II.

The inimitable translator impro  
image, by throwing in some  
flashes, which, though not in  
ginal, are exactly in the spirit  
mer:

As vapours, blown by Auster's sultry breath,  
Fragrant with plagues, and shedding seeds  
of death,  
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,  
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all  
the skies:  
In such a cloud the god, from combat driv'n,  
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the  
heav'n.

There is a description in the eighth book, which Eustathius, it seems, esteemed the most beautiful night-piece that could be found in poetry. If I am not greatly mistaken, however, I can produce a finer: and I am persuaded even the warmest admirer of Homer will allow, the following lines are inferior to the corresponding ones in the translation:

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν κρατὶ ἀστὴρ φαίνεται ἀμφιπέλην  
θεοῖτ' ἀνιπρεπία, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νύκτιμος αἶθρ,  
ἔκ τ' ἔβριστο πάσαι σκοπίαί καὶ πρηνεῖς ἀκροί,  
καὶ νύκτα κραινέον δ' αἶψ' ὑπερραγὴ ἀσπερί-  
αἶθρ,  
Παῖς δ' ἐτ' εὐδεται ἀστρὰ, γέρων δ' ἐτ' φρενα  
σέμεται. Il. viii. 551.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred  
light;  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:  
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prouder rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

I fear the enthusiastic admirers of Homer would look upon me with much indignation, were they to hear me speak of any thing in modern language as equal to the strength and majesty of that great father of poetry. But the following passage having been quoted by a celebrated author of antiquity, as an instance of the true sublime, I will leave it to you to determine whether the translation has not at least as just a claim to that character as the original.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε χειμαρρὸς πρὶς αἶμα κατ' ὀρεσφι ρεόντες,  
ἔς μεσσηνέσια συμπαλλέτοισι νότιμοι ὕδαρ,  
ῥέουσι ἐκ μεγάλων, κοίλης ἵππου δὲ παραδρὸς,  
τοῖς δ' ἐτ' ἐπλοῖσιν ὕδασι καὶ ὑπὸν ἐκλαῖ σείμαλιν.  
ὡς τὰς μεσσηνέσιον γαῖαν ἰχθὺς τε φέρος τε.

As torrents roll, encreas'd by num'rous rills,  
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills,

Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,  
Rour thro' a thousand channels to the main;  
The distant shepherd trembling hears the  
sound:  
So mix both hofts, and so their cries rebound.

There is no antient author more likely to betray an injudicious interpreter into meannesses, than Homer; as it requires the utmost skill and address to preserve that venerable air of simplicity which is one of the characteristical marks of that poet, without sinking the expression of the sentiment into contempt. Antiquity will furnish a very strong instance of the truth of this observation, in a single line which is preserved to us from a translation of the Iliad by one Labeo, a favourite poet, it seems, of Nero. It is quoted by an old scholiast upon Persius, and happens to be a version of the following passage in the fourth book:

Ὁμῆρον βιβζυδοῖς Πριάμου Πριάμοιο τὴ παιδὸς.

which Nero's admirable poet rendered literally thus:

*Crudum manduces Priamum Priamique pin-  
fennos.*

I need not indeed have gone so far back for my instance: a Labeo of our own nation would have supplied me with one much nearer at hand. Ogilby or Hobbs (I forget which) has translated this very verse in the same ridiculous manner:

And eat up Priam and his children all.

But among many other passages of this sort I observed one in the same book, which raised my curiosity to examine in what manner Mr. Pope had conducted it. Juno, in a general council of the gods, thus accosts Jupiter:

Λινοτάλῃ Κρονίδι,  
Πῶς ἐθέλεις ἄλιον θῆναι πόρον ἢ ἀτελεῶν  
Ἰδρῶδ', ὅν ἰδρῶσα μούρη; καμμένη δὲ μοι ἰσπνῆ  
λαον ἀγέμενη, Πριάμῃ παῖκα, τοῖς τε παῖσιν.

which is as much as if she had said in plain English, 'Why surely, Jupiter, you won't be so cruel as to render ineffectual all my expence of labour and sweat. Have I not tired both my horses, in order to raise forces to ruin Priam and his family?' It requires the most delicate touches imaginable, to raise such a sentiment as this into any tolerable degree of dignity. But a skilful artist knows how to embellish the most ordinary subject; and what would



below and spiritless from a less masterly pencil, becomes pleasing and graceful when worked up by Mr. Pope's.

Shall then, O tyrant of th' æthereal plain,  
My schemes, my labours and my hopes be vain?  
Have I for this shook Ilion with alarms,  
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?  
To spread the war I flew from shore to shore,  
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.

But to shew you that I am not so enthusiastic an admirer of this glorious performance, as to be blind to its imperfections; I will venture to point out a passage or two (amongst others which might be mentioned) wherein Mr. Pope's usual judgment seems to have failed him.

When Iris is sent to inform Helen that Paris and Menelaus were going to decide the fate of both nations by single combat, and were actually upon the point of engaging; Homer describes her as hastily throwing a veil over her face, and flying to the Scæan gate, from whence she might have a full view of the field of battle.

Αἰὶμα δ' ἀργάνῃσι καλυψάμενι σθοῖσιν,  
Πρῶτα δ' ἐν Δαλαμῷ, τέρψι κατὰ δακρυχέουσα.  
Οὐκ οὐκ ἀματῆυς καὶ ἀμφιπόλοι δὺ ἐπὶ οἴο, &c.  
Αἰψὰ δ' ἐπὶ θύῳ ἱκάνον, εὐθὺς Σκαίῃσι πυλῶσι πρῶτα.  
Il. iii. 142.

Nothing could possibly be more interesting to Helen, than the circumstances in which she is here represented: it was necessary therefore to exhibit her, as Homer we see has, with much eagerness and impetuosity in her motion. But what can be more calm and quiet than the attitude wherein the Helen of Mr. Pope appears?

O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,  
And softly sighing from the loom withdrew:  
Her handmaids ——— wait  
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.

Those expressions of speed and impetuosity which occur so often in the original lines, viz. *αὐτίκα—πρῶτα—αἰψὰ* *ἱκάνον*, would have been sufficient, one should have imagined, to have guarded a translator from falling into an impropriety of this kind.

This brings to my mind another instance of the same nature, where our English poet, by not attending to the particular expression of his author, has given us a picture of a very different kind than what Homer intended. In the first *Iliad* the reader is introduced into a council of the Grecian chiefs,

where very warm debates arise between Agamemnon and Achilles. As nothing was likely to prove more fatal to the Grecians than a dissension between those two princes, the venerable old Nestor is represented as greatly alarmed at the consequences of this quarrel, and rising up to moderate between them with a vivacity much beyond his years. This circumstance Homer has happily intimated by a single word:

Νῆστορ δὲ Νέστωρ  
ἈΝΟΡΟΨΕ.

Upon which one of the commentators very justly observes—*Ut in re magna et periculosa, non placide assurgentem facit, sed prorumpentem sinem quoque*. A circumstance which Horace seems to have had particularly in his view in the epistle to Lollius:

*Nestor compere lites  
Inter Peliden festinat et inter Atiden.*  
Ep. i. 2.

This beauty Mr. Pope has utterly overlooked, and substituted an idea very different from that which the verb *ανόρροψεν* suggests: he renders it,

Slow from his seat arose the Pylion sage.

But a more unfortunate word could scarcely have been joined with *arose*, as it destroys the whole spirit of the piece, and is just the reverse of what both the occasion and the original required.

I doubt, Euphronius, you are growing weary: will you have patience, however, whilst I mention one observation more, and I will interrupt you no longer?

When Menelaus and Paris enter the lists, Pope says,

Amidst the dreadful vale the chiefs advance,  
All pale with rage, and shake the threatening lance.

In the original it is,

Εὐμεστερον Τρῶων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν ἐρίκοιτο οὐ  
Δαίμον δερκισμένοι.

Il. iii. 341.

But does not the expression—*all pale with rage*—call up a very contrary idea to *δαιμον δερκισμένοι*? The former seems to suggest to one's imagination the ridiculous passion of a couple of female scolds; whereas the latter conveys the terrifying image of two indignant heroes, animated with calm and deliberate valour. Farewel. I am, &c.

L E T.

## LETTER XXI.

TO CLEORA.

MARCH 3, 1739.

**A**FTER having read your last letter, I can no longer doubt of the truth of those salutary effects, which are said to have been produced by the application of certain written words. I have myself experienced the possibility of the thing: and a few strokes of your pen have abated a pain, which of all others is the most uneasy, and the most difficult to be relieved; even the pain, my Cleora, of the mind. To sympathize with my sufferings, as Cleora kindly assures me she does, is to assuage them; and half the uneasiness of her absence is removed, when she tells me that she regrets mine.

Since I thus assuredly find that you can work miracles, I will believe likewise that you have the gift of prophecy; and I can no longer despair that the time will come, when we shall again meet, since you have absolutely pronounced that it will. I have ventured, therefore, (as you will see by my last letter) already to name the day. In the mean time, I amuse myself with doing every thing that looks like a preparation for my journey; *e già apro le braccia per stringervi affettuosamente al mio seno.*

The truth is, you are every instant in my thoughts, and each occurrence that arises suggests you to my remembrance. If I see a clear sky, I wish it may extend to you; and if I observe a cloudy one, I am uneasy lest my Cleora should be exposed to it. I never read an interesting story, or a pertinent remark, that I do not long to communicate it to you, and learn to double my relish by hearing your judicious observations. I cannot take a turn in my garden, but every walk calls you into my mind. Ah, Cleora! I never view those scenes

of our former conversations, without a sigh. Judge then how often I sigh, when every object that surrounds me brings you fresh to my imagination. You remember the attitude in which the faithful Penelope is drawn in Pope's *Odyssey*, when she goes to fetch the bow of Ulysses for the suitors:

Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,  
And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.

I find myself in numberless such tender reveries; and if I were ever so much disposed to banish you from my thoughts, it would be impossible I should do so, in a place where every thing that presents itself to me, reminds me that you were once here. I must not expect (I ought not, indeed, for the sake of your repose to wish) to be thus frequently and thus fondly the subject of your meditations: but may I not hope that you employ a few moments at least of every day, in thinking of him whose whole attention is fixed upon you?

I have sent you the history of the Conquest of Mexico, in English, which, as it is translated by so good a hand, will be equally pleasing and less troublesome, than reading it in the original. I long to be of this party in your expedition to the new world, as I lately was in your conquests of Italy. How happily could I sit by Cleora's side, and pursue the Spaniards in their triumphs, as I formerly did the Romans; or make a transition from a nation of heroes to a republic of ants! Glorious days indeed! when we passed whole mornings either with dictators or butterflies; and sometimes sent out a colony of Romans, and sometimes of emmits! Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXII.

TO PALEMON.

DECEMBER 18, 1740:

**T**HOUGH I am not convinced by your arguments, I am charmed by your eloquence, and admire the

preacher at the same time that I condemn the doctrine. But there is no sort of persons whose opinions one is more inclined

clined to wish right, than those who are ingeniously in the wrong; who have the art to add grace to error, and can dignify mistakes.

Forgive me then, Palemon, if I am more than commonly solicitous that you should review the sentiments you advanced, (I will not say, supported) with so much elegance in your last letter, and that I press you to re-consider your notions again and again. Can I fail, indeed, to wish that you may find reason to renounce an opinion, which may possibly one day or other deprive me of a friend, and my country of a patriot? while Providence, perhaps, would yet have spared him to both. Can I fail to regret, that I should hold one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life upon a tenure more than ordinarily precarious, and that, besides those numberless accidents by which chance may snatch you from the world, a gloomy sky or a cross event may determine Palemon to put an end to a life, which all who have been a witness to, must for ever admire.

But, 'Does the Supreme Being' (you ask) 'dispense his bounty upon conditions different from all other benefactors, and will he force a gift upon me which is no longer acceptable?'

Let me demand in return, Whether a creature, so confined in it's perceptions as man, may not mistake his true interest, and reject, from a partial regard, what would be well worth accepting upon a more comprehensive view? May not even a mortal benefactor better understand the value of that present he offers, than the person to whom it is tendered? And shall the supreme Author of all beneficence be esteemed less wise in distinguishing the worth of those grants he confers? I agree with you, indeed, that we were called into existence in order to receive happiness: but I can by no means infer from thence, that we are at liberty to resign our being whenever it becomes a burden. On the contrary, those premises seem to lead to a conclusion directly opposite; and if the gracious Author of my life created me with an intent to make me happy, does it not necessarily follow, that I shall most certainly obtain that privilege, if I do not justly forfeit it by my own misconduct? Numberless ends may be answered in the schemes of Providence, by turning aside or interrupting that stream of bounty, which our limited reason can

in no sort discover. How presumptuous then must it be, to throw back upon the hands of the great G of the universe, merely because not immediately felt, or understood full advantages!

That it is the intention of th we should remain in this state o till his summons calls us away, s evident as that we at first enter it by his command: for we can continue, than we could begin without the concurrence of the supreme interposition. While, th the animal powers do not cease form those functions to which th directed by their great Author, justly, I think, be concluded, th his design they should not.

Still, however, you urge, ' putting a period to your own ' here, you only alter the mod ' of matter; and how (you ask ' order of Providence distur ' changing the combination of ' of atoms from one figure to a

But surely, Palemon, there i lacy in this reasoning: suicide thing more than changing the nent parts of the animal machi striking out a spiritual substan that rank of beings wherein t Author of nature has placed it, cibly breaking in upon some oth of existence. And as it is impos the limited powers of reason to p the designs of Providence, it c be proved that this is not distur schemes of nature. We possib be, and indeed most probably a nected with some higher rank tures: now philosophy will never to determine, that those connecti not be disconcerted by premature ting our present mansion.

One of the strongest passions i ed in human nature, is the fear o It seems, indeed, to be placed vidence as a sort of guard to reta kind within their appointed Why else should it so universally most invariably operate? It is ob that no such affection appears species of beings below us. Th no temptation, or no ability, t the post assigned to them, and th it should seem, they have no cl this kind to keep them within t scribed limits. This general hor in mankind at the apprehension

disfolution, carries with it, I think, a very strong presumptive argument in favour of the opinion I am endeavouring to maintain. For if it were not given to us for the purpose I have supposed, what other can it serve? Can it be imagined that the benevolent Author of nature would have so deeply wove it into our constitution, only to interrupt our present enjoyments?

I cannot, I confess, discover how the practice of suicide can be justified upon any principle, except upon that of downright atheism. If we suppose a good Providence to govern the world, the consequence is undeniable, that we must entirely rely upon it. If we imagine an evil one to prevail, what chance is there of finding that happiness in another scene, which we have in vain sought for in this? The same malevolent omnipo-

tence can as easily pursue us in the next remove, as persecute us in this our first station.

Upon the whole, Palemon, prudence strongly forbids so hazardous an experiment as that of being our own executioners. We know the worst that can happen in supporting life under all its most wretched circumstances: and if we should be mistaken in thinking it our duty to endure a load, which, in truth, we may securely lay down; it is an error extremely limited in its consequences. They cannot extend beyond this present existence, and possibly may end much earlier: whereas no mortal can, with the least degree of assurance, pronounce what may not be the effects of acting agreeably to the contrary opinion. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIII.

TO CLYTANDER.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1733.

I Am by no means in the sentiments of that Grecian of your acquaintance, who, as often as he was pressed to marry, replied, either that it was too soon or too late: and I think my favourite author, the honest Montaigne, a little too severe when he observes upon this story, *qu'il faut refuser l'opportunité à toute action importune*: for,

Higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem.

MILTON.

However, I am not adventurous enough to join with those friends you mention, who are soliciting you, it seems, to look out for an engagement of this kind. It is an union which requires so much delicacy in the cementing; it is a commerce where so many nice circumstances must concur to render it successful; that I would not venture to pronounce of any two persons, that they are qualified for each other.

I do not know a woman in the world who seems more formed to render a man of sense and generosity happy in this state, than Amasia: yet I should scarcely have courage to recommend even Amasia to my friend. You have seen her, I dare say, a thousand times; but I am per-

suaded she never attracted your particular observation, for she is in the number of those who are ever overlooked in a crowd. As often as I converse with her, she puts me in mind of the golden age: there is an innocency and simplicity in all her words and actions, that equals any thing the poets have described of those pure and artless times. Indeed, the greatest part of her life has been spent much in the same way as the early inhabitants of the world, in that blameless period of it, used, we are told, to dispose of theirs; under the shade and shelter of her own venerable oaks, and in those rural amusements which are sure to produce a confirmed habit both of health and cheerfulness. Amasia never said, or attempted to say, a sprightly thing in all her life; but she has done ten thousand generous ones: and if she is not the most conspicuous figure at an assembly, she never envied or maligned those who are. Her heart is all tenderness and benevolence: no success ever attended any of her acquaintance, which did not fill her bosom with the most disinterested complacency; as no misfortune ever reached her knowledge, that she did not relieve or participate by her generosity. If ever she should fall into the hands of a man she loves, (and I am per-

E

suaded

suaded she would esteem it the worst kind of prostitution to resign herself into any other) her whole life would be one continued series of kindness and compliance. The humble opinion she has of her own uncommon merit, would make her so much the more sensible of her husband's; and those little submissions on his side, which a woman of more pride and spirit would consider only as a claim of right, would be esteemed by Amasia as so many

additional motives to her love-titude.

But if I dwell any longer on amiable picture, I may be in perhaps, of resembling that artist, who grew enamoured of duction of his own pencil: for rity, therefore, as well as to p to your trouble, it will be best, to stop here. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

TO ORONTES.

**I** Was apprehensive my last had given you but too much occasion of recollecting the remark of one of your admired antients, that 'the art of eloquence is taught by man, but it is the Gods alone that inspire the wisdom of silence.' That wisdom, however, you are not willing I should yet practise; and you must needs, it seems, have my farther sentiments upon the subject of Oratory. Be it then as my friend requires; but let him remember, it is a hazardous thing to put some men upon talking on a favourite topic.

One of the most pleasing exercises of the imagination, is that wherein she is employed in comparing distinct ideas, and discovering their various resemblances. There is no single perception of the mind that is not capable of an infinite number of considerations in reference to other objects; and it is in the novelty and variety of these unexpected connections, that the richness of a writer's genius is chiefly displayed. A vigorous and lively fancy does not tamely confine itself to the idea which lies before it, but looks beyond the immediate object of it's contemplation, and observes how it stands in conformity with numberless others. It is the prerogative of the human mind thus to bring it's images together, and compare the several circumstances of similitude that attend them. By this means Eloquence exercises a kind of magic power; she can raise innumerable beauties from the most barren subjects, and give the grace of novelty to the most common. The imagination is thus kept awake by the most agreeable motion, and entertained with

a thousand different views both and nature, which still terminate the principal object. For this prefer the metaphor to the far more pleasing method of illustration. In the former, the action of the less languid, as it is employed and the same instant in comparison with the idea it resembles; whereas, in the latter, it's operation is more slow, being obliged to stay it were, in order to contemplate principal object, and then it's responding image.

Of all the flowers, however, bellish the regions of eloquence none of a more tender and delicate; as there is nothing where writer is more distinguished from an ordinary class, than in the and application of this figure. liberty, indeed, to range through whole compass of creation, and his images from every object surrounds him. But though he is amply furnished with material judgment is required in choosing for to render a metaphor perfect not only be apt, but pleasing entertain, as well as enlighten Dryden, therefore, can hardly the imputation of a very unpardonable breach of delicacy, when, in imitation of his Juvenal, he observes Earl of Dorset, that 'some be carry their owner's marks about some brand or other on this be that ear, that it is notorious the owners of the cattle.' Manilius seems to have raised a of the same judicious kind,



## PITZOSBORNE'S LETTERS.

31

ment which he pays to Homer in  
owing verses :

*Cujusque ex ore profusus  
serius latice in carmine duxit.*

Id never read these lines without  
to mind those grotesque heads,  
are fixed to the roof of the old  
of King's College in Cambridge;  
he ingenious architect has repre-  
the act of vomiting out the rain,  
is through certain pipes most ju-  
stuck in their mouths for that

Mr. Addison recommends a  
of trying the propriety of a  
or, by drawing it out in visible  
tation. Accordingly, I think  
ous conceit of the builder might  
oyed to the advantage of the  
that university, and serve for as  
n illustration of the absurdity of  
image, as that antient picture  
Elia mentions, where Homer  
red with a stream running from  
th, and a groupe of poets lapping  
distance.

esides a certain decorum which  
ite to constitute a perfect me-  
a writer of true taste and genius  
ys single out the most obvious  
and place them in the most un-  
points of resemblance. Ac-  
y, all allusions which point to  
abstruse branches of the arts  
es, and with which none can be  
to be acquainted but those who  
e far into the deeper studies,  
carefully avoided, not only as  
but impertinent; as they per-  
ingle use of this figure, and  
er grace nor force to the idea  
ld elucidate. The most pleas-  
hows, therefore, are those which  
ed from the more frequent oc-  
of art or nature, or the civil  
ns and customs of mankind.  
w expressive, yet at the same  
familiar, is that image which  
s put into the mouth of Metel-  
play of Caius Marius, where  
ulpicius

wild bull whom Marius lets loose  
occasion, when he'd make Rome  
m,  
laws and liberties in th' air!

ever met with a more agreeable,  
significant allusion, than one  
Curtius, which is borrowed

from the most ordinary object in com-  
mon life. That author represents Cra-  
terus as dissuading Alexander from con-  
tinuing his Indian expedition, against  
enemies too contemptible, he tells him,  
for the glory of his arms; and concludes  
his speech with the following beautiful  
thought: *Cito gloria obsolescit in sordidis  
boscibus; nec quidquam indignius est quam  
consumi eam ubi non potest ostendi.* Now  
I am got into Latin quotations, I can-  
not forbear mentioning a most beautiful  
passage, which I lately had the pleasure  
of reading, and which I will venture to  
produce as equal to any thing of the same  
kind, either in antient or modern com-  
position. I met with it in the speech  
of a young orator, to whom I have the  
happiness to be related, and who will one  
day, I persuade myself, prove as great  
an honour to his country, as he is at  
present to that learned society of which  
he is a member. He is speaking of the  
writings of a celebrated prelate, who  
received his education in that famous  
seminary to which he belongs, and il-  
lustrates the peculiar elegance which dis-  
tinguishes all that author's performances,  
by the following just and pleasing assem-  
blage of diction and imagery: *In quod-  
cunque opus se parabat (et per omnia  
sane versatile illius se duxit ingenium)  
nescio quâ luce sibi soli propria, id illu-  
minavit; baud dissimili ei aureo Titiani  
radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam  
verè suam denunciavit.* As there is no-  
thing more entertaining to the imagina-  
tion than the productions of the fine  
arts; there is no kind of similitudes or  
metaphors which are in general more  
striking, than those which allude to their  
properties and effects. It is with great  
judgment, therefore, that the ingenious  
author of the dialogue concerning the  
Decline of Eloquence among the Ro-  
mans, recommends to his orator a gene-  
ral acquaintance with the whole circle  
of the polite arts. A knowledge of this  
sort furnishes an author with illustra-  
tions of the most agreeable kind, and  
sets a gloss upon his compositions which  
enlivens them with singular grace and  
spirit.

Were I to point out the beauty and  
efficacy of metaphorical language, by  
particular instances, I should rather draw  
my examples from the moderns than the  
ancients; the latter being scarcely, I  
think, so exact and delicate in this ar-  
ticle of composition as the former. The  
E 2 great

great improvements, indeed, in natural knowledge, which have been made in these later ages, have opened a vein of metaphor entirely unknown to the ancients, and enriched the fancy of modern wits with a new stock of the most pleasing ideas: a circumstance which must give them a very considerable advantage over the Greeks and Romans. I am sure at least, of all the writings with which I have been conversant, the works of Mr. Addison will afford the most abundant supply of this kind, in all its variety and perfection. Truth and beauty of imagery is, indeed, his characteristic distinction, and the principal point of eminence which raises his style above that of every author in any language that has fallen within my notice. He is every where highly figurative; yet, at the same time, he is the most easy and perspicuous writer I have ever perused. The reason is, his images are always taken from the most natural and familiar appearances; as they are chosen with the utmost delicacy and judgment. Suffer me only to mention one out of a thousand I could name, as it appears to me the finest and most expressive that ever language conveyed. It is in one of his inimitable papers upon *Paradise Lost*, where he is taking notice of those changes in nature which the author of that truly divine poem describes as immediately succeeding the fall. Among other prodigies, Milton represents the sun in an eclipse; and at the same time a bright cloud in the western region of the heavens descending with a band of angels. Mr. Addison, in order to shew his author's art and judgment in the conduct and disposition of this sublime scenery, observes, 'The whole *theatre* of nature is *darkened*, that this glorious *machine* may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.' I know not, Orontes, whether you will agree in sentiment with me; but I must confess I am at a loss which to admire most upon this occasion, the poet or the critic.

There is a double beauty in images of this kind when they are not only metaphors, but allusions. I was much pleased with an instance of this uncommon species, in a little poem intitled *The Spleen*. The author of that piece, (who has thrown together more original thoughts than I ever read in the same compass of lines) speaking of the ad-

vantages of exercise in dissipating gloomy vapours, which are so hang upon some minds, employs following image—

Throw but a stone, the giant d

You will observe, Orontes, that taphor here is conceived with propriety of thought, if we consider in its primary view; but when it pointing still farther, and in the story of David and Goliath ceives a very considerable improvement from this double application.

It must be owned, some of the authors, both ancient and modern made many remarkable slips in management of this figure, and have times expressed themselves with impropriety as an honest sailor acquaintance, a captain of a privateer who wrote an account to his own engagement, in which he had good fortune, he told them, of only one of his *hands* shot through the nose. The great caution therefore, be, never to join any idea to a figurative expression, which would not be applicable to it in a literal sense. Thus in his treatise *De Claris Ora* speaking of the family of the Scipios guilty of an impropriety of this kind *O generosam stirpem*, says he, *quam in unam arborem traxerunt sic in istam domum multorum atque illuminatam sapientiam*. Addison, likewise, has fallen into the error of the same sort, where he observes 'There is not a single view of nature, which is not sufficient to *tinguish* the seeds of pride.' In this passage he evidently unites images together, which have no connection with each other. When a seed has power of vegetation, I might in a taphorical sense say it is *extinguished*; but when in the same sense I consider the disposition of the heart which produces the seed of that passion, I cannot without introducing a confusion apply any word to *seed*, but what corresponds with its real properties and circumstances.

Another mistake in the use of this figure is, when different images are crowded too close upon each other. I express myself after Quintilian; a sentence sets out with storms and tempests, and ends with fire and flames. A judicious reader will observe an

piety of this kind in one of the late essays of the inimitable author last quoted, where he tells us, That women were formed to temper mankind, not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. 'Thus a celebrated orator, speaking of that little blackening spirit in mankind, which is fond of discovering spots in the brightest characters, remarks, that when persons of this cast of temper have mentioned any virtue in their neighbour, It is well, if, to balance the matter, they do not clap some fault into the opposite scale, that so the enemy may not go off with flying colours. Dr. Swift also, whose style is the most pure and simple of any of our classic writers, and who does not seem in general very fond of the figurative manner, is not always free from censure in his management of the metaphorical language. In his essay on the Dissensions of Athens and Rome, speaking of the populace, he takes notice, That though in their corrupt notions of divine worship they are apt to multiply their gods, yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid to above one idol at a time, whose ear they pull with less murmuring, and much more skill, than when they share the *lauding*, or even hold the *belm*. The most injudicious writer could not possibly have fallen into a more absurd inconsistency of metaphor, than this eminent wit has inadvertently been betrayed into, in this passage. For what connection is there between worshipping and *rowing*, and who ever heard before of pulling the ear of an idol?

As there are certain metaphors which are common to all languages; there are others of so delicate a nature, as not to bear transplanting from one nation into

another. There is no part, therefore, of the business of a translator more difficult to manage than this figure, as it requires great judgment to distinguish when it may, and may not, be naturalized with propriety and elegance. The want of this necessary discernment has led the common race of translators into great absurdities, and is one of the principal reasons that performances of this kind are generally so insipid. What strange work, for instance, would an injudicious interpreter make with the following metaphor in Homer?

Νῦν γὰρ πωταίσσιν ἐνὶ ζυγῷ ἰσχυαί ἀνέχ.

Il. x. 173.

But Mr. Pope, by artfully dropping the particular image, yet retaining the general idea, has happily preserved the spirit of his author, and at the same time humoured the different taste of his own countrymen:

Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,  
Stands on the *sharpest* edge of death or life.

And now, Orontes, do you not think it high time to be dismissed from this fairy land? Permit me, however, just to add, that this figure, which casts so much light and beauty upon works of genius, ought to be entirely banished from the severer compositions of philosophy. It is the business of the latter to separate resemblances, not to find them, and to deliver her discoveries in the plainest and most unornamented expressions. Much dispute, and, perhaps, many errors, might have been avoided, if metaphor had been thus confined within its proper limits, and never wandered from the regions of eloquence and poetry. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXV.

TO PHILOTES.

AUGUST 5, 1744.

DON'T you begin to think that I ill deserve the prescription you sent me, since I have scarce had the manners even to thank you for it? It must be confessed I have neglected to honour my physician with the honour due unto him: that is, I have omitted not only what I ought to have performed in good-breeding, but what I am ex-

pressly enjoined by my Bible. I am not, however, entirely without excuse; a silly one, I own; nevertheless, it is the truth. I have lately been a good deal out of spirits. But at length the fit is over. Amongst the number of those things which are wanting to secure me from a return of it, I must always reckon the company of my friend. I

have,



have, indeed, frequent occasion for you ; not in the way of your profession, but in a better : in the way of friendship. There is a healing quality in that intercourse, which a certain author has, with infinite propriety, termed *the medicine of life*. It is a medicine, which unluckily lies almost wholly out of my reach ; fortune having separated me from those few friends whom I pretend or desire to claim. General acquaintances, you know, I am not much inclined to cultivate ; so that I am at present as much secluded from society as if I were a *sojourner in a strange land*. Though re-

tirement is my dear delight, yet, upon some occasions, I think I have too much of it ; and I agree with Balzac : *que la solitude est certainement une belle chose : mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un qui sache répondre ; à qui on puisse dire de temps en temps, que la solitude est une belle chose*. But I must not forget, that as I sometimes want company, you may as often wish to be alone ; and that I may, perhaps, be at this instant breaking in upon one of those hours which you desire to enjoy without interruption. I will only detain you, therefore, whilst I add, that I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVI.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

MAY 1, 1745.

**I**F that friend of yours, whom you are desirous to add to the number of mine, were endued with no other quality than the last you mentioned in the catalogue of his virtues, I should esteem his acquaintance as one of my most valuable privileges. When you assured me, therefore, of the generosity of his disposition, I wanted no additional motive to embrace your proposal of joining you and him at \*. To say truth, I consider a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation, and am persuaded, wherever it resides, no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the most singular of all the moral endowments : I am sure, at least, it is often imputed where it cannot justly be claimed. The meanest self love, under some refined disguise, frequently passes upon common observers for this godlike principle ; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a source than the suggestions of concealed vanity. Good-nature, as it has many features in common with this virtue, is usually mistaken for it : the former, however, is but the effect, possibly, of a happy disposition of the animal structure, or, as Dryden somewhere calls it, of a certain 'milkiness of blood ;' whereas the latter is seated in the mind, and can never subsist where good-sense and enlarged sentiments have no existence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon justness of thought : which, perhaps, is the reason this virtue is so little the charac-

teristic of mankind in general. A man, whose mind is warped by the selfish passions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of sects or parties, if he does not want honesty, must undoubtedly want understanding. The same clouds that darken his intellectual views, obstruct his moral ones ; and his generosity is extremely circumscribed, because his reason is extremely limited.

It is the distinguishing pre-eminence of the Christian system, that it cherishes this elevated principle in one of it's noblest exertions. Forgiveness of injuries, I confess indeed, has been inculcated by several of the heathen moralists ; but it never entered into the established ordinances of any religion, till it had the sanction of the great Author of ours. I have often, however, wondered that the ancients, who raised so many virtues and affections of the mind into divinities, should never have given a place in their temples to Generosity ; unless, perhaps, they included it under the notion of FIDES or HONOS. But surely she might reasonably have claimed a separate altar, and superior rites. A principle of honour may restrain a man from counter-acting the social ties, who yet has nothing of that active flame of generosity, which is too powerful to be confined within the humble boundaries of mere negative duties. True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous

a vigorous principle in the soul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond those which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced singly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative standards, without ever attempting to reach those glorious elevations, which constitute the only true heroism of the social character. Religion, without this sovereign principle, degenerates into slavish fear, and wisdom into a specious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit it's more pleasing kind of madness. In a word, generosity sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acquisition of the

soul; and if it does not necessarily include, at least it reflects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

But I am running into a general panegyric upon generosity, when I only meant to acknowledge the particular instance you have given me of yours, in being desirous of communicating to me a treasure, which I know much better how to value than how to deserve. Be assured, therefore, though Euphronius had none of those polite accomplishments you enumerate, yet, after what you have informed me concerning his heart, I should esteem his friendship of more worth than all the learning of antient Greece, and all the *virtù* of modern Italy. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

TO SAPPHO\*.

MARCH 10, 1731.

**W**HILE yet no am'rous youths around thee bow,  
Nor flatt'ring verse conveys the faithless vow;  
To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,  
And ere she hears the lover, hear the friend?  
Let maids less blest'd employ their meaner arts

To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts;

May Sappho learn (for nob'ler triumphs born)  
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.

To form thy bosom to each gen'rous deed;  
To plant thy mind with ev'ry useful seed;  
Be these thy arts; nor spare the grateful toil,  
Where nature's hand has blest'd the happy soil.

So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill to blend

The lovely Mistress and instructive Friend:  
So shalt thou know, when unrelenting Time  
Shall spoil those charms yet op'ning to their prime,

To ease the loss of beauty's transient flow'r,  
While reason keeps what rapture gave before.

And oh! whilst wit, fair dawning, spreads  
it's ray,

Serenely rising to a glorious day,  
To hail the growing lustre oft be mine,  
Thou early fav'rite of the sacred Nine!

And shall the Muse with blameless boast  
pretend,

In youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend:

That urg'd by me she shunn'd the dang'rous way,

Where heedless maids in endless error stray;  
That scorning soon her sex's idler art,  
Fair praise inspir'd and virtue warm'd her heart;

That fond to reach the distant paths of fame,  
I taught her infant genius where to aim?

Thus when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,

And, all unskill'd, their feeble pinions try,  
Th' experienc'd sire prescribes the advent'rous height,

Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends  
the flight.

## LETTER XXVIII.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

**Y**ES, Phidippus, I entirely agree with you; the antients most certainly had much loftier notions of Friend-

ship, than seem to be generally entertained at present. But may they not justly be considered on this subject, as

\* A young lady of thirteen years of age.

downright enthusiasts? Whilst, indeed, they talk of friendship as a virtue, or place it in a rank little inferior, I can admire the generous warmth of their sentiments; but when they go so far as to make it a serious question, whether Justice herself ought not in some particular cases to yield to this their supreme affection of the heart; there, I confess, they leave me far behind.

If we had not a treatise extant upon the subject, we should scarce believe this fact upon the credit of those authors who have delivered it down to us: but Cicero himself has ventured to take the affirmative side of this debate in his celebrated dialogue inscribed *Lælius*. He followed, it seems, in this notion, the sentiments of the Grecian Theophrastus, who publicly maintained the same astonishing theory.

It must be confessed, however, these admirers of the false sublime in Friendship talk upon this subject with so much caution and in such general terms, that one is inclined to think they themselves a little suspected the validity of those very principles they would inculcate. We find, at least, a remarkable instance to that purpose, in a circumstance related of Chilo, one of those famous sages who are distinguished by the pompous title of the Wise Men of Greece.

That celebrated philosopher, being upon his death-bed, addressed himself, we are informed, to his friends who stood round him, to the following effect—  
 ‘ I cannot, through the course of a long life, look back with uneasiness upon any single instance of my conduct, unless, perhaps, on that which I am going to mention, wherein, I confess, I am still doubtful whether I acted as I ought, or not. I was once appointed judge in conjunction with two others, when my particular friend was arraigned before us: were the laws to have taken their free course, he must inevitably have been condemned to die. After much debate therefore with myself, I resolved upon this expedient: I gave my own vote according to my conscience, but at the same time employed all my eloquence to prevail with my associates to absolve the criminal. Now I cannot but reflect upon this act with concern, as fearing there was something of per-

fidy, in persuading others to go counter to what I myself esteemed right.’

It does not, certainly, require any great depth of casuistry to pronounce upon a case of this nature. And yet, had Tully, that great master of reason, been Chilo’s confessor upon this occasion, it is very plain he would have given him absolution, to the just scandal of the most ignorant curate that ever lulled a country village.

What I have here observed, will suggest, if I mistake not, a very clear answer to the question you propose—‘ Whence it should happen, that we meet with instances of friendship among the Greeks and Romans, far superior to any thing of the same kind which modern times have produced?’ For while the greatest geniuses among them employed their talents in exalting this noble affection, and it was encouraged even by the laws themselves; what effects might one not expect to arise from the concurrence of such powerful causes? The several examples of this kind which you have pointed out, are undoubtedly highly animating and singular; to which give me leave to add one instance no less remarkable, though, I think, not so commonly observed.

Eudamidas, the Corinthian, (as the story is related in Lucian’s *Toxaris*) though in low circumstances himself, was happy in the friendship of two very wealthy persons, Charixenus and Aretheus. Eudamidas, finding himself drawing near his end, made his will in the following terms: ‘ I leave my mother to Aretheus, to be maintained and protected by him in her old age. I bequeath to Charixenus the care of my daughter; desiring that he would see her disposed of in marriage, and portion her at the same time with as ample a fortune as his circumstances shall admit: and, in case of the death of either of these my two friends, I substitute the survivor in his place.’

This will was looked upon by some (as we may well imagine) to be extremely ridiculous: however, the legatees received information of it with very different sentiments, accepting of their respective legacies with great satisfaction. It happened that Charixenus died a few days after his friend the testator; the survivorship therefore taking place in favour of Aretheus, he accordingly

not only took upon himself the care of his friend's mother, but also made an equal distribution of his estate between this child of Eudamidas, and an only daughter of his own, solemnizing both their marriages on the same day.

I do not recollect that any of the moderns have raised their notions of friendship to these extravagant heights, excepting only a very singular French author, who talks in a more romantic strain upon this subject than even the ancients themselves. Could you, Phidippus, believe a man in earnest, who should assert that the secret one has sworn never to reveal, may without perjury be discovered to one's friend? Yet

the honest Montaigne has ventured gravely to advance this extraordinary doctrine in clear and positive terms. But I never knew a sensible man in my life, that was not an enthusiast upon some favourite point; as indeed there is none where it is more excusable than in the article of friendship. It is that which affords the most pleasing sunshine of our days; if therefore we see it now and then break out with a more than reasonable warmth and lustre, who is there that will not be inclined to pardon an excess, which can only flow from the most generous principles? Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

JULY 3, 1746.

WHEN I mentioned *grace* as essential in constituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to have found my sentiments reflected back with a clearer light by yours, than imagined you would have called upon me to explain in form, what I only threw out by accident. To confess the truth, I know not whether, after all that can be said to illustrate this uncommon quality, it must not at last be resolved into the poet's *neque monstrare et sentio tantum*. In cases of this kind, where language does not supply us with proper words to express the notions of one's mind, we can only convey our sentiments in figurative terms: a defect which necessarily introduces some obscurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark out with any sort of precision, that idea which I would express by the word *grace*: and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly described than justly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compositions of genius, I would resemble it to that easy air, which so remarkably distinguishes certain persons of a genteel and liberal cast. It consists, not only in the particular beauty of single parts, but arises from the general symmetry and construction of the whole. An author may be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression; yet may have no claim to be admitted

into the rank of finished writers. Those several members must be so agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other: their arrangement must be so happily disposed as not to admit of the least transposition without manifest prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction, should appear easy and natural, and seem to arise like so many spontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced, or affected in the sentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expression, is the very reverse of *grace*. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet; she is regular without formality, and sprightly without being fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good writing, what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only shews all the figures in their several proportions and relations, but shews them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility (to resume my former illustration) appears in the minutest action, and improves the most inconsiderable gesture; so *grace* is discovered in the placing even of a single word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpressible quality confined to one species of composition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble pastoral as well as to the lofty  
F Epic

Epic; from the slightest letter to the most solemn discourse.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors who introduced a graceful *manner* into our language. At least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far, amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for it's origin, it is certainly to be found in it's highest perfection in the essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good-sense have any admirers.

That becoming air which Tully esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of all that excellent author's most elegant performances. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the *Graces* having searched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr. Addison. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXX.

TO CLYTANDER.

**C**AN it then be true, Clytander, that after all the fine things which have been said concerning the love of our country, it owes it's rise to the principles you mention, and was originally propagated among mankind in order to cheat them into the service of the community? And is it thus, at last, that the most generous of the human passions, instead of bearing the sacred signature of nature, can produce no higher marks of it's legitimacy than the suspicious imprints of art? The question is worth, at least, a few thoughts; and I will just run over the principal objections in your letter, without drawing them up, however, in a regular form.

That the true happiness of the individual cannot arise from the single exercise of the mere selfish principles, is evident, I think, above all reasonable contradiction. If a man would thoroughly enjoy his own being, he must of necessity look beyond it; his private satisfactions always encreasing in the same proportion with which he promotes those of others. Thus self-interest, if rightly directed, flows through the nearer charities of relations, friends, and dependents, till it rises, and dilates itself into general benevolence. But if every addition which we make to the welfare of others, be really an advancement of our own; the love of our country must necessarily, upon a principle of self-interest, be a passion founded in the strictest reason: because it is a disposition pregnant with the greatest pos-

sible good which the limited powers of man are capable of producing. Benevolence, therefore, points to our country, as to her only adequate mark whatever falls short of that glorious end, is too small for her full gratification; and all beyond is too immense for her grasp.

Thus our country appears to have a claim to our affection, as it has a correspondent passion in the human breast a passion, not raised by the artifices of policy, or propagated by the infection of enthusiasm, but necessarily resulting from the original constitution of our species, and conducive to the highest private advantage of each individual. When Curtius, therefore, or the two Decii, sacrificed their lives, in order to rescue their community from the calamities with which it was threatened they were by no means impelled (as you seemed to represent them) by political phrenzy, but acted on the most solid and rational principles. The method they pursued for that purpose was dictated, I confess, by the most absurd and groundless superstition: yet while the impression of that nation's belief remained strong upon their mind and they were thoroughly persuaded that falling in the manner we are assured they did, was the only effectual means of preserving their country from ruin; they took the most rational measures of consulting their private happiness, by thus consenting to become the public victims. Could it even admitted, (what, with any degree

probability, never, indeed, can be admitted) that these glorious heroes considered fame as the vainest of shadows, and had no hopes of an after-life in any other scene of existence; still, however, their conduct might be justified as perfectly wise. For, surely, to a mind that was not wholly immersed in the lowest dregs of the most contracted selfishness; that had not totally extinguished every generous and social affection; the thoughts of having preferred a mere joyless existence (for such it must have been) to the supposed preservation of numbers of one's fellow-creatures, must have been far more painful than a thousand deaths.

I cannot, however, but agree with you, that this affection was productive of infinite mischief to mankind, as it broke out among the Romans, in the impious spirit of their unjust conquests. But it should be remembered, at the same time, that it is the usual artifice of ambition, to mask herself in the semblance of patriotism. And it can be no just objection to the noblest of the social passions, that it is capable of being inflamed beyond its natural heat, and turned, by the arts of policy, to promote those destructive purposes, which it was originally implanted to prevent.

This zeal for our country may, indeed, become irrational, not only when it thus pushes us on to act counter to the natural rights of any other community; but likewise when it impels us to take the measures of violence in opposition to the general sense of our own. For may not public happiness be estimated by the same standard as that of private? and as every man's own opinion must determine his particular satisfaction, shall not the general opinion be con-

sidered as decisive in the question concerning general interest? Far am I, however, from insinuating, that the true welfare of mankind in their collective capacities depends singly upon a prevailing fancy, any more than it does in their separate: undoubtedly in both instances they may equally embrace a false interest. But whenever this is the case; I should hardly imagine that the love of our country, on the one hand, or of our neighbour, on the other, would justify any methods of bringing them to a wiser choice, than those of calm and rational persuasion.

I cannot at present recollect which of the ancient authors it is, that mentions the Cappadocians to have been so enamoured of subjection to a despotic power, as to refuse the enjoyment of their liberties, though generously tendered to them by the Romans. Scarcely, I suppose, can there be an instance produced of a more remarkable depravity of national taste, and of a more false calculation of public welfare: yet even in this instance it should seem the highest injustice to have attempted by force, and at the expence, perhaps, of half the lives in the state, the introduction of a more improved system of government.

In this notion I am not singular, but have the authority of Plato himself on my side, who held it as a maxim of undoubted truth in politics, that the prevailing sentiments of a state, how much soever mistaken, ought by no means to be opposed by the measures of violence: a maxim, which if certain pretended or misguided patriots had happily embraced, much effusion of civil blood had been lately spared to our nation. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXI.

TO PALAMEDES.

NOVEMBER 4, 1740.

*THE dawn is overcast, the morning  
lours,  
And heavily with clouds brings on the day.*

How then can I better disappoint the gloomy effects of a lowering sky, than by calling my thoughts off from the dull

scene before me, and placing them upon an object which I always consider with pleasure? Much, certainly, are we indebted to that happy faculty, by which, with a sort of magic power, we can bring before one's mind whatever has been the subject of its most agreeable

contemplation. In vain, therefore, would that lovely dame, who has so often been the topic of our conversations, pretend to enjoy you to herself: in spite of your favourite philosophy, or even of a more powerful divinity; in spite of Fortune herself, I can place you in my view, though half a century of miles lies between us. But am I for ever to be indebted to imagination only for your presence? and will you not sometimes let me owe that pleasure to yourself?

Surely you might spare me a few week before the summer ends, without any inconvenience to that noble plan upon which I know you are so intent. As for my own studies, they go on but slowly: I am, like a traveller without a guide in an unknown country, obliged to enquire the way at every turning, and consequently cannot advance with all the expedition I could wish. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

AUGUST 10, 1745.

**F**ORGIVE me, Palamedes, if I mistrust an art, which the greatest of philosophers has called the art of deceiving, and by which the first of orators could persuade the people that he had conquered at the athletic games, though they saw him fall at his adversary's feet. The voice of Eloquence should ever, indeed, be heard with caution; and she, whose boast it has formerly been, to make little things appear considerable, may diminish objects, perhaps, as well as enlarge them, and lessen even the charms of repose. But I have too long experienced the joys of retirement, to quit her arms for a more lively mistress; and I can look upon ambition, though adorned in all the ornaments of your oratory, with the cool indifference of the most confirmed Stoic. To confess the whole truth, I am too proud to endure a repulse, and too humble to hope for success: qualities little favourable, I imagine, to the pretensions of him who would claim the glittering prizes which animate those that run the race of ambition. Let those honours, then, you mention, be inscribed on the tombs of others; be it rather told on mine, that I lived and died

Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave.

And is not this a privilege as valuable as any of those which you have painted to my view, in all the warmest colours of your enlivening eloquence? Bruyere, at least, has just now adorned me, That

to pay one's court to no man, nor expect any to pay court to you, is the most agreeable of all situations; 'it is the true golden age,' says he, 'and the most natural state of man.'

Believe me, however, I am not in the mistake of those whom you justly condemn, as imagining that wisdom is the companion only of retirement, and that virtue enters not the more open and conspicuous walks of life: but I will confess at the same time, that though it is to Tully I give my applause, it is Atticus that has my affection.

'Life,' says a celebrated antient, 'may be compared to the Olympic games: some enter into those assemblies for glory, and others for gain; while there is a third party (and those by no means the most contemptible) who chuse to be merely spectators.' I need not tell you, Palamedes, how early it was my inclination to be numbered with the last; and as Nature has not formed me with powers, am I not obliged to her for having divested me of every inclination for bearing a part in the ambitious contentions of the world? Providence, indeed, seems to have designed some tempers for the obscure scenes of life; as there are some plants which flourish best in the shade. But the lowest shrub has it's use, you are sensible, as well as the loftiest oak; and, perhaps, your friend may find some method of convincing you, that even the humblest talents are not given in vain. Farewel. I am, &c.

LET-

## LETTER XXXIII.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 28, 1748.

offible you can thus defend the highest concerns to the low-  
 after deliberating upon the  
 Europe, have the humility to  
 into mine? But the greatest  
 it seems, have their trifling  
 their serious hours; and I have  
 a Roman consul that amused  
 with gathering cockle-shells,  
 a Spartan monarch who was  
 ting upon a hobby-horse. Or  
 ether say, that friendship gilds  
 jest upon which she shines? as  
 singular character of Palemon  
 ve that generous flame in all it's  
 and lustre amidst that ambitious  
 ere which is generally esteemed  
 ourable to every brighter affec-

pon one or other of those prin-  
 one, that you can be willing to  
 your own more important en-  
 its, by attending to an account  
 . They have lately, indeed,  
 ve diversified than usual, and I  
 ked these three months in a con-  
 succession of new scenes. The  
 receable, as well as the farthest  
 my progress, was to the seat of  
 ius; and I am persuaded you  
 t think my travels have been in  
 ace they afford me an opportu-  
 niforming you, that our friend  
 ossession of all that happiness  
 am sure you wish him. It is  
 e, however, you have not yet  
 at he owes the chief part of it to  
 merit; for his marriage was con-  
 even before those friends, who  
 & frequently with him, had the  
 uspicion of his intentions. But  
 he had some reasons for conceal-  
 designs, he has none for being  
 of them now they are executed,  
 at this from any hasty approba-  
 at as having long known and ef-  
 the lady whom he has chosen;  
 there is a pleasure in bringing  
 sons of merit to the knowledge  
 ether, will you allow me, in the  
 ber of this letter, to introduce  
 your acquaintance?

Hortensia is of a good stature, and  
 perfectly well proportioned; but one  
 cannot so properly say her air is genteel,  
 as that it is pleasing: for there is a cer-  
 tain unaffected carelessness in her dress  
 and mien, that wins by degrees rather  
 than strikes at first sight. If you were  
 to look no farther than the upper part  
 of her face, you would think her hand-  
 some; were you only to examine the  
 lower, you would immediately pro-  
 nounce the reverse; yet there is some-  
 thing in her eyes, which, without any  
 pretence to be called fine, gives such an  
 agreeable liveliness to her whole coun-  
 tenance, that you scarce observe, or  
 soon forget, all her features are not regu-  
 lar. Her conversation is rather cheer-  
 ful than gay, and more instructive than  
 sprightly. But the principal and most  
 distinguished faculties of her mind are  
 her memory and her judgment, both  
 which she possesses in a far higher degree  
 than one usually finds even in persons  
 of our sex. She has read most of the  
 capital authors both in French and Eng-  
 lish; but her chief and favourite com-  
 panions of that kind have lain among  
 the historical and dramatic writers.  
 There is hardly a remarkable event in  
 antient or modern story, of which she  
 cannot give a very clear and judicious  
 account; as she is equally well versed in  
 all the principal characters and incidents  
 of the most approved stage-composi-  
 tions. The mathematics is not wholly  
 a stranger to her; and though she did  
 not think proper to pursue her inquiries  
 of that kind to any great length, yet  
 the very uncommon facility with which  
 she entered into the reasonings of that  
 science, plainly discovered she was ca-  
 pable of attaining a thorough knowl-  
 edge of all it's most abstruse branches.  
 Her taste in performances of polite lit-  
 erature is always just; and she is an ex-  
 cellent critic, without knowing any thing  
 of the artificial rules of that science. Her  
 observations, therefore, upon subjects  
 of that sort, are so much the more to be  
 relied upon, as they are the pure and  
 unbiassed dictates of nature and good-  
 sense.



sense. Accordingly, Hortensius, in the several pieces, which, you know, he has published, constantly had recourse to her judgment; and I have often heard him upon those occasions apply, with singular pleasure, and with equal truth, what the tender Propertius says of his favourite Cynthia—

*Me juvat in gremio doctæ legiss. puellæ,  
Auribus et patris scripta probasse mea:  
Hæc ubi contig. rint, populi confusa valet  
Fabula; n. m. d. minâ judice, tutus ero.*

But her uncommon strength of understanding has preserved her from that fatal rock of all female knowledge, the impertinent ostentation of it: and she thinks a reserve in this article an essential part of that modesty which is the ornament of her sex. I have heard her observe, that it is not in the acquired endowments of the female mind, as in the beauties of her person, where it may be sufficient praise, perhaps, to follow the example of the virgin described by Tasso, who

*Non ex præ sue bellezze, e non l'espõe.*

On the contrary, she esteems it a point of decency to throw a veil over the superior charms of her understanding; and if ever she draws it aside, you plainly perceive it is rather to gratify her good-nature than her vanity; less in compliance with her own inclinations, than with those of her company.

Her refined sense and extensive knowledge have not, however, raised her above the more necessary acquisitions of female science: they have only taught her to fill that part of her character with

higher grace and dignity. She enters into all the domestic duties of her station with the most consummate skill and prudence. Her æconomical deportment is calm and steady; and she presides over her family like the Intelligence of some planetary orb, conducting it in all its proper directions without violence or disturbed efforts.

These qualities, however considerable they might appear in a less shining character, are but under parts in Hortensia's: for it is from the virtues of her heart that she derives her most irresistible claim to esteem and approbation. A constant flow of uniform and unaffected cheerfulness gladdens her own breast, and enlivens that of every creature around her. Her behaviour under the injuries she has received (for injuries even the blameless Hortensia has received) was with all the calm fortitude of the most heroic patience; as she firmly relied, that Providence would either put an end to her misfortunes, or support her under them. And with that elevated hope she seemed to feel less for herself, than for the unjust and inhuman author of her sufferings, generously lamenting to see one, so nearly related to her, stand condemned by that severest and most significant of sentences, the united reproaches of the world and of his conscience.

Thus, Palemon, I have given you a faithful copy of an excellent original: but whether you will join with me in thinking my pencil has been true to its subject, must be left to some future opportunity to determine. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXIV.

TO HORTENSIVS.

DECEMBER 10, 1734

I Have read over the treatise you recommended to me, with attention and concern. I was sorry to find an author, who seems so well qualified to serve the cause of truth, employing his talents in favour of what appears to me a most dangerous error. I have often wondered, indeed, at the policy of certain philosophers of this east, who endeavour to advance religion by depreciating human nature. Methinks it would be

more for the interest of virtue, to represent her congenial (as congenial she surely is) with our make, and agreeable to our untainted constitution of soul; to prove that every deviation from moral rectitude is an opposition to our native bias, and contrary to those characters of dignity which the Creator has universally impressed upon the mind. This, at least, was the principle which many of the ancient philosophers laboured to inculcate:



is there is not, perhaps, any in ethics that might be more truth or greater efficacy. Upon this generous and exalted our species, that one of thecepts of the excellent Pythagorounded: *Παρρησιε μαλιστα* (says sopher) *αισχυνοσ' αυτον*. The eading disposition to engage use of virtue was, in that sage's, to preserve above all things a everence to our own mind, and nothing so much as to offend's native dignity. The inge- Norris, I remember, recom- is precept as one of the best, hat was ever given to the world. not justly then be surprised to seldom enforced in our modern of morality? To confess the am strongly inclined to suspect,

that much of that general contempt of every manly principle, which so remarkably distinguishes the present times, may fairly be attributed to the humour of discarding this animating notion of our kind. It has been the fashion to paint human nature in the harshest and most displeasing colours. Yet there is not, surely, any argument more likely to induce a man to act unworthily, than to persuade him that he has nothing of innate worthiness in his genuine disposition; than to reason him out of every elevated notion of his own grandeur of soul; and to destroy, in short, every motive that might justly inspire him with a principle of self-reverence; that surest *internal* guard Heaven seems to have assigned to the human virtues. Farewel. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXV.

TO CLEORA.

UGH it was not possible for to celebrate with you, as usual, py anniversary which we have reasons to commemorate; yet I t suffer so joyful a festival to me without a thousand tender s. I took pleasure in tracing t stream to it's rise, which has all my succeeding days with ; as my Cleora, perhaps, was ery infant running over in her d those many moments of sfaction which she has derived same source. eart was so entirely possessed sentiments which this occasion l, that I found myself raised rt of poetical enthusiasm; and I at forbear expressing in verse, ave often said in prose of the hor of my most valuable enjoy- As I imagined Teraminta y this time be with you, I had o her harpichord in the com- and I desire you would let her hope she will shew me, at my to what advantage the most or- umbers will appear, when judi- accompanied with a fine voice ument. t not forget to tell you, it was

in your favourite grove, which we have so often traversed together, that I indulged myself in these pleasing reveries; as it was not, you are to suppose, without having first invoked the Genius of the place, and called upon the Muses in due form, that I broke out in the following rhapsody.

## ODE FOR MUSIC.

AIR I.

THRICE has the circling earth, swift-  
pacing, run,  
And thrice again, around the sun,  
Since first the white-rob'd priest, with sacred  
band,  
Sweet union! join'd us hand in hand.

CHORUS.

All Heav'n, and ev'ry friendly pow'r  
Approv'd the vow, and bless'd the hour.

RECITATIVE.

What tho' in silence sacred Hymen trod,  
Nor lyre proclaim'd, nor garland crown'd the  
God:  
What tho' nor feast nor revel dance was there,  
(Vain pomp of joy the happy well may spare!)  
Yet Love unseign'd, and conscious Honour  
led  
The spotless virgin to the bridal bed;  
Rich tho' *despoil'd* of all her little store;  
For who shall prize fair virtue's better dow'r?

ALL

## AIR II.

Blest with sense, with temper blest,  
Wisdom o'er thy lips presides;  
Virtue guards thy gen'rous breast,  
Kindness all thy actions guides.

## AIR III.

Ev'ry home-felt bliss is mine,  
Ev'ry matron-grace is thine;  
Chaste deportment, artless mien,  
Converse sweet, and heart serene.

Sinks my soul with gloomy pain?  
See, she smiles! — 'tis joy again:  
Swells a passion in my breast?  
Hark, she speaks! and all is rest.

Oft as clouds my paths o'erspread,  
(Doubtful where my steps should tread)  
She, with judgment's steady ray,  
Marks, and smooths, the better way.

## CHORUS.

Chief amongst ten thousand she,  
Worthy, sacred Hymen! thee.

While such are the sentiments which I entertain of my Cleora, can I find myself obliged to be thus distant from her, without the highest regret? The truth, believe me, is, though both the company and the scene wherein I am engaged are extremely agreeable, yet I find a vacancy in my happiness, which none but you can fill up. Surely those who have recommended these little separations as necessary to revive the languor of the married state, have ill understood it's

most refined gratifications: satiety in the mutual exchanger offices.

There seems to have been a happiness of this kind was as the highest glory, as well preme blessing of human life. her, when I was in Italy, to several conjugal inscriptions sepulchral monuments of anti which, instead of running a pompous panegyric upon the the deceased, mentioned sing most significant of encomi many years the parties had ther in full and uninterrupted The Romans, indeed, in this ny other instances, afford tl markable examples; and it i vation of one of their writers withstanding divorces might be obtained among them, the had subsisted many centuries t was a single instance of tha ever having been exerted.

Cleora, you see, however unfavourable may appear in the present generation might have been kept in count a former, and by those too, much true gallantry and good one usually meets with in affections which are founded and nature stand not in need cedent to support them; and my honour no less than my that I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXVI.

## TO CLYTANDER.

**D**ID you imagine I was really in earnest when I talked of quitting \*\*\*, and withdrawing from those gilded prospects which ambition had once so strongly set in my view? But my vows, you see, are not in the number of those which are made to be broken: for the retreat I had long meditated, is now, at last, happily executed. To say truth, my friend, the longer I lived in the high scenes of action, the more I was convinced that nature had not formed me for bearing a part in them: and though I was once so unexperienced in the ways of the world as to believe I had talents, as I was sure I had inclination, to serve my country, yet every day's conversation

contributed to wean me by that flattering delusion.

How indeed could a man render himself acceptable to the parties which divide our nation professes it as his principle, and no striking wholly into the scale any, without renouncing the sense or one's integrity? and the world is at present constituted scarce possible, I fear, to do in one's generation, (in particular) without lifting up the hand of other of those various banners distinguish the several corps of political warfares. To those who may have curiosity enow

into my concerns, and ask a reason for my quitting the town, I answer, in the words of the historian, *Civitas morum laetis pigetque*. But I am wandering from the purpose of my letter, which was not so much to justify my retreat, as to incite you to follow me into it: to follow me, I mean, as a visitor only; for I love my country too well to call you off from those great services you are capable of doing here.

I have pitched my tent upon a spot which I am persuaded will not displease you. My villa (if you will allow me to call by that fine name, what, in truth, is no better than a neat farm-house) is situated upon a gentle rise, which commands a short, though agreeable view of about three miles in circumference. This is bounded on the north by a ridge of hills, which afford me at once both a secure shelter and a beautiful prospect: for they are as well cultivated as the most fertile valleys. In the front of my house, which stands south-east, I have a view of the river that runs, at the distance of somewhat less than a quarter of a mile, at the end of my grounds; and after making several windings and returns, seems to lose itself at the foot of those hills I just now mentioned. As for my garden; I am obliged to nature for its chief beauties; having no other (except a small spot which I have allotted for the purposes of my table) but what the fields and meadows afford. These, however, I have embellished with some care, having inter-

mixed among the hedges all the several sorts of flowering shrubs.

But I must not forget to mention what I look upon to be the principal ornament of the place; as indeed I do not recollect to have seen any thing of the kind in our English plantations. I have covered a small spot with different sorts of ever-greens, many of which are of a species not very usual in our country. This little plantation I have branched out into various labyrinth-walks, which are all terminated by a small temple in the centre. I have a double advantage from this artificial wood: for it not only affords me a very shady retreat in summer, but, as it is situated opposite to my library, supplies me in winter with a perspective of the most agreeable verdure imaginable.

What heightens my relish of this retirement, is the company of my Cleora; as indeed many of the best improvements I have made in it, are owing to hints which I have received from her exquisite taste and judgment. She will rejoice to receive you as her guest here; and has given it me in charge to remind you, that you have promised to be so. As the business of parliament is now drawing to a conclusion, I may urge this to you without any imputation upon my patriotism; though at the same time, I must add, I make a very considerable sacrifice of private interest whenever I resign you for the sake of the public. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXVII.

TO HORTENSIUS.

**A**RE you aware, Hortensius, how far I may mislead you, when you are willing to resign yourself to my guidance, through the regions of criticism? Remember, however, that I take the lead in these paths, not in confidence of my own superior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a request, which I never yet knew how to refuse. In short, Hortensius, I give you my sentiments, because it is my sentiments you require: but I give them at the same time rather as doubts than decisions.

After having thus acknowledged my

insufficiency for the office you have assigned me, I will venture to confess that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far less successful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

*Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble pensée,  
Ne peut plaire à l'esprit quand l'oreille est  
blessée.* BOILEAU.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the raillery, and strength in the sentiments of your friend's moral epistle, it by no means falls in with those notions I have formed to myself concerning

cerning the essential requisites in compositions of this kind. He seems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he professes to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than *Hyperion to a Satire*. His deficiency in point of versification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is sufficient to destroy the pretended resemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more absurd, than to write in poetical measure, and yet neglect harmony; as of all the kinds of false style, that which is neither prose nor verse, but I know not what inartificial combination of powerless words bordered with rhyme, is far, surely, the most insufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive, (and it is an opinion in which you are not singular), that a negligence of this kind may be justified by the authority of the Roman satirist: yet surely those who entertain that notion, have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confess, his satirical composition to the inspiration of a certain Muse, whom he distinguishes by the title of the *Musa pedestris*; and it is this expression which seems to have misled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends she should creep: on the contrary, it may be said of the Muse of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that

Grace is in all her steps.

That this was the idea which Horace himself had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epistles, but from several express declarations which he lets fall in his progress through them. Even when he speaks of her in his greatest fits of modesty, and describes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly insists upon the ease and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly disclaims, indeed, all pretensions to the higher poetry, the *acer spiritus et vis*, as he calls it; he represents his style as being governed by the *tempora certa modoque*, as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predecessor Luilius for the *dissonance of his numbers*; and he professes to have made the experiment,

whether the same kind of moral might not be treated in more easy measures:

*Quid utat et nosmet Lucili scripta  
Querere num illius, num rerum du  
Versiculos natura magis factos et ei  
Mollius?*

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is a single prerogative of poetry, and pretends to claim to his writing kind: and so far is he from the unessential, that he acknowledges as the only separation which guilches them from prose. If once to be broken down, and the natural order of his words destroyed would not, he tells us, be the appearance of poetry remaining.

*Non*

*Invenias etiam disjuncti membra po.*

However, when he delivers in this humble strain, he is not, observe, sketching out a plain species of poetry in general, but being merely of his own performance particular. His demands rise higher, when he informs us we expect of those who would compose of this moral kind then not only requires flowing, but an expression concise and numbered; wit exerted with good sense and managed with reserve; some occasions the sentiments enforced with all the strength of language and poetry: and though parts the piece may appear with serious and solemn cast of colour yet upon the whole, he tells us be lively and *riant*. This I take to be his meaning in the following passage.

*Est brevitatis opus, ut currat sente.  
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus  
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sapi.  
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atq  
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus  
Extenuantis eas consulto.*

Such, then, was the notion which Horace had of this kind of writing, if there is any propriety in the rules, if they are founded on taste and art; I fear the present in question, with numberless the same stamp, (which have ever wanted admirers) must stand condemned. The truth is, most of the pieces which are us

duced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace : the authors of them seem to mistake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the easy air of the friend of Mæcenas.

You will still tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himself is an unanswerable objection to the notion I have embraced ; as there are numberless lines in his Satires and Epistles, where the versification is evidently neglected. But are you sure, Hortensius, that those lines which sound so unharmonious to a modern ear, had the same effect upon a Roman one ? For myself, at least, I am much inclined to believe the contrary : and it seems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to censure Lucilius for the uncouthness of his numbers, should himself be notoriously guilty of the very fault against which he so strongly exclaims. Most certain it is, that the delicacy of the ancients with respect to numbers, was far superior to any thing that modern taste can pretend to ; and that they discovered differences, which are to us absolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable instance : A very ancient writer has observed upon the following verse in Virgil—

*Anna virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris—*

that if instead of *primus* we were to pronounce it *primis*, (is being long, and *us* short) the entire harmony of the line would be destroyed. But whose ear is now so exquisitely sensible, as to perceive the distinction between those two quantities ? Some refinement of this kind might probably give music to those lines in Horace, which now seem so untuneable.

In subjects of this nature it is not possible, perhaps, to express one's ideas in any very precise and determinate manner. I will only therefore in general observe with respect to the requisite style of these performances, that it consists in a natural ease of expression, an elegant familiarity of phrase, which though formed of the most usual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy no less striking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain lively colouring peculiar to compositions in this way, which, without being so bright and glowing as is neces-

sary for the higher poetry, is nevertheless equally removed from whatever appears harsh and dry. But particular instances will perhaps better illustrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther say to explain it. There is scarce a line in the Moral Epistles of Mr. Pope, which might not be produced for this purpose. I chuse, however, to lay before you the following verses, not as preferring them to many others which might be quoted from that inimitable satirist ; but as they afford me an opportunity of comparing them with a version of the same original lines, of which they are an imitation ; and, by that means, of shewing you at one view what I conceive is, and is not, in the true manner of Horace :

Peace is my dear delight — not Fleury's more ;

But touch me, and no minister so sore :  
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time,  
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;  
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,  
And the sad burden of some merry song.

I will refer you to your own memory for the Latin passage, from whence Mr. Pope has taken the general hint of these verses ; and content myself with adding a translation of the lines from Horace by another hand :

Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace !

But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)  
Had better take a lion by the beard ;  
His eyes shall weep the folly of his tongue,  
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad sung.

There is a strength and spirit in the former of these passages, and a flatness and languor in the latter, which cannot fail of being discovered by every reader of the least delicacy of discernment ; and yet the words which compose them both, are equally sounding and significant. The rules then, which I just now mentioned from Horace, will point out the real cause of the different effects which these two passages produce in our minds ; as the passages themselves will serve to confirm the truth and justice of the rules. In the lines from Mr. Pope, one of the principal beauties will be found to consist in the shortness of the expression ; whereas the sentiments in the other are too much encumbered with words. Thus, for instance,

Peace is my dear delight,

is pleasing, because it is concise; as— Behold me blameless bard, how fond of peace! is, in comparison of the former, the *verba lassas onerantia aures*. Another distinguishing perfection in the imitator of Horace, is that spirit of gaiety which he has diffused through these lines, not to mention those happy, though familiar, images of *sliding* into verse, and *bisubing* in a rhyme; which can never be sufficiently admired. But the translator, on the contrary, has cast too serious an air over his numbers, and appears with an emotion and earnestness that disappoints the force of his satire:

Nay, I will be heard,

has the mien of a man in a pass

His eyes shall weep the folly of his  
though a good line in itself, is solemn and tragical for the unpleasantness of Horace.

But I need not enter more into an examination of these. The general hints I have thrown in this letter will suffice to shew you in I imagine the true manner consists. And after all, perhaps no more be explained, than a few rules of art. It is what true genius only executes, and just taste a cover. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

NOVEMBER

YOUR admired poet, I remember, somewhere lays it down as a maxim, that

The proper study of mankind is man.

There cannot, indeed, be a more useful, nor, one should imagine, a more easy science: so many lessons of this kind are every moment forcing themselves upon our observation, that it should seem scarce possible not to be well acquainted with the various turns and dispositions of the human heart. And yet there are so few who are really adepts in this article, that to say of a man, *he knows the world*, is generally esteemed a compliment of the most significant kind.

The reason, perhaps, of the general ignorance which prevails in this sort of knowledge, may arise from our judging too much by universal principles. Whereas there is a wonderful disparity in mankind, and numberless characters exist which cannot properly be reduced to any regular and fixed standard. Monsieur Pacha observes, that the greater sagacity any man possesses, the more originals he will discern among his species; as it is the remark of Sir William Temple, that no nation under the sun abounds with so many as our own. *Plutarch*, if I remember right, is of opinion, that there is a wider difference between the individuals of our own kind, than what is observable between creatures

of a separate order; while M (who seems to have known human nature perfectly well) supposes the to be still more remote, and all the distinction is much greater man and man, than between a beast.

The comic writers have not, taken all the advantage they might of the infinite diversity of humour in the race. A judicious observer of the might single out abundant material for ridicule, without having recourse to worn-out characters which are returning upon the stage. If I am acquainted with any genius in the writers I think I could furnish with an original, which, if artfully presented and connected with precedents, might be very successfully introduced into comedy. The have in view is my neighbour S

Stilotes in his youth was esteemed to have good sense and a tolerable letters; as he gained some reputation at the university in the exercises of that place. But as soon as he was free from the restraint of tutors, the restlessness of his temper broke out, and he has never, from that time to this, applied himself for half an hour to any single pursuit. He is extremely active in his disposition; but his life is one incessant whirl of trifles, rises, perhaps, with a full intention of amusing himself all the morning

gun; but before he has got half the length of a field, he recollects that he owes a visit, which he must instantly pay: accordingly his horse is saddled, and he sets out. But in his way he remembers that he has not given proper orders about such a flower, and he must absolutely return, or the whole economy of his nursery will be ruined. Thus, in whatever action you find him engaged, you may be sure it is the very reverse of what he proposed. Yet with all this quickness of transition and vivacity of spirits, he is so indolent in every thing which has the air of business, that he is at least two or three months before he can persuade himself to open any letter he receives; and from the same disposition, he has suffered the dividends of his stocks to run on for many years without receiving a shilling of the interest. Stilotes is possessed of an estate in Dorsetshire, but that being the place where his chief business lies, he chuses constantly to reside with a friend near London. This person submits to his

humour and his company, in hopes that Stilotes will consider him in his will: but it is more than possible, that he will never endure the fatigue of signing one. However, having here every thing provided for him but clothes and pocket-money, he lives perfectly to his satisfaction, in full employment without any real business; and while those who look after his estate take care to supply him with sufficient to answer those two articles, he is entirely unconcerned as to all the rest: though, when he is disposed to appear more than ordinarily important, he will gravely harangue upon the rogues of stewards, and complain that his rents will scarce maintain him in powder and shot half the partridge season. In short, Stilotes is one of the most extraordinary compounds of indolence and activity that I ever met with; and as I know you have a taste for curiosities, I present you with his character as a rarity that merits a place in your collection. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XXXIX.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

**T**IS well, my friend, that the age of transformation is no more: otherwise I should tremble for your severe attack upon the Muses, and expect to see the story of your metamorphosis embellish the poetical miracles of some modern Ovid. But it is long since the fate of the Picires has gained any credit in the world, and you may now, in full security, condemn the divinities of Parnassus, and speak irreverently of the daughters of Jove himself. You see, nevertheless, how highly the ancients conceived of them, when they thus represented them as the offspring of the great father of Gods and men. You reject, I know, this article of the heathen creed: but I may venture, however, to assert, that philosophy will confirm what fable has thus invented, and that the Muses are, in strict truth, of heavenly extraction.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed, literally derived from the Author of all nature; and founded in the original frame and constitution of the human mind. Accordingly, the general prin-

ciples of *taste* are common to our whole species, and arise from that internal sense of beauty which every man, in some degree at least, evidently possesses. No rational mind can be so wholly void of all perceptions of this sort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that surround him with one equal coldness and indifference. There are certain forms which must necessarily fill the soul with agreeable ideas; and she is instantly determined in her approbation of them, previous to all reasonings concerning their use and convenience. It is upon these general principles, that what is called fine taste in the arts is founded; and consequently is by no means so precarious and unsettled an idea as you chuse to describe it. The truth is, taste is nothing more than this universal sense of beauty, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the simple and original ideas of this sort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the imi-  
tation



tative and oratorical arts is governed by the same general rules of criticism; and to prove the certainty of these with respect to any one of them, is to establish their validity with regard to all the rest. I will therefore consider the criterion of taste in relation only to fine writing.

Each species of composition has its distinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compass than a letter affords, to prove their respective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and consequently reducible to a regular and precise standard. I will only mention therefore those general properties which are essential to them all, and without which they must necessarily be defective in their several kinds. These, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the design, variety and resemblance in the metaphors and similitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now some or all of these qualities constantly attend our ideas of beauty, and necessarily raise that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object soever they appear. The charms of fine composition then, are so far from existing only in the heated imagination of an enthusiastic admirer, that they result from the constitution of Nature herself. And perhaps the principles of criticism are as certain and indisputable, even as those of the mathematics. Thus, for instance, that order is preferable to confusion, that harmony is more pleasing than dissonance, with some few other axioms upon which the science is built; are truths which strike at once upon the mind with the same force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both cases, the propositions which rest upon these plain and obvious maxims, seem equally capable of the same evidence of demonstration.

But as every intellectual as well as animal faculty is improved and strengthened by exercise, the more the soul exerts this her internal sense of beauty upon any particular object, the more she will enlarge and refine her relish of that peculiar species. For this reason the works of those great masters, whose performances have been long and generally admired, supply a farther criterion of fine taste, equally fixed and certain as that

which is immediately derived from Nature herself. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raising agreeable sensations of the intellectual kind; and therefore, as by examining those original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what those qualities are which constitute beauty in general; so by observing the peculiar construction of those compositions of genius which have always pleased, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in persons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the test of the true sublime; and he might with equal justice have extended the same criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant composition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great masters of antiquity, is fixed upon just and solid reasons: it is not because Aristotle and Horace have given us the rules of criticism, that we submit to their authority; it is because those rules are derived from works which have been distinguished by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind from their earliest appearance down to this present hour. For whatever, through a long series of ages, has been universally esteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our just and natural ideas of beauty.

The opposition, however, which sometimes divides the opinions of those whose judgments may be supposed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection against the reality of a fixed canon of criticism: it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be said of fine taste, it must ultimately be resolved into the peculiar relish of each individual. But this diversity of sentiments will not, of itself, destroy the evidence of the criterion; since the same effect may be produced by numberless other causes. A thousand accidental circumstances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever so fixed and invariable, when left in its free and uninfluenced state. Not to mention that false bias which party or personal dislike may fix upon the mind, the most unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to disengage himself entirely from those partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general course of his studies, or the peculiar

cast



is temper, may have rendered sensible. But as perfection in s of genius results from the duty and propriety of it's severest parts, and as it is impossible human composition should possess those qualities in their highest sovereign degree; the mind, pronounces judgment upon of this sort, is apt to decide of, as those circumstances which admire, either prevail or are

Thus, for instance, the excellent Roman masters in painting, in beauty of design, nobleness, and delicacy of expression; harms of good colouring are

On the contrary, the Venetian is said to have neglected delicacy too much; but at the same time been more attentive to the grace only of well-disposed lights and

shades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no composition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of these qualities are absent; yet the most accomplished judge may be so particularly struck with one or other of these excellencies, in preference to the rest, as to be influenced in his censure or applause of the whole tabature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am persuaded, the occasion of that diversity of sentences which we occasionally hear pronounced by the most improved judges, on the same piece. But this only shews, that much caution is necessary to give a fine taste it's full and unobstructed effect; not that it is in itself uncertain and precarious. I am, &c.

## LETTER XL.

TO PALAMEDES.

YOUR resolution to decline those intimacies of acquaintance which is, it seems, has lately made to agreeable to the refined principles have ever influenced your

A man of your elegant nobility will observe the same with respect to his companions, as did with regard to his wife, use all commerce with persons of suspected honour. It would indeed, be doing justice to Mezentius to represent him in that number: though his hypocrisy has preserved some few friends, and his impetuosity draws after him many followers the world in general are by no means divided in their sentiments concerning him.

Whilst you can have his picture in many better hands, why are you so desirous of seeing it by mine? It is a disemployment to contemplate nature in it's deformities; as there is, perhaps, more difficult than to paint a portrait of the characteristic with strength and spirit. However you have assigned me the task, I think myself at liberty to refuse it, as it is your interest to see him in his true form.

Mezentius, with the designs and artifices of a Catiline, affects the integrity and patriotism of a Cato. Liberty, justice, and honour, are words which he knows perfectly well how to apply with address; and having them always ready upon proper occasions, he conceals the blackest purposes under the fairest appearances. For void, as in truth he is, of every worthy principle, he has too much policy not to pretend to the noblest; well knowing, that counterfeit virtues are the most successful vices. It is by arts of this kind, that, notwithstanding he has shewn himself unrestrained by the most sacred engagements of society, and uninfluenced by the most tender affections of nature, he has still been able to retain some degree of credit in the world: for he never sacrifices his honour to his interest, that he does not, in some less considerable, but more open instance, make a concession of his interest to his honour; and thus, while he sinks his character on one side, very artfully raises it on the other. Accordingly, under pretence of the most scrupulous delicacy of conscience, he lately resigned a post which he held under my Lord Goshophin; when at the same time he was endeavouring, by the most

most shameless artifices and evasions, to deceive and defraud a friend of mine in one of the most solemn and important transactions that can pass between man and man.

But will you not suspect that I am describing a phantom of my own imagination, when I tell you after this, that he has erected himself into a reformer of manners, and is so injudiciously officious as to draw the enquiry of the world upon his own morals by attempting to expose the defects of others. A man who ventures publicly to point out the

blemishes of his contemporaries at least be free from any u stain himself, and have nothing ably dark in the complexion of private character. But Meze satisfied with being vicious, has determined to be ridiculous; having wretchedly squandered and his patrimony in riot and nesa, is contemptibly mispendi age in measuring impotent syll dealing out pointlefs abuse.

I am, &

## LETTER XLI.

TO ORONTES.

MARCH

WHAT haughty Sacharissa has put you out of humour with her whole sex? for it is some disappointment, I suspect, of the tender kind, that has thus sharpened the edge of your satire, and pointed it's invective against the fairer half of our species. You were not mistaken, however, when you supposed I should prove no convert to your doctrine; but rise up as an advocate, where I profess myself an admirer. I am not, 'tis true, altogether of old Montaigne's opinion, that the souls of both sexes *sont jettes*, as he expresses it, *en mesme moules*: on the contrary, I am willing enough to join with you in thinking, that they may be wrought off from different models. Yet the *casts* may be equally perfect, though it should be allowed that they are essentially different. Nature, it is certain, has traced out a separate course of action for the two sexes; and as they are appointed to distinct offices of life, it is not improbable that there may be something distinct likewise in the frame of their minds; that there may be a kind of sex in the very soul.

I cannot therefore but wonder, that Plato should have thought it reasonable to admit them into an equal share of the dignities and offices of his imaginary commonwealth; and that the wisdom of the ancient Egyptians should have so strangely inverted the evident intentions of Providence, as to confine the men to domestic affairs, whilst the women, it is said, were engaged abroad in the active and laborious scenes of bu-

siness. History, it must be to supply some few female instances the most masculine virtues: instances of that extraordinary kind uncommon to support the general equality in the nature of their minds.

Thus much, however, seem that there are certain moral b which nature has drawn between sexes, and that neither of them over the limits of the other equally deviating from the b decorum of their respective c Boadicea in armour is, to me extravagant a sight, as Achill ticoats.

In determining, therefore, tl rative merit of the two sexes, i rogation from female excellen differs in kind from that wh gnishes the male part of ou And if in general it shall be fou upon an impartial enquiry, will most certainly be found) men fill up their appointed cu tion with greater regularity an than men; the claim of prefe not justly be decided in our fa the prudential and economic life, I think it undeniable tha far above us. And if true si mind is best discovered by a cl signation to the measures of P we shall not find reason, p claim that most singular of t virtues as our peculiar privileg are numbers of the other sex, t the natural delicacy of the

tion, pass through one continued scene of suffering, from their cradles to their graves, with a firmness of resolution that would deserve so many statues to be erected to their memories, if heroism were not estimated more by the splendor than the merit of actions.

But whatever real difference there may be between the moral or intellectual powers of the male and female mind; nature does not seem to have marked the distinction so strongly as our vanity is willing to imagine: and after all, perhaps, education will be found to constitute the principal superiority. It must be acknowledged, at least, that in this article we have every advantage over the softer sex, that art and industry can possibly secure to us. The most animating examples of Greece and Rome are set before us, as early as we are capable of any observation; and the noblest compositions of the antients are given into our hands, almost as soon as we have strength to hold them: while the employments of the other sex, at the same period of life, are generally the reverse of every thing that can open and enlarge their minds, or fill them with just and rational notions. The truth of it is, female education is so much worse than none, as it is better to leave the mind to its natural and uninstructed suggestions, than to lead it into false pursuits, and contract its views, by turning them upon the lowest and most trifling objects. We seem, indeed, by the manner in which we suffer the youth of that sex to be trained, to consider women agreeably to the opinion of certain Mahometan doctors, and treat them as if we believed they have no souls: why else are they

Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and trouble the tongue, and roll the  
eye? MILT.

This strange neglect of cultivating the female mind; can hardly be allowed as

good policy, when it is considered how much the interest of society is concerned in the rectitude of their understandings. That season of every man's life which is most susceptible of the strongest impressions, is necessarily under female direction; as there are few instances, perhaps, in which that sex is not one of the secret springs which regulates the most important movements of private or public transactions. What Cato observed of his countrymen, is in one respect true of every nation under the sun—'The Romans,' said he, 'govern the world,' but it is the women that govern the Romans.' Let not, however, a certain pretended Cato of your acquaintance take occasion from this maxim to *insult* a second time that *innocence* he has so often *injured*: for I will tell him another maxim as true as the former, That there are *circumstances* where no woman has power enough to controul a man of spirit.

If it be true, then, (as true beyond all peradventure it is) that female influence is thus extensive; nothing, certainly, can be of more importance, than to give it a proper tendency, by the assistance of a well-directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned; yet surely it is necessary they should be raised above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the most useful sciences as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers, might very justly enter into the plan of female erudition. That sex might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper and advantageous channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, I would have them considered as designed by Providence for use as well as shew, and trained up not only as women, but as rational creatures. Adieu.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XLII.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 5, 1746.

**W**HILST you are engaged in turning over the records of past ages, and tracing our constitution from its rise, through all its several periods;

I sometimes amuse myself with reviewing certain annals of an humbler kind, and considering the various turns and revolutions that have happened in the fe-

H

time

timents and affections of those with whom I have been most connected. A history of this sort is not, indeed, so striking as that which exhibits kings and heroes to our view; but may it not be contemplated, Palemon, with more private advantage?

Methinks we should scarce be so imbibed against those who differ from us in principle or practice, were we often-er to reflect how frequently we have varied from ourselves in both those articles. It was but yesterday that Lucius, whom I once knew a very zealous advocate for the most controverted points of faith, was arguing with equal warmth and vehemence on the principles of Deism; as Bathillus, who set out in the world a cool infidel, has lately drawn up one of the most plausible defences of the mystic devotees, that, perhaps, was ever written. The truth is, a man must either have passed his whole life without reflecting, or his thoughts must have run in a very limited channel, who has not often experienced many remarkable revolutions of the mind.

The same kind of inconstancy is observable in our pursuits of happiness as well as truth. Thus our friend Curio, whom we both remember in the former part of his life, enamoured of every fair face he met, and enjoying every woman

he could purchase, has at last collected this diffusive flame into a single point, and could not be tempted to commit an infidelity to his marriage vow, though a form as beautiful as the Venus of Apelles was to court his embrace: whilst Apemantbes, on the other hand, who was the most sober and domestic man I ever knew till he lost his wife, commenced a rake at five and forty, and is now for ever in a tavern or a stew.

Who knows, Palemon, whether even this humour of moralizing, which, as you often tell me, so strongly marks my character, may not wear out in time, and be succeeded by a brighter and more lively vein? Who knows but I may court again the mistress I have forsaken, and die at last in the arms of ambition? Cleora, at least, who frequently rallies me upon that fever of my youth, assures me I am only in the intermission of a fit, which will certainly return. But though there may be some excuse, perhaps, in exchanging our follies or our errors, there can be none in resuming those we have once happily quitted: for surely he must be a very injudicious sportsman, who can be tempted to beat over those fields again which have ever disappointed him of his game. Farewel.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XLIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

JULY 2, 1742.

**I**T is a pretty observation, which I have somewhere met, That the most pleasing of all harmony arises from the censure of a single person, when mixed with the general applauses of the world. I almost suspect, therefore, that you are considering the interest of your admired author, when you call upon me for my farther objections to his performance: and are for joining me, perhaps, to the number of those who advance his reputation, by opposing it. The truth, however, is, you could not have chosen a critic (if a critic I might venture to call myself) who has a higher esteem for all the compositions of Mr. Pope: as indeed I look upon every thing that comes from his hands, with the same degree of veneration as if it were consecrated by antiquity. Nevertheless, though I greatly revere his judgment, I

cannot absolutely renounce my own: and since some have been bold enough to advance, that even the Sacred Writings themselves do not always speak the language of the Spirit; I may have leave to suspect of the poets what has been asserted of the prophets, and suppose that their pens are not, at all seasons, under the guidance of inspiration. But as there is something extremely ungrateful to the mind, in dwelling upon those little spots that necessarily attend the lustre of all human merit; you must allow me to join his beauties with his imperfections, and admire with rapture after having condemned with regret.

There is a certain modern figure of speech, which the authors of *The art of sinking in poetry* have called the *diminishing*. This, so far as it relates to words only, consists in debasing a great idea, by

by expressing it in a term of meaner import. Mr. Pope has himself now and then fallen into this kind of the *profound*, which he has with such uncommon wit and spirit exposed in the writings of others. Thus Agamemnon, addressing himself to Menelaus and Ulysses, asks—

‘ And can you, chiefs, without a blush, survey  
‘ Whole troops before you, *lab’ring* in the  
‘ *fray*?’ B. iv.

So likewise Pandarus, speaking of Diomed, who is performing the utmost efforts of heroism in the field of battle, says—

‘ Some guardian of the skies,  
‘ Involv’d in clouds, protects him in the *fray*.’  
V. 235.

But what would you think, Euphronius, were you to hear of the ‘ impervious foam,’ and ‘ rough waves of a *brook*?’ Would it not put you in mind of that droll thought of the ingenious Dr. Young, in one of his epistles to our author, where he talks of a puddle *in a storm*? yet, by thus confounding the properties of the highest objects with those of the lowest, Mr. Pope has turned one of the most pleasing similes in the whole *Iliad*, into downright burlesque—

As when some simple swain his cot forfakes,  
And wide thro’ sens an unknown journey takes;

If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
And *fiam* impervious cross the wand’rer’s way,  
Confus’d he stops, a length of country past,  
Eyes the rough waves, and tir’d, returns at last.  
V. 734.

This swelling brook, however, of Mr. Pope, is in Homer a rapid river, rushing with violence into the sea—

Σταγὴν αὖ ἀκυρὰν ποταμὸν ἀλάτῃ θρηγοῦντι.  
V. 598.

It is one of the essential requisites of an epic poem, and indeed of every other kind of serious poetry, that the style be raised above common language; as nothing takes off so much from that solemnity of diction, from which the poet ought never to depart, as idioms of a vulgar and familiar cast. Mr. Pope has sometimes neglected this important rule, but most frequently in the introduction of his speeches. To mention a few instances.

*That done*, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign.

ix. 294.

*With that stern* Ajax his long silence broke.

ix. 735.

*With that* the venerable warrior rose.

x. 150.

*With that* they stepp’d aside, &c.

x. 415.

whereas Homer generally prefaces his speeches with a dignity of phrase, that calls up the attention of the reader to what is going to be uttered. Milton has very happily copied his manner in this particular, as in many others; and though he often falls into a flatness of expression, he has never once, I think, committed that error upon occasions of this kind. He usually ushers in his harangues with something characteristic of the speaker, or that points out some remarkable circumstance of his present situation, in the following manner:

Satan, with bold words

Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.

i. 82.

Him thus answer’d soon his bold compeer.

i. 125.

He ended frowning:

On the other side uprose

Belial,

And with persuasive accents thus began.

ii. 106.

If you compare the effect which an introduction of this descriptive sort has upon the mind, with those low and unawakening expressions which I have marked in the lines I just now quoted from our English *Iliad*; you will not, perhaps, consider my objection as altogether without foundation.

All opposition of ideas should be carefully avoided in a poem of this kind, as unbecoming the gravity of the heroic Muse. But does not Mr. Pope sometimes sacrifice simplicity to false ornament, and lose the majesty of Homer in the affectations of Ovid? Of this sort a severe critic would, perhaps, esteem his calling an army marching with spears erect, *a moving iron wood*:

Such and so thick th’ embattled squadrons  
stood

With spears erect, *a moving iron wood*.

There seems also to be an inconsistency in the two parts of this description; for the troops are represented as standing still, at the same time that the circumstance mentioned of the spears, should rather imply (as indeed the truth is) that they

they were in motion. But if the translator had been faithful to his author in this passage, neither of these objections could have been raised: for in Homer it is—

Totai

ἑπικύματα κινύτο φάλαγγες  
κινύται, γαλήνῃ τε καὶ ὕδατι περιβύχεται.  
iv. 280.

Is there not likewise some little tendency to a pun, in those upbraiding lines which Hector addresses to Paris?

‘For thee great Ilion’s guardian hermes fall,  
‘Till heaps of dead alone defend the wall.’

Mr. Pope at least deserts his guide, in order to give us this conceit of dead men *defending* a town; for the original could not possibly lead him into it. Homer, with a plainness suitable to the occasion, only tells us—

ἄσπετον ἔσθιντο περὶ πόλιν, αἰπυτέ τιχθον,  
Μαργαμίη.  
vi. 327.

Teucer, in the eighth book, aims a dart at Hector, which, missing its way, slew Gorythio; upon which we are told—

Another shaft the raging archer threw;  
That other shaft with erring fury flew.

(From Hector Phœbus turn’d the *flying wound*)

Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground.

A *flying wound* is a thought exactly in the spirit of Ovid; but highly unworthy of Pope as well as of Homer: and, indeed, there is not the least foundation for it in the original. But what do you think of the shaft that fell *dry* or *guiltless*? where, you see, one figurative epithet is added as explanatory of the other. The doubling of epithets, without raising the idea, is not allowable in compositions of any kind; but least of all in poetry. ‘It is,’ says Quinctilian, ‘as if every common soldier in an army were to be attended with a valet; you increase your number without adding to your strength.’

But if it be a fault to crowd epithets of the same import one upon the other; it is much more so to employ such as call off the attention from the principal idea to be raised, and turn it upon little or foreign circumstances. When Æneas is wounded by Tydides, Homer describes Venus as conducting him through *the thickest tumult* of the enemy, and *conveying him from the field of battle*. But while we are following the hero

with our whole concern, and trembling for the danger which surrounds him on all sides; Mr. Pope leads us off from our anxiety for Æneas, by an uninteresting epithet relating to the structure of those instruments of death, which were every where flying about him; and we are coldly informed, that the darts were *feathered*:

Safe thro’ the rushing horse and feather’d flight

Of founding shafts, she bears him thro’ the fight.  
V. 394.

But as his epithets sometimes debase the general image to be raised; so they now and then adorn them with a false brilliancy. Thus, speaking of a person slain by an arrow, he calls it a *pointed death*, iv. 607. Describing another who was attacked by numbers at once, he tells us—

‘A grove of lances glitter’d at his breast.’  
iv. 622.

And representing a forest on fire, he says—

‘In blazing heaps the grove’s old honours  
‘fall,

‘And one resplendent ruin levels all.’

x. 202.

But one of the most unpardonable instances of this kind is, where he relates the death of Hypenor, a person who, it seems, exercised the sacerdotal office;

On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,  
Thence glancing downward lopt his holy hand,  
And stain’d with sacred blood the blushing sand.

To take the force of this epithet, we must suppose that the redness which appeared upon the sand on this occasion, was an effect of its blushing to find itself stained with the blood of so sacred a person: than which there cannot be a more forced and unnatural thought. It puts me in mind of a passage in a French dramatic writer, who has formed a play upon the story of Pyramus and Thisbe. The hapless maid, addressing herself to the dagger, which lies by the side of her lover, breaks out into the following exclamation—

‘Ah! voici le poignard qui du sang de son maître  
‘S’est souillé lâchement: il a touché le trépas.’  
Boileau,

Beilau, taking notice of these lines, observes, *Toutes les glaces du Nord ensemble ne font pas, à mon sens, plus froides que cette pensée.* But of the two poets, I know not whether Mr. Pope is not most to be condemned: for whatever shame the poignard might take to itself, for being concerned in the murder of the lover; it is certain that the sand had not the least share in the death of the priest.

The antient critics have insisted much upon propriety of language; and, indeed, one may with great justice say what the insulted Job does to his impertinent friends, *How forcible are right words!* The truth is, though the sentiment must always support the expression, yet the expression must give grace and efficacy to the sentiment; and the same thought shall frequently be admired or condemned, according to the merit of the particular phrase in which it is conveyed. For this reason J. Cæsar, in a treatise which he wrote concerning the Latin language, calls a judicious choice of words, *the origin of eloquence*: as indeed neither oratory nor poetry can be raised to any degree of perfection, where this their principal root is neglected. In this art Virgil particularly excels; and it is the inimitable grace of his words (as Mr. Dryden somewhere justly observes) wherein that beauty principally consists, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. No man was ever a more skilful master of this powerful art than Mr. Pope; as he has, upon several occasions throughout this translation, raised and dignified his style with certain antiquated words and phrases, that are most wonderfully solemn and majestic. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning an instance, where he has employed an obsolete term less happily, I think, than is his general custom. It occurs in some lines which I just now quoted for another purpose:

- On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,
- Thence glancing downward lopt his holy hand.

V. 105.

*Brand* is sometimes used by Spenser for a sword; and in that sense it is here introduced. But as we still retain this word in a different application, it will always be improper to adopt it in its antiquated meaning, because it must necessarily occasion ambiguity: an error in

style of all others the most to be avoided. Accordingly, every reader of the lines I have quoted, must take up an idea very different from that which the poet intends, and which he will carry on with him, till he arrives at the middle of the second verse. And if he happens to be unacquainted with the language of our old writers, when he comes to—

*Lopt his holy hand,*

he will be lost in a confusion of images, and have absolutely no idea remaining.

There is another uncommon elegance in the management of words, which requires a very singular turn of genius, and great delicacy of judgment to attain. As the art I just before mentioned, turns upon employing antiquated words with force and propriety; so this consists in giving the grace of novelty to the received and current terms of a language, by applying them in a new and unexpected manner:

*Dixis engravé, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum.* Hor.

The great caution, however, to be observed in any attempt of this kind, is so judiciously to connect the expressions, as to remove every doubt concerning the signification in which they are designed: for as perspicuity is the end and supreme excellency of writing, there cannot be a more fatal objection to an author's style, than that it stands in need of a commentator. But will not this objection lie against the following verse?

Next *artful* Phereclus untimely fell. V. 75.

The word *artful* is here taken out of its appropriated acceptance, in order to express

οἱ Χερσιν ἐπικεκοτο δαίδαλα πάντα  
Τευχεῖν.

But however allowable it may be (as indeed it is not only allowable, but graceful) to raise a word above its ordinary import, when the *callida junctura* (as Horace calls it) determines at once the sense in which it is used: yet it should never be cast so far back from its customary meaning, as to stand for an idea which has no relation to what it implies, in its primary and natural state. This would be introducing uncertainty and confusion into a language, and turning every sentence into a riddle. Accidentally, after we have travelled on through



the several succeeding lines in this passage, we are obliged to change the idea with which we set out; and find, at last, that by the *artful* Phereclus we are to understand, not what we at first apprehend, a man of cunning and design; but one who is skilled in the mechanical arts.

It is with a liberty of the same unsuccessful kind, that Mr. Pope has rendered

Τὸν ᾠρετέρους ᾠροσσιπῆ Λυκαόνος ἀγλαὸς υἱός.  
v. 276.

Stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

I know not by what figure of speech the whole race of a man can denote his next immediate descendant: and I fear, no synecdoche can acquit this expression of nonsense. The truth is, whoever ventures to strike out of the common road, must be more than ordinarily careful, or he will probably lose his way.

This reminds me of a passage or two, where our poet has been extremely injurious to the sense of his author, and made him talk a language which he never uses; the language, I mean, of absurdity. In the sixth Iliad, Agamemnon assures Menelaus—

πάντες  
Ἰλιν ἐξαπλοῖαν, ἀνδρείοι. vi. 60.

But in Mr. Pope's version, that chief tells his brother—

Iliou shall perish whole and *bury* all.

Perhaps it may be over-nice to remark, that as the destruction of Troy is first mentioned, it has a little the appearance of nonsense to talk afterwards of her burying her sons. However, the latter part of this verse directly contradicts the original: for Agamemnon is so far from asserting that Iliou should bury all her inhabitants, that he pronounces positively, they should not be buried at all: a calamity, in the opinion of the ancients, of all others the most terrible. But possibly the error may lie in the printer, not in the poet; and perhaps the line originally stood thus:

Iliou shall perish whole, *unbury'd*, all.

If so, both my objections vanish: and those who are conversant with the press, will not think this supposition improbable; since much more unlikely mistakes

often happen by the carelessness of the press.

But though I am willing to the allowance possible to an author, I raise our admiration too often to have a right to the utmost wherever he fails; yet I can excuse for an unaccountable ab has fallen into in translating of the tenth book. Diomed taking advantage of the night in order to view the Trojan their way they meet with Di is going from thence to the upon an errand of the same kind having seized this unfortunate, and examined him the situation and designs of Diomed draws his sword, and Dolon's head, in the very it he is supplicating for mercy: *ὀβρισημένῳ δ' ἀπὸ τοῦ γὰρ κατὰ κοινῇ*

Mr. Pope has turned this extraordinary miracle, by a that the head spoke after it the body:

The head yet speaking, *mutter'd*

This puts me in mind of a woman of the same kind in the Fairy Queen Corflambo is represented as bla after his head had been struck Prince Arthur:

He smote at him with all his main

So furiously, that, ere he wist  
His head before him tumbled  
ground,

The whiles his babbling tongue d  
pheme,  
And curs'd his God, that did t  
found. B

But Corflambo was the son of a king and could conquer whole kingdoms only looking at them. We might, therefore, allow him to do every other man must be silent there is nothing in the history of Dolon, that can give him the pretence to this singular privilege truth is, Mr. Pope seems to have led into this blunder by Scaliger has given the same sense to and then with great wildness observes, *falsum est a pulmo avulsam loqui posse*.

The most pleasing picture in

Iliad, is, I think, the parting of Hector and Andromache: and our excellent translator has, in general, very successfully copied it. But in some places he seems not to have touched it with that delicacy of pencil, which graces the original; as he has entirely lost the beauty of one of the figures. Hector is represented as extending his arms to embrace the little Astyanax, who being terrified with the unusual appearance of a man in armour, throws himself back upon his nurse's breast, and falls into tears. But though the hero and his son were designed to draw our principal attention, Homer intended likewise that we should cast a glance towards the nurse. Accordingly, he does not mark her out merely by the name of her office; but adds an epithet to shew that she makes no inconsiderable figure in the piece: he does not simply call her *τιθήνη*, but *εχώς τιθήνη*. This circumstance Mr. Pope has entirely overlooked:

Ως ἔπειτα, καὶ παῖδες ὀρέζατο παιδίμω; Ἐκλῶρ.  
 Ἀφ' ἧς παῖς ὄρεος κελπὶν εὐζωνοῖο τιθῆνης  
 Ἐκλῶρ ἰαχῶν, παῖρος φίλῃ ὤφιν αὐτοχθεῖς,  
 Τόρτας χαλκῶν τε, ἰδε λαφονίπποισι γαῖαν,  
 Διὸς ἀπ' ἀκροῖατος κορυφῆς πύσσει νόστας·  
 Ἐν ἧ ἔγχεσσι πατέρ τε φίλος, καὶ ποτὶναι  
 μήτηρ.

Ἄντα' ἀπὸ κρητὸς κορυφῇ βίλετο παιδίμω;  
 Ἐκλῶρ.

Καὶ τῷ μιν κατεβήκεν ἐπιχθονί σμαφανοῦσαν.  
 vi. 466.

Thus having said, th' illustrious chief of  
 Troy  
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely  
 boy;

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
 Scar'd by the dazzling helm and nodding  
 crest:

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child:

The *glittering terrors* from his head un-  
 bound,  
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the  
 ground.

I was going to object to the *glittering terrors*, in the last line but one: but I have already taken notice of these little affected expressions, where the substitution is set at variance with its attribute.

It is the observation of Quæd'eman, that no poet ever excelled Homer in the sublimity with which he treats great subjects, or in the delicacy and propriety he always discovers in the management of small ones. There is a passage in

the ninth Iliad, which will justify the truth of the latter of these observations. When Achilles receives Ajax and Ulysses in his tent, who were sent to him in the name of Agamemnon, in order to prevail with him to return to the army; Homer gives a very minute account of the entertainment which was prepared for them upon that occasion. It is impossible, perhaps, in modern language, to preserve the same dignity in descriptions of this kind, which so considerably raises the original: and indeed Mr. Pope warns his readers not to expect much beauty in the picture. However, a translator should be careful not to throw in any additional circumstances, which may lower and debase the piece; which yet Mr. Pope has, in his version of the following line:

Πῦρ δὲ Μαινοτιᾶδης δάειν μέγα, ἰσθίης φῶς.  
 ix. 211.

Mean while Patroclus *feucats*, the fire to  
 raise.

Own the truth, Euphronius: does not this give you the idea of a greasy cook at a kitchen fire? whereas nothing of this kind is suggested in the original. On the contrary, the epithet *ισθίης* seems to have been added by Homer, in order to reconcile us to the meanness of the action, by reminding us of the high character of the person who is engaged in it; and, as Mr. Addison observes of Virgil's husbandman, that 'he tosses about his dung with an air of gratefulness;' one may, with the same truth, say of Homer's hero, that he lights his fire with an air of dignity.

I intended to have closed these hasty objections, with laying before you some of those passages, where Mr. Pope seems to have equalled, or excelled his original. But I perceive I have already extended my letter beyond a reasonable limit: I will reserve therefore that more pleasing, as well as much easier task, to some future occasion. In the mean time, I desire you will look upon those remarks, not as proceeding from a spirit of cavil, (than which I know not any more truly contemptible) but as an instance of my having read your favourite poet with that attention, which his own unequalled merit, and your judicious recommendation, most deservedly claim. I am, &c.

## LETTER XLIV.

TO PALAMEDES.

APRIL 18, 1739.

I Have had occasion a thousand times since I saw you, to wish myself in the land where all things are forgotten; at least, that I did not live in the memory of certain restless mortals of your acquaintance, who are visitors by profession. The misfortune is, no retirement is so remote, nor sanctuary so sacred, as to afford a protection from their importuneness; and though one were to fly to the desert, and take refuge in the cells of saints and hermits, one should be alarmed with their unmeaning voice, crying even in the wilderness. They spread themselves, in truth, over the whole face of the land, and lay waste the fairest hours of conversation. For my own part, (to speak of them in a style suitable to their taste and talents) I look upon them, not as paying visits, but visitations; and am never obliged to give audience to one of this species, that I do not consider myself as under a judgment for those numberless hours which I have spent in vain. If these sons and daughters of idleness and folly would be persuaded to enter into an exclusive society among themselves, the rest of the world might possess their mo-

ments unmolested: but nothing less will satisfy them than opening a general commerce, and sailing into every port where choice or chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed, to the years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to resign some part of one's own time, in charitable relief of the unfufferable weight of theirs; but since the days of man are shrunk into a few hasty revolutions of the sun, whole afternoons are much too considerable a sacrifice to be offered up to tame civility. What heightens the contempt of this character, is, that they who have so much of the form, have always least of the power of friendship: and though they will *craze their chariot wheels* (as Milton expresses it) to destroy your repose; they would not drive half the length of a street to assist your distress.

It was owing to an interruption from one of these obsequious intruders, that I was prevented keeping my engagement with you yesterday; and you must indulge me in this discharge of my invective against the ridiculous occasion of so mortifying a disappointment. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XLV.

TO HORTENSIVS.

MAY 8, 1747.

TO be able to suppress my acknowledgments of the pleasure I received from your approbation, were to shew that I do not deserve it; for is it possible to value the praise of the judicious as one ought, and yet be silent under it's influence? I can with strict truth say of you what a Greek poet did of Plato, who, reading his performance to a circle where that great philosopher was present, and finding himself deserted at length by all the rest of the company, cried out—'I will proceed, nevertheless, for Plato is himself an audience.'

True fame, indeed, is no more in the gift than in the possession of numbers,

as it is only in the disposal of the wise and the impartial. But if both those qualifications must concur to give validity to a vote of this kind, how little reason has an author to be either depressed or elated by general censure or applause?

The triumphs of genius are not like those of ancient heroism, where the meanest captive made a part of the pomp, as well as the noblest. It is not the multitude, but the dignity of those that compose her followers, that can add any thing to her real glory; and a single attendant may often render her more truly illustrious, than a whole train of common admirers. I am sure, at least, I have

I have no ambition of drawing after me vulgar acclamations; and whilst I have the happiness to enjoy your applause, I

shall always consider myself in possession of the truest fame. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER XLVI.

TO CLYLANDER.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1738.

YOU who never forget any thing, can tell me, I dare say, whole observation it is. That of all the actions of our life nothing is more uncommon, than to laugh or cry with a good grace. But though I can not recollect the author, I shall always retain his maxim; as, indeed, every day's occurrences suggest the truth of it to my mind. I had particularly an occasion to see one part of it verified in the treatise I herewith return you: for never, surely, was with more injudiciously directed, than that which this writer of your acquaintance has employed. To dote upon the established religion of a country, and laugh at the most sacred and inviolable of her ordinances, is as far removed from good politics, as it is from good manners. It is indeed upon maxims of policy alone, that one can reason with those who pursue the principles, which this author has embraced: I will add, therefore, (since, it seems, you sometimes communicate to him my letters) that to endeavour to lessen that veneration which is due to the religious institutions of a nation, when they neither run counter to any of the great lines of morality, nor oppose the natural rights of mankind, is a sort of zeal which I know not by what epithet sufficiently to dignify: it is attacking the strongest hold of society, and attempting to destroy the firmest guard of human society. For am I, indeed, from thinking there is no other; or that the notion of a moral sense is a vain and groundless hypothesis. But wonderfully limited must the experience of those philosophers undoubtedly be, who imagine, that an implanted love of virtue is sufficient to conduct the generality of mankind through the paths of moral duties, and supercede the necessity of a farther and more powerful guide. A sense of honour, likewise, where it operates in its true and genuine way, is, I confess, a most noble and powerful principle; but far too refined a motive of ac-

tion, even for the more cultivated part of our species to adopt in general: and, in fact, we find it much oftener professed, than pursued. Nor are the laws of a community sufficient to answer all the restraining purposes of government; as there are many moral points, which it is impossible to secure by express provisions. Human institutions can reach no farther than to certain general duties, in which the collective welfare of society is more particularly concerned. Whatever else is necessary for the ease and happiness of social intercourse, can be derived only from the assistance of religion; which influences the nicer connections and dependencies of mankind, as it regulates and corrects the heart. How many tyrannies may I exercise as a parent, how many hardships may I inflict as a master, if I take the statutes of my country for the only guides of my actions, and think every thing lawful that is not immediately penal? The truth is, a man may be injured in a variety of instances far more atrociously, than by what the law considers either as a fraud or a robbery. Now in cases of this kind, (and many very important cases of this kind there are) to remove the bars of religion, is to throw open the gates of oppression: it is to leave the honest exposed to the injurious inroads of those (and they are far, perhaps, the greatest part of mankind) who, though they would never *do justice and true mercy*, in compliance with the dictates of nature; would scrupulously practise both in obedience to the rules of revelation.

The gross of our species can never indeed, be influenced by abstract reasoning, nor captivated by the naked charms of virtue: on the contrary, nothing seems more evident than that the generality of mankind must be engaged by sensible objects; must be wrought upon by their hopes and fears. It has been the constant maxim of

the celebrated legislators, from the earliest establishment of government, to this present hour. It is true, indeed, that none have contended more warmly than the ancients for the dignity of human nature, and the native disposition of the soul to be enamoured with the beauty of virtue: but it is equally true, that none have more strenuously inculcated the expediency of adding the authority of religion to the suggestions of nature, and maintaining a reverence to the appointed ceremonies of public worship. The sentiments of Pythagoras (or whoever he be who was author of those verses which pass under that philosopher's name) are well known upon this subject:

ΔΕΙΜΝΤΟΣ ΜΕΝ ΠΡΩΤΗ ΘΕΟΣ, ΤΗΜΗ ΜΕ ΔΕΔΙΚΤΑΙ,  
ΤΥΧΗ.

Many indeed are the antient passages which might be produced in support of this assertion, if it were necessary to produce any passages of this kind to you, whom I have so often heard contend for the same truth with all the awakening powers of learning and eloquence. Suffer me, however, for the benefit of your acquaintance, to remind you of one or two, which I do not remember ever to have seen quoted.

Livy has recorded a speech of Appius Claudius Crassus, which he made in opposition to certain demands of the tribunes. That zealous senator warmly argues against admitting the plebeians into a share of the consular dignity; from the power of taking the auspices being originally and solely vested in the patrician order. 'But perhaps,' says Crassus, 'I shall be told, that the pecking of a chicken, &c. are trifles unworthy of regard: trifling, however, as these ceremonies may now be deemed, it was by the strict observance of them, that our ancestors raised this commonwealth to it's present point of grandeur.' *Parva sunt hæc: sed parva*

*ista non contemnendo, majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.* Agreeably to this principle, the Roman historian of the life of Alexander describes that monarch, after having killed his friend Clitus, as considering, in his cool moments, whether the gods had not permitted him to be guilty of that horrid act, in punishment for his irreligious neglect of their sacred rites. And Juvenal\* imputes the source of that torrent of vice which broke in upon the age in which he wrote, to the general disbelief that prevailed of the public doctrines of their established religion. Those tenets, he tells us, that influenced the glorious conduct of the Curii, the Scipios, the Fabricii, and the Camilli, were, in his days, so totally exploded, as scarce to be received even by children. It were well for some parts of the Christian world, if the same observation might not with justice be extended beyond the limits of antient Rome: and I often reflect upon the very judicious remark of a great writer of the last century, who takes notice, That the generality of Christendom is now well-nigh arrived at that fatal condition, which immediately preceded the destruction of the worship of the antient world; when the face of religion, in their public assemblies, was quite different from that apprehension which men had concerning it in private.

Nothing, most certainly, could less plead the sanction of reason, than the general rites of pagan worship. Weak and absurd, however, as they were in themselves, and indeed in the estimation too of all the wiser sort; yet the more thinking and judicious part, both of their statesmen and philosophers, unanimously concurred in supporting them as sacred and inviolable: well persuaded, no doubt, that religion is the strongest cement in the great structure of moral government. Farewell.

I am, &c.

\* Sat. II. 149.



## LETTER XLVII.

TO CLEORA.

SEPTEMBER 1.

n every day wherein I have  
communication with my  
lay lost; and I take up my  
ernoon to write to you, as  
I drink my tea, or per-  
e like important article of

ly blefs the happy art that  
means of conveying myself  
s distance, and, by an easy  
gic, thus transports me to  
at a time when I could not  
ance by any other method.  
e in the world, indeed, none  
bliged to this paper com-  
friends and lovers. It is  
clude, in some degree, the  
of fate, and can enjoy an  
with each other, though the

Alps themselves shall rise up between  
them. Even this imaginary participa-  
tion of your society is far more pleasing  
to me, than the real enjoyment of any  
other conversation the whole world could  
supply. The truth is, I have lost all re-  
lish for any but yours; and if I were  
invited to an assembly of all the wits of  
the Augustan age, or all the heroes that  
Plutarch has celebrated, I should neither  
have spirits nor curiosity to be of the  
party. Yet, with all this indolence or  
indifference about me, I would take a  
voyage as far as the pole to sup with  
Cleora on a lettuce, or only to hold the  
bowl while she mixed the syllabub.  
Such happy evenings I once knew: ah,  
Cleora! will they never return? Adieu.

## LETTER XLVIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

d the performance you com-  
ed to me, with all the atten-  
quired; and I can with strict  
ly to your friend's verses,  
nient has observed of the  
r of Spartans who defended  
of Thermopyæ—*Nunquam*  
*trecentos!* Never, indeed,  
greater energy of language  
ent united together in the  
ds of lines: and it would be  
to the world, as well as to  
suppress so animated and so  
nposition.

k of true genius, who is  
a generous indignation of  
hole centuries are conducted  
and truth, merits the ap-  
very friend to virtue. He  
sidered as a sort of suppl-  
e legislative authority of his  
assisting the unavoidable de-  
legal institutions for the re-  
manners, and striking ter-  
here the divine prohibitions  
are held in contempt. The  
efence, perhaps, against the  
ice, among the more culti-

vated part of our species, is well directed  
ridicule: they who fear nothing else,  
dread to be marked out to the contempt  
and indignation of the world. There  
is no succeeding in the secret purposes of  
dishonesty, without preserving some sort  
of credit among mankind; as there can-  
not exist a more impotent creature than  
a knave convict. To expose, therefore,  
the false pretensions of counterfeit vir-  
tue, is to disarm it at once of all power  
of mischief, and to perform a public  
service of the most advantageous kind,  
in which any man can employ his time  
and his talents. The voice, indeed, of  
an honest satirist is not only beneficial to  
the world, as giving alarm against the  
designs of an enemy so dangerous to all  
social intercourse; but as proving like-  
wise the most efficacious preventive to  
others, of assuming the same character  
of distinguished infamy. Few are so to-  
tally vitiated, as to have abandoned all  
sentiments of shame; and when every  
other principle of integrity is surren-  
dered, we generally find the conflict is  
still maintained in this last post of retreat-  
ing virtue. In this view, therefore, it

should seem, the function of a satirist may be justified, notwithstanding it should be true (what an excellent moralist has asserted) that his chastisements rather exasperate, than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps, no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself; and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every arm, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable blow. The arrows of satire, when they are not pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil back upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace rests the whole success of writings of this sort upon the poet's being

*integer ipse*; free himself from those immoral stains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious, nor at the same time a more contemptible character than that of a vicious satirist—

*Quis cælum terris non miscuit & mare cœli,  
Si fas displicet Verri, hominida Mœni?*

Juv.

The most favourable light in which a censor of this species could possibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punishment on others which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from a satirist of known dishonesty, but his applause. Adieu.

## LETTER XLIX.

TO PALAMEDES.

AUGUST 2, 1734.

CREMONY is never more unwelcome, than at that season in which you will probably have the greatest share of it; and as I should be extremely unwilling to add to the number of those, who, in pure good-manners, may interrupt your enjoyments, I think to give you my congratulations a little prematurely. After the happy office shall be completed, your moments will be too valuable to be laid out in terms; and it would be paying a compliment with a very ill grace, to draw off your eyes from the highest beauty, though it were to turn them on the most exquisite wit. I hope, however, you will give me notice of your wedding-day, that I may be prepared with my congratulations. I have already laid in four or dozen dimes extremely proper for the occasion, and have even more for the progress in my first simile. But I am some-

what at a loss how to proceed, not being able to determine whether your future bride is most like Venus or Hebe. That she resembles both, is universally agreed, I find; by those who have seen her. But it would be offending, you know, against all the rules of poetical justice, if I should only say she is as handsome as she is young, when after all, perhaps, the truth may be, that she has even more beauty than youth. In the mean while, I am turning over all the tender compliments that love has inspired, from the *Lesbia* of Catullus to the *Chloe* of Prior, and hope to gather such a collection of flowers as may not be unworthy of entering into a garland composed for your Stella. But before you introduce me as a poet, let me be recommended to her by a much better title, and assure her, that I am your, &c.

## LETTER L.

TO EUPHRODIA.

I Am much inclined to join with you in thinking, that the Romans had no peculiar word in their language, which answers precisely to what we call good-

ness in ours. For though *prudencia* is a word frequently used by their best writers to express this idea, yet it is not confined to that single meaning, but is

often



ed by them to signify skill in lar.science. But good-sense is very distinct from know- it is an instance of the po- e Latin language, that the is the same word as a mark h different ideas.

o explain what I understand nse, I should call it right rea- ight reason that arises, not d and logical deductions, but t of intuitive faculty in the a distinguishes by immediate a kind of innate sagacity, y of it's properties seems very esemble instinct. It would r, therefore, to say, that Sir on shewed his good-sense by ng discoveries which he made hilosophy: the operations of

Heaven are rather instantan- n the result of any tedious ke Diomed, after Minerva ed him with the power of dis- ds from mortals, the man of discovers *at once* the truth of ts he is most concerned to , and conducts himself with ation and security.

this reason, possibly, that this he mind is not so often found i learning as one could with: ense being accustomed to re- icoveries without labour er cannot so easily wait for those ch being placed at a distance, concealed under numberless ire much pains and applica- old.

ugh good-sense is not in the r always, it must be owned, in y of the sciences; yet it is, as

the most sensible of poets has justly ob- served,

Fairly worth the seven.

Restitude of understanding is indeed the most useful, as well as the most noble of human endowments, as it is the sove- reign guide and director in every branch of civil and social intercourse.

Upon whatever occasion this enlight- ening faculty is exerted, it is always sure to act with distinguished eminence; but it's chief and peculiar province seems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may observe, that those who have conversed more with men than with books, whose wisdom is derived rather from experience than contempla- tion, generally possess this happy talent with superior perfection: for good-sense, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved; and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the most kindly soil for it's cultivation.

I know not whether true good-sense is not a more uncommon quality even than true wit; as there is nothing, per- haps, more extraordinary than to meet with a person, whose entire conduct and notions are under the direction of this supreme guide. The single instance at least, which I could produce of it's act- ing steadily and invariably throughout the whole of a character, is that which Eu- phronius, I am sure, would not allow me to mention: at the same time, per- haps, I am rendering my own preten- sions of this kind extremely question- able, when I thus venture to throw be- fore you my sentiments upon a subject, of which you are universally acknow- ledged to possess a master. I am, &c.

## LETTER LI.

TO PALEMON.

MAY 29, 1743;

your letters in the number of st valuable possessions, and em as so many propheticall n which the fate of our dis- ion is inscribed. But in ex- the maxims of a patriot, I nd you the reveries of a re- give you *the stones of the e gold of Ophir*. Never, in- non, was there a commerce al, than that wherein you

are contented to engage with me; and I could scarce answer it to my conscience to continue a traffic, where the whole benefit accrues singly to myself, did I not know, that to confer without the possibility of an advantage, is the most pleasing exercise of generosity. I will venture then to make use of a privilege which I have long enjoyed; as I well know you love to mix the meditations of the philosopher with the reflections of the



posture of supplication in which he has drawn the venerable old priest, stretching out his arms in all the affecting warmth of intreaty, without flaring in his distichs, and melting into pity?

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,  
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground:  
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,  
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore:  
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
And give Chryseis to their arms again.  
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

POPE.

The insinuation with which Chryseus closes his speech, that the Grecians must expect the indignation of Apollo would pursue them if they rejected the petition of his priest, is happily intimated by a single epithet—

And dread avenging Phœbus;

whereas the other translator takes the compass of three lines to express the same thought less forcibly.

Yet to the heralds are sent by Agamemnon to Achilles, in order to demand Briseis; that chief is prevailed upon to part with her; and accordingly delivers Patroclus to deliver up this coveted beauty into their hands:

Πατρόκλῳ δὲ φέρων ἑταροῖσι τέκνῳ,  
Τὸν δὲ γὰρ ἔχοντο, Πυρρὸν καλλένεον,  
Αἰεὶ δ' ἔχοντο τὸ δ' αὖτις ἔχοντο πάλιν  
ἀντιπύρρον.  
Τὸν δὲ γὰρ ἔχοντο πάλιν πάλιν. I. 345.

The beauty of Chryseis, as described in these lines, together with the reluctance with which she is here represented as forced from her lord, cannot but reach the reader in a very sensible manner. Mr. Tickle, however, has debated this affecting picture, by the most unpoetical and tawdry diction. I will not delay you with making any objections, or come to his language; but have distinguished the exceptionable expressions, in the lines themselves:

Patroclus, then, drew forth his child,  
And gave him to the hands of the young side,  
For he had kept him, Pyrrhus, the young side,  
And still he kept him, the young side,  
And still he kept him, the young side,  
And still he kept him, the young side.  
TICKLE.

Our British Homer has retained this piece to the original, and at the same time:

Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought:  
She, in sort sorrow, and in pensive thought,  
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

POPE.

The tumultuous behaviour of Achilles, as described by Homer in the lines immediately following, afford a very pleasing and natural contrast to the more composed and silent sorrow of Briseis. The poet represents that hero as suddenly rushing out from his tent, and flying to the sea-shore, where he gives vent to his indignation; and in bitterness of soul complains to Thetis, not only of the dishonour brought upon him by Agamemnon, but of the injustice even of Jupiter himself:

αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς  
Δακρυόεντες, ἔτασαν ἀφ' ἑξέστο κισφί λισσόμενοι,  
ὡν ἐδ' ἄλλος πρὸς ἄλλῳ, ὅσον ἐπὶ εἰσὶ πρὸς πρὸς.  
Πάλλας δὲ ματρὶ φίλῃ κρησατο χεῖρας ἐμπαύσας.  
I. 346.

Mr. Tickle, in rendering the sense of these lines, has risen into a somewhat higher flight of poetry than usual. However, you will observe his expression in one or two places is exceedingly languid and protolical; as the epithet he has given to the waves is highly injudicious. *Curled billows* might be very proper in describing a calm, but suggests too pleasing an image to be applied to the ocean when represented as *black with storms*.

The widow'd hero, when the Fair *was gone*,  
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears, *alone*.  
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eye  
Where, black with storms, the curling billows lie.

And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,  
With out-stretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd.  
TICKLE.

Mr. Pope has opened the thought in these lines with great dignity of numbers, and exquisite propriety of imagination; as the additional circumstances which he has thrown in, are so many beautiful improvements upon his author:

Not for his loss, the fierce Achilles bore  
But still returning to the sounding shore,  
On the wide margin of the deep he hung,  
That kindled deep from which his mother sprung.  
Then, not in tears of anger and disdain,  
That loud ventur'd to the waves he gave his pain.

POPE.  
D'ARCY.

Apollo having sent a plague among the Grecians, in resentment of the injury done to his priest Chryses by detaining his daughter, Agamemnon consents that Chryseüs shall be restored. Accordingly a ship is fitted out under the command of Ulysses, who is employed to conduct the damsel to her father. That hero and his companions being arrived at Chrysa, the place to which they were bound, deliver up their charge; and having performed a sacrifice to Apollo, set sail early the next morning for the Grecian camp. Upon this occasion Homer exhibits to us a most beautiful sea-piece:

Ἡμῶ δ' ἡλῖος καίκευ, καὶ ἰσὶ πνεφεύλαθε,  
Διὰ τὸν κοίμασθ' αὐτὸ παρὰ πρυμνήσια νηῶ.  
Ἡμῶ δ' ἡριπύκν' αὖθις εὐδοκίμ' ἔλκευ, ἡμεῖς  
καὶ τὰς ἱππῆας ἀναλίσσομεν μάλα κρατὸν ἑυρυπύκν' Ἀχαιῶν.

Τοῖσι δ' ἡμεῖσι πρὸς τὴν ἐκαστὴν Ἀπολλων.  
Οἱ δ' ἱσὶ σπῆσαν, ἀνὰ δ' ἱσὶα λυγρὰ σπῆσαν.  
Ἐν δ' ἀνέμος πρὸς τὴν μεσσηνίαν, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα  
Στῆρι σφύρειται μέγαλ' ἰσχυρὸς ἡνέρος.  
Ἡ δ' ὄβρις κατὰ κύμα διαπρὸς σπῆσαν κελύβη.

i. 474.

If there is any passage throughout Mr. Tickle's translation of this book, which has the least pretence to stand in competition with Mr. Pope's version; it is undoubtedly that which corresponds with the Greek lines just now quoted. It would indeed be an instance of great partiality not to acknowledge, they breathe the true spirit of poetry; and I must own myself at a loss which to prefer upon the whole; though I think Mr. Pope is evidently superior to his rival, in his manner of opening the description:

After'n' thro' the shore dispers'd they sleep,  
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.  
When now, ascending from the shades of night,  
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,  
The daughter of the dawn: th' awaken'd crew  
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course re-  
new.

The breezes freshen: for with friendly gales  
Apollo swell'd their wide-distended sails;  
Cleft by the rapid prow the waves divide,  
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side.

TICKLE.

'Twas night: the chiefs beside their vessel lie,  
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:  
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indu'gent  
gales,

Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;  
The milk-white canvas belying as they blow,  
The parted ocean foams and roars below:  
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,  
&c.

POPE.

There is something wonderfully pleasing in that judicious pause, which Mr. Pope has placed at the beginning of these lines. It necessarily awakens the attention of the reader, and gives a much greater air of solemnity to the scene, than if the circumstance of the time had been less distinctly pointed out, and blended, as in Mr. Tickle's translation, with the rest of the description.

Homer has been celebrated by antiquity for those sublime images of the Supreme Being, which he so often raises in the *Iliad*. It is Macrobius, if I remember right, who informs us, that Phidias being asked from whence he took the idea of his celebrated statue of Olympian Jupiter, acknowledged that he had heated his imagination by the following lines:

Ἡ, καὶ κομῆσεν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι πύκναις Κρονίων  
ἀμύρσιαι δ' ἀρὰ χαίται ἐπερὶ στήθεσσι  
Κρατὶ ἀπ' ἀθανάτου· μετὰ δ' ἰσχυρὸν Ὀλύμπου  
πύκν' i. 528.

But whatever magnificence of imagery Phidias might discover in the original, the English reader will scarce, I imagine, conceive any thing very grand and sublime from the following copy:

This said, his kingly brow the fire inclin'd,  
The large black curls fell awful from behind,  
Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the gods  
Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

TICKLE.

That our modern statuaries, however, may not have an excuse for hurlequing the figure of the great father of gods and men, for want of the benefit of so animating a model; Mr. Pope has preserved it to them in all it's original majesty:

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod;  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the gods  
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal  
tong,

And all Olympus to the centre shook. POPE.

I took occasion, in a former letter, to make some exceptions to a passage or two in the parting of Hector and Andromache, as translated by your favourite poet. I shall now produce a few lines from the same beautiful episode for another purpose, and in order to shew, with how much more masterly a hand, even than Dryden himself, our great improver of English poetry has worked upon the same subject.

As Andromache is going to the tower  
K

of Ilium, in order to take a view of the field of battle, Hector meets her, together with her son the young Astyanax, at the Scæan gate. The circumstances of this sudden interview are finely imagined. Hector in the first transport of his joy is unable to utter a single word, at the same time that Andromache tenderly embracing his hands, bursts out into a flood of tears:

Ἡτὶ οὐ μὲν μείδουσεν ἰδὼν τὸ παῖδα σιωπῇ·  
 Ἀνδρουμαχὴ δὲ οἱ ἀγχι παρὶ τῶ δακρυχέεσσι,  
 Ἐνὶ ἀρμὸν φυχῆρι, ἐπὶ τ' ἔφατ', ἐκ τ' ὀνομαζέει.  
 vi. 404.

Dryden has translated this passage with a cold and unpoetical fidelity, to the mere letter of the original:

Hector beheld him with a silent smile,  
 His tender wife stood weeping by the while,  
 Press'd in her own his warlike hand she took,  
 Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.

DRYDEN.

But Pope has judiciously taken a larger compass, and by heightening the piece with a few additional touches, has wrought it up in all the affecting spirit of tenderness and poetry:

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd  
 To tender passions all his mighty mind:  
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

POPE.

Andromache afterwards endeavours to persuade Hector to take upon himself the defence of the city, and not hazard a life so important, she tells him, to herself and his son, in the more dangerous action of the field.

Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυβαίολος· Ἐκ-  
 τέρῃ

Ἡ καὶ ἔμεινεν ταδὲ πάντα μάλα, γυναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς

Αἰδομαι Τρώας καὶ Τρῳάδας ἐλκεσιπύπλους,  
 Αἰεὶ, κακῶς, νοσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πόλεμοιο.

vi. 440.

To whom the nob'e Hector thus reply'd—

'That and the rest are in my daily care;

'But should I shun the dangers of the war,

'With scorn the Trojans would reward my  
 'pains,

'And their proud ladies with their sweeping  
 'trains.

'The Grecian swords and lances I can bear:

'But loss of honour is my only care.' DRYD.

Nothing can be more flat and unanimated than these lines. One may say

upon this occasion, what Dry self, I remember somewhere that a good poet is no more lil in a dull translation, than his case would be to his living be catch, indeed, the soul of ob hard, and breathe his spirit into lish version, seems to have be lege reserved solely for Pope:

The chief reply'd—' That post I  
 'care;

'Nor that alone, but all the world

'How would the sons of Troy, i  
 'nown'd,

'And Troy's proud dames, who  
 'sweep the ground,

'Attain the lustre of my forme

'Should Hector basely quit, th  
 'same?'

In the farther prosecution of sode Hector prophesies his on and the destruction of Troy; he adds, that Andromache the captive into Argos, where, an disgraceful offices, which he p enumerates, she should be emj tells her, in the servile task o water. The different manner this last circumstance is expres two English poets, will afford t est instance, how much additi the same thought will receiv more graceful turn of phrase:

Or from deep wells the living stre  
 And on thy weary shoulders bring

Or bring

The weight of waters from Hyper

It is in certain peculiar turns that the language of poetry pally distinguished from that as indeed the same words are, i common to them both. It is of this kind, that the beauty quoted line consists. For the w of the expression would vanish instead of the two substantives placed at the beginning of the poet had employed the more syntax of a substantive with i tive.

When this faithful pair h their final adieu of each other returns to the field of battle, a time that the disconsolate An joins her maidens in the pala mer describes this circumstan following tender manner—



σας πορὺ ἐλάτῃ φαίδιμῳ· Ἐκλῶς  
ἤχῃ δὲ φίλῃ οἰκονδὶ βέλῃσι  
μετῇ, δαλάρῃ κατὰ δακρυ χύσῃ.  
ἐθ' ἱκανῇ δέμῃ· εὐ ναιετάσας  
ἡφθονίῳ· κίχῃ σάλο δ' ἐνδ' οὐδὲ πολλὰς  
τῆσιν δὲ γούν πασησὶν ἐνῶρσεν.  
κύν γ' οὖν Ἐκλῶρα ὡς ἐνὶ οἰκῇ. vi. 494.

ce no remarks upon the dif-  
ficulties of our two celebrated  
inflating this passage; but, af-  
laid both before you, leave  
ons to speak for themselves.  
is, the disparity between them  
o visible to require any com-  
nder it more observable—

new replies he did not stay,  
is crested helm, and strode away.  
onfort to her house return'd,  
g often back, in silence mourn'd:  
she came, her secret woe she vents,  
s palace with her loud laments.  
aments here echoing maids restore,  
, yet alive, as dead deplore.

DRYDEN.

g said, the glorious chief resumes  
elmer, black with shading plumes.  
parts with a prophetic sigh,  
arts, and oft reverts her eye,  
id at ev'ry look: then moving  
own palace, and indulg'd her woe.  
e her tears deplo'r'd the godlike  
e train the soft infection ran;  
nails their mingled sorrow shed,  
the living Hector as the dead.

POPE.

urpose to follow Mr. Pope  
ose several parts of the Iliad,  
of our distinguished poets  
before him; I must lead you  
come to the speech of Sarpe-  
ucus, in the xiith book.

ἡ νῶϊ τετιμημένος· μαλίστ' α  
εσιν τι, ὅδ' ὅτε πλείους δειπασσιν,  
εἰς δὲ, θεῶς ὡς εἰσπορεύσιν,  
νέμομεσθα μέγα· ἑαυτοῖο παρ'  
ε,  
λῆος καὶ ἀμύνης πυροφοροῖ;  
λῆοισι μετὰ πυροῖσιν ἰούτας,  
μαχῆς καυσεύεις ἀνέβουλοισι·  
εἰσὴν λῆοισιν πυρκαϊάων,  
εἰς λῆοισιν καλῶκοισιν  
εἰλῆος, εἰδυτι τε σπιννα μέλα,  
τον, μελινδῆα· ἀλλ' ἔρα καὶ ἱς  
λῆοισι μετὰ πυροῖσιν μαχούσῃαι.  
μεν γὰρ πολέμῳ περὶ τῶνδε φυ-  
ε,  
ἀμειν ἄγῃ· τ' ἀθανάτω τέ  
ἱ κεν αὐτὸς ἐνδ' ἑρῶτοισι μαχόμεν,  
λλοίμῃ μαχῇ ἱς κλυδανίμῃαι.  
γὰρ κτῆς ἐφῆσεν· ἀτάτω. ο

Μυρίαί, ὡς ἡ ἐς· φυγεῖν βροτὸν ὑδ' ὑπαλιξίαι)  
ἰομέν· ἢ τῷ εὐχῷ ὀρέζομεν, ἢ τις ἡμῖν.

xii. 310.

This spirited speech has been translated  
by the famous author of Cooper's  
Hill:

Above the rest why is our pomp and pow'r?  
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions  
more?

Why all the tributes land and sea affords,  
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptu-  
ous boards?

Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling  
tears

Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their  
ears.

Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore  
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?

But that, as well in danger as degree,  
We stand the first: that when our Lycians see  
Our brave examples, they adoring say—

' Behold our gallant leaders! these are they

' Deserve their greatness; and unenvy'd stand,

' Since what they act transcend what they  
' command.'

Could the declining of this fate, oh! friend,  
Our date to immortality extend,  
Or if death fought not them, who seek not  
death,

Would I advance? or should my vainer breath  
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?

But since with fortune nature doth conspire;

Since age, disease, or some less noble end,

Tho' not less certain, does our days attend;

Since 'tis decreed, and to this period led

A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread;

And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,

A common sacrifice to honour fall.

DENHAM.

Mr. Pope passes so high an encomium  
on these lines, as to assure us, that, if  
his translation of the same passage has  
any spirit, it is in some degree due to  
them. It is certain they have great mer-  
it, considering the state of our English  
versification when Denham flourished:  
but they will by no means support Mr.  
Pope's compliment, any more than they  
will bear to stand in competition with his  
numbers. And I dare say, you will  
join with me in the same opinion, when  
you consider the following version of  
this animated speech:

Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,  
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian  
plain?

Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful  
field,

And hills where vines their purple harvest  
yield?

Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly  
sound?

Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,  
Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd?  
Unles' great acts f. perior merit prove,  
And vindicate the bounteous powers above;  
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial  
banus

Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign  
state,

Whom those that envy dare not imitate.  
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
Which claims no less the fearful than the  
brave,

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,  
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;  
The life, which others pay, let us bestow,  
And give to fame what we to nature owe;  
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
Or let us glory gain, or glory give. POPE.

If any thing can be justly objected to this translation, it is, perhaps, that in one or two places it is too diffus'd and descriptive for that agitation in which it was spoken. In general, however, one may venture to assert, that it is warmed with the same ardour of poetry and heroism that glows in the original; as those several thoughts, which Mr. Pope has intermixed of his own, naturally arise out of the sentiments of his author, and are perfectly conformable to the character and circumstances of the speaker.

I shall close this review with Mr. Congreve; who has translated the petition of Priam to Achilles for the body of his son Hector, together with the lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen.

Homer represents the unfortunate king of Troy, as entering unobserved into the tent of Achilles; and illustrates the surprize which arose in that chief and his attendants, upon the first discovery of Priam, by the following simile:

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀνὴρ αὐτὸν συνῆκε λαβὼν, ὅς ἐστι  
παῖρ  
Φοῖβα καὶ Ἀχιλλεύας ἄλλων εἰκαστοῖο θυμῶν,  
Ἀνδρὸς ὅς ἐς αὐτοῖον, θαμβῶς δ' ἔχει εισορούσας.  
Ὡς Ἀχιλλεύς θαμβήσας, ἰδὼν Πριάμην θεοειδῆ.  
xxiv. 480.

Nothing can be more languid and inelegant than the manner in which Congreve has rendered this passage:

But as a wretch, who has a murder done,  
And seeking refuge, does from justice run;  
Ent'ring some house, in haste, where he's  
unknown,

Creates amazement in the lookers-on:

So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd  
The godlike Priam's royal m

But Pope has rais'd the  
with his usual grace and s

As when a wretch, who, c  
crime,

Pursu'd for murder, flies his  
Just gains some frontier, br  
amaz'd!

All gaze, all wonder: thus A

The speech of Priam is pathetic and affecting: He les, that out of fifty sons h ly remaining; and of him unhappily bereaved by his conjures him by his tend own father to commiserate wretched of parents, who common severity of fate, w ed to kiss those hands wh brued in the blood of his c

Τῇ τὴν εὐχὴν ἵκανον ἔσται  
Ἀνταρμῆτος παρὰ στίβο φέρω δ' ἔ  
Ἄλλ' αἰδέομαι θεῶν, Ἀχιλλεῦ, αὐτ  
Μητράμινος σὺ πατέρος ἐγὼ δ'  
Ἐγλυν δ', οἱ ὡπὼ τις ἐπὶ χθονὶ  
Ἀνδρὸς παιδοφόνου πάλι γόμου χ

These moving lines Mr. dehas'd into the lowest an fecting prose:

For his sake only I am hith  
Rich gifts I bring, and wea  
sum;

All to redeem that fatal prize  
A worthless ransom for so br  
Fear the just gods, Ach lles,  
With pity look, think, you y  
Such as I am, he is; alone i  
I can no equal have in miseri  
Of all mankind most wretche  
Bow'd with such weight as  
borne;

Reduc'd to kneel and pray to y  
The spring and source of all my  
With gifts to court mine an  
bane,

And kists those hands which h  
slain,

Nothing could compensat  
of labouring through the  
tasteless rhimes, but the pi  
ing relieved at the end of  
more lively prospect of po

For him thro' hostile camps I  
For him thus prostrate at thy  
Large gifts proportion'd to th  
Q bear the wretched, and th



ther, and this face behold!  
as helpless and as o'd!  
ched: there he yields to me,  
in foreign misery;  
kneel, thus grov'ling to em-

d ruin of my realm and race:  
ildren's murd'rer to implore,  
hands yet reeking with their

POPE.

iving at length consented  
e dead body of Hector,  
As it to his palace. It is  
in funeral pomp, at the  
mournful dirges are sung  
se, intermingled with the  
of Andromache, Hecuba,

ΤΟΥ ΜΕΤ' ΕΠΙΤΑ  
πρὸ θεῶν, παρὰ δ' ἑσθ' ἀνδρῶν,  
οἷα γυναικῶν αἰδοῦν,  
ἢ, ἐπὶ δὲ στυγερῶν γυναικῶν.

v. 719.

nothing extremely solemn  
in Homer's description of  
sorrow. A translator, who  
with the least spark of  
not, one should imagine,  
ond himself, in copying  
an original. It has not,  
en able to elevate Mr.  
ove his usual flatness of

Then laid  
body on a sumptuous bed,

And round about were skilful fingers plac'd,  
Who wept and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd  
Their moan: all in a chorus did agree  
Of universal, mournful harmony

CONGREVE.

It would be the highest injustice to the  
following lines to quote them in opposi-  
tion to those of Mr. Congreve: I pro-  
duce them, as marked with a vein of  
poetry much superior even to the ori-  
ginal.

They weep, and place him on a bed of state.  
A melancholy choir attend around  
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn  
sound:

Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;  
While deeper sorrows groan from each full  
heart,

And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.

POPE.

Thus, Euphronius, I have brought  
before you some of the most renowned  
of our British bards, contending, as it  
were, for the prize of poetry: and there  
can be no debate to whom it justly be-  
longs. Mr. Pope seems, indeed, to  
have raised our numbers to the highest  
possible perfection of strength and har-  
mony: and, I fear, all the praise that  
the best succeeding poets can expect, as  
to their verification, will be, that they  
have happily imitated his manner. Fare-  
wel. I am, &c.

## LETTER LIII.

TO ORONTES.

JULY 2, 1741.

letter found me just upon  
urn from an excursion in-  
where I had been paying  
riend, who is drinking the  
ning Hill. In one of my  
over that delightful coun-  
tantly passed through a little  
h afforded me much agree-  
ion; as in times to come,  
will be visited by the lovers  
arts, with as much veneration  
's tomb, or any other cele-  
f antiquity. The place I  
field, where the poet to  
indebted (in common with  
of taste) for so much ex-  
ainment, spent the earliest  
uth, I will not scruple to

confess that I looked upon the scene  
where he planned some of those beauti-  
ful performances which first recom-  
mended him to the notice of the world,  
with a degree of enthusiasm; and could  
not but consider the ground as sacred  
that was impressed with the footsteps of  
a genius that undoubtedly does the  
highest honour to our age and nation.

The situation of mind in which I found  
myself upon this occasion, suggested to  
my remembrance a passage in Tully,  
which I thought I never so thoroughly  
entered into the spirit of before. That  
noble author, in one of his philosophi-  
cal conversation-pieces, introduces his  
friend Atticus as observing the pleasing  
effect which scenes of this nature are  
wont

wont to have upon one's mind: *Movetur enim* (says that polite Roman) *nescio quo pacto, locis ipsi. in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut admiramur, adjunt celsitudo. Me quidem ipse ille nostræ Aithææ, non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quam recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus.*

Thus, you see, I could defend myself by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occasion of being ridiculed as a romantic visionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined sentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehension he will condemn the impressions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation a circumstance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's sepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taste, you confessed, than any thing in his works was able to raise.

It is certain that some of the greatest names of antiquity have distinguished themselves by the high reverence they shewed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, desired to be laid in the same tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that successful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the sacking of Thebes.

There seems, indeed, to be something in poetry, that raises the possessors of that very singular talent, far higher in the estimation of the world in general, than those who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been distinguished by antiquity with the most remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mytilene stamped the image of Sappho

upon their public coin: Anacreon received a solemn invitation to spend his days at Athens; and Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, fitted out a splendid vessel in order to transport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience rose up and saluted him with the same respect as they would have paid to Augustus himself.

Painting, one should imagine, has the fairest pretensions of rivalling her sister-art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thousand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are still extant, while those of the former have perished long since: for is not Milton's *Paradise Lost* more universally esteemed than Raphael's cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in some degree at least, a tolerable ear, but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon possession. For as words are the universal medium which all men employ in order to convey their sentiments to each other; it seems a just consequence that they should be more generally formed for relishing and judging of performances in that way: whereas the art of representing ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common use; and is therefore less adapted to the taste of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this observation, in the hopes of drawing from you your sentiments upon a subject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the conversation of Orontes that I am indebted for the discovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious assistance, would have lain concealed to me with other common observers. Adieu, I am, &c.

## LETTER LIV.

TO PHIDIPPUS.

I Am by no means surprized that the interview you have lately had with *Cleantes*, has given you a much lower opinion of his abilities, than what you had before conceived: and since it has

raised your curiosity to know my sentiments of his character, you shall have them with all that freedom you may justly expect.

I have always, then, considered Cleantes



possession of the most extraneous: but his talents are of which can only be exerted upon occasions. They are formed at the deepest depths of business and are absolutely out of all size for the uses of ordinary life. In circumstances that require the most promptings, in incidents that demand the most penetrating politics; there would shine with supreme lustre; place him in any situation in which he could not shine; place him where he cannot shine, and he will sink into contempt. Cleanthes, I suppose, wants nothing but the certain minute accomplishments to render him a finished character; wholly destitute of those qualities which are necessary to render him useful or agreeable in the intercourse of the world, those great qualities which he possesses lie unobscured and neglected.

He often, indeed, gives one occasion to reflect how necessary it is to be master of a sort of under-qualities, in order to set off and recommend those of a superior nature. To know how to descend with grace and ease into ordinary occasions, and to fall in with the less important parties and purposes of mankind, is an art of more general influence, perhaps, than is usually imagined.

If I were to form, therefore, a youth for the world, I should certainly endeavour to cultivate in him these secondary qualifications; and train him up to an address in those lower arts, which render a man agreeable in conversation, or useful to the innocent pleasures and accommodations of life. A general skill and taste of this kind with moderate abilities will, in most instances, I believe, prove more successful in the world, than a much higher degree of capacity without them. I am, &c.

## LETTER LV.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

JULY 17, 1730.

My dear friend, the death of Timanthes has long prepared me for what I should have received of his death with more surprise, I suspected, from our earliest acquaintance, that his sentiments and conduct would lead him into a fate, much sooner than nature could carry him to the end of his life. His unsettled principles fall in with the constitutional gloominess of mind, under the *tedium vite* should grow in strength, till it pushes a man off against this most desperate of all miseries, from the point of a rock to the bottom of a river. I am sorry to turn to accommodate our taste to the notion of happiness which Providence has set before us, is, of all the notions of philosophy, surely the most neglected and exquisite gratification, not consistent with the appointments of humanity: and, perhaps, we should fully enjoy the relish of our lot, should rather consider the misfortune, than too nicely examine the worth of the happiness we possess; at least, the business of life is to bring together every cir-

cumstance which may light up a flame of cheerfulness in the mind: and though we must be insensible if it should perpetually burn with the same unvaried brightness; yet prudence should preserve it as a sacred fire, which is never to be totally extinguished.

I am persuaded, this disgust of life is frequently indulged out of a principle of mere vanity. It is esteemed as a mark of uncommon refinement, and as placing a man above the ordinary level of his species, to seem superior to the vulgar feelings of happiness. True good-sense, however, most certainly consists, not in despising, but in managing, our stock of life to the best advantage; as a cheerful acquiescence in the measures of Providence, is one of the strongest symptoms of a well-constituted mind. Self-weariness is a circumstance that ever attends folly; and to condemn our being, is the greatest, and, indeed, the peculiar infirmity of human nature. It is a noble sentiment which Tully puts into the mouth of Cato, in his treatise upon old age—*Non lubet mihi, says that venerable Roman, deplorare vitam, quod multi, et ii docti, sæpe fecerunt; neque*



*me vixisse paritet: quoniam ita vixi,  
ut non frustra me natum existimem.*

It is in the power, indeed, of but a very small proportion of mankind, to act the same glorious part that afforded such high satisfaction to this distinguished patriot: but the number is yet far more inconsiderable of those, who cannot, in any station, secure to themselves a sufficient fund of complacency to render life justly valuable. Who is it that is placed out of the reach of the highest of all gratifications, those of the generous affections; and that cannot provide for his own happiness by contributing something to the welfare of others? As this disease of the mind generally breaks out with most violence in those who are supposed to be endowed with a greater delicacy of taste and reason than is the usual allotment of their fellow creatures; one may ask them, whether there is any satiety in the pursuits of useful knowledge? or, if one can ever be weary of benefiting mankind? Will not the fine

arts supply a lasting feast to the  
Or can there be wanting a plentiful employment, so long as there is even one advantageous truth to be covered or confirmed? To complaisant life has no joys, while there is a creature whom we can relieve by bounty, assist by our counsels, or by our presence, is to lament that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the water in our hands. But the misfortune is, that a man is settled into a habit of reaping all his pleasures from the mere indulgencies; he wears out of his relish of every nobler enjoyment the same time that his powers of the kind are growing more languid by repetition. It is no wonder, then, that he should fill up the measure of dissatisfactions, long before he has completed the circle of his duration; and wretchedly sit down the remainder of his days in discontent, or rashly throw up in despair. Farewel. I am

## LETTER LVI.

TO TIMOCLEA.

OCTOBER

CERTAINLY, Timoclea, you have a passion for the marvellous beyond all power of gratification. There is not an adventurer throughout the whole regions of chivalry, with whom you are unacquainted; and have wandered through more folios than would furnish out a decent library. Mine, at least, you have totally exhausted; and have so cleared my shelves of knights-errant, that I have not a single hero remaining that ever was regaled in bower or hall. But though you have drained me of my whole stock of romance, I am not entirely unprovided for your entertainment; and have enclosed a little Grecian fable for your amusement, which was lately transmitted to me by one of my friends. He discovered it, he tells me, among some old manuscripts, which have been long, it seems, in the possession of his family: and, if you will rely upon his judgment, it is a translation by Spenser's own hand.

This is all the history I have to give you of the following piece: the genuineness of which I leave to be settled

between my friend and the critic, am, &c.

### THE TRANSFORMATION LYCON AND EUPHORIA.

I.

DEEM not, ye plaintive crew, that  
wrong,  
Ne thou, O man! who deal'st  
misween  
The equal gods, who heav'n's sky  
throng,  
(Though viewless to the eyes that  
shewn)  
Spectators reckless of our action  
Turning the volumes of grave  
Where ancient fables in fable ma  
This truth I found in paynim tale:  
Which for ensample drad my Muse  
unfold.

II.

What time Arcadia's flow'ry vallies  
Pelagius, first of monarchs old,  
There wonn'd a wight, and Lycus  
nam'd,  
Unaw'd by conscience, of no gods  
Ne justice rul'd his heart, ne mercy

in kin to that abhorred race,  
 w'n's high tow'rs with mad em-  
 lay'd;  
 a cruel lynage did ytrace  
 ynnis join'd in Pluto's dire em-

## III.

y, far other tale did feign,  
 'd alliaunce with the Sisters nine;  
 himself (what deems not pride  
 ')  
 's paragon of wit divine,  
 that ev'ry foe should rue it'stine.  
 ty wight! yet, tooth, withouten

efs fell the losels shafts malign:  
 arm to wield wit's heav'nly dart,  
 en barb with force, and send it  
 u art.

## IV.

pe he had, Pastora hight,  
 et amenaunce pleas'd each shep-  
 yet  
 he not bafe Lycon's evil spright,  
 ue in her not malice-moten spy,  
 hout spot, as summer's cloudlets

feign'd, Lycean Pan array'd  
 's form, inflam'd with passion

mother in the covert glade;  
 he stol'n embrace ysprung the  
 maid.

## V.

they: mean while the damfel  
 d youth remark'd, as o'er the

c'd elong so debonaire:  
 : as one of Diana's chosen train.  
 a fond excuse he knew to feign,  
 r-rise to while with her the day,  
 unwaies his becoless heart did

e. simple wight, no mortal may  
 God once harbour'd, when he  
 esay.

## VI.

e meditates if yet to speak,  
 etolves his passion to conceal:  
 ith he, my feely heart will break  
 oother what I aye must feel.  
 by hope embolden'd to reveal,  
 sec:et dropp'd from his cong.  
 rquent singuits check'd his salt-  
 e,  
 se her head Pastora hong:  
 aid more chaffe inspired shep-  
 ang.

## VII.

ne to recount in long detail  
 arley which these lemans held?

How oft he vow'd his love her ne'er should  
 fail;

How oft the stream from forth her cyne  
 outwell'd,

Doubting if constancy yet ever dwell'd  
 In heart of youthful wights: suffice to know,  
 Each rising doubt ne in her bosome quell'd.  
 So parted they, more blithsome both, I trow:  
 For rankling love conceal'd, me seems, is  
 deadly woe.

## VIII.

Estfoons to Lycon swift the youth did fare,  
 (Lagg'd ever youn when Cupid urg'd his  
 way?)

And straight his gentle purpose did declare,  
 And south the mount'naunce of his herds  
 display.

Ne Lycon meant his suiten to foresay:

' Be thine Pastora, quoth the masker fly,  
 ' And twice two thousand sheep her dow'r  
 ' shall pay.'

Beat then the lover's heart with joyaunce high;  
 Ne dempt that aught his blifs could now  
 betray,

Ne guess'd that foul deceit in Lycon's bosome  
 lay.

## IX.

So forth he yode to seek his rev'rend fire;  
 (The good Euphormius shepherds him did  
 call)

How sweet Pastora did his bosome fire,  
 Her worth, her promis'd flocks, he tolden  
 all.

' Ah! nere, my son, let Lycon thee en-  
 ' thrall.'

Reply'd the sage, in wise experience old,

' Smooth is his tong, but full of guile  
 ' withal,

' In promise faithless, and in vaunting bold:  
 ' Ne ever lamb of his wild bleat within thy  
 ' fold.'

## X.

With words prophetic thus Euphormius spakes:  
 And fact confirm'd what wisdom thus fore-  
 told.

Full many a mean devise did Lycon make,  
 The honed day of scoufal t with-hold,  
 Framing new trains when nought mote  
 serve his old.

Nath less he vow'd, Cyllene, cloud-topt hill,  
 Should sooner down the lowly delfe be  
 roll'd,

Than he his plighted promise nould fulfill:  
 But when, perdy, or where, the captive sayen  
 nill.

## XI.

Whiles thus the tedious fens had journey'd  
 round.

Ne ought mote now the lovers hearts divide,  
 Ne trust was there, ne truth in Lycon found;  
 The maid with matron Juno for her guide,  
 The youth by Concord led, in secret by'd

To Hymen's sacred fane: The honest deed  
Each god approv'd, and clove the bands  
were ty'd.

Certes, till happier moments should succeed,  
No prying eyne they ween'd their emprise  
mote areed.

## XII.

But prying eyne of Lycon 'twas in vain  
(Right practick in disguise) to hope beware.  
He trac'd their covert steps to Hymen's fane,  
And joy'd to find them in his long-laid  
snare.

Algate, in semblaunt ire, he 'gan to swear,  
And roaren loud as in displeaunce high;  
Then out he hurlen forth his daughter fair,  
Forelore, the houseless child of misery,  
Expos'd to killing cold, and pinching penury.

## XIII.

Ah! whither now shall sad Pastora wend,  
To want abandon'd and by wrongs oppress'd?  
Who shall the wretched out-cast's teen be-  
friend?

Lives mercy then, if not in parent's breast?  
Yes, MERCY lives, the gentle goddess blest,  
At Jove's right hand, to Jove for ever dear.  
Aye at his feet she pleads the cause distressed,  
To sorrow's plaints she turns his equal ear,  
And wafes to heav'n's star-throne fair virtue's  
silent tear.

## XIV.

'Twas SHE that bade Euphormius quell  
each thought  
That well mote rise to check his gen'rous  
aid.

Tho' high the torts which Lycon him had  
wrought,  
Tho' few the flocks his humble pastures fed;  
When as he learn'd Pastora's hapless fled,  
His breast humane with wonted pity flows.  
He op'd his gates, the sad exile led  
Beneath his roof; a decent drapet throws  
O'er her cold limbs, and fooths her unde-  
serv'd woe.

## XV.

Now loud-tongu'd Rumour bruited round  
the tale:

The sotted swains uncaut could credence  
give,  
That in Asia's unambitious vale  
A false-tell'd as Lycon e'er did live.  
But Jove, who in high heav'n does mortals  
prize,  
And ev'ry deed in golden bal'ance weigh,  
To earth his flaming chariot down drive,  
And down descends, enwrapt in peerless  
blaze,  
To deal forth guerdon meet to good and evil  
deeds.

## XVI.

Where Eurymanthus, crown'd with many a  
wood,  
His silver stream through dasy'd vales does  
lead,  
Stretch'd on the flow'ry marge, in reckless  
mood,  
Proud Lycon fought by charm of jocund  
reed  
To lull the dire remorse of tortious deed.  
Him Jove accosts, in rev'rend semblaunce  
dight  
Of good Euphormius, and 'gan mild areed  
Of compact oft confirm'd, of ray ypiight,  
Of nature's tender tie, of sacred rule of right.

## XVII.

With lofty eyne, half loth to looke so low,  
Him Lycon view'd, and with swol'n sur-  
quedry  
'Gan rudely treat his sacred old: when now  
Forth flood the God confest that rules the  
sky,  
In sudden sheen of dread divinity—  
'And know, false man,' the Lord of  
thunders said,  
'Not unobserv'd by Heav'n's all-perfent eye  
'Thy cruel deedst nor shall be unappay'd:  
'Go! be in form that best befits thy  
'thews, array'd.'

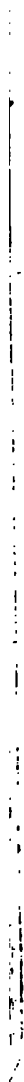
## XVIII.

Whiles yet he spake, th' affrayed trembling  
wight  
Translew'd to blatant beast, with hideous  
howl  
Rush'd headlong forth, in well-deserv'd  
plight,  
'Midst dragons, minotaurs, and fiends to  
growl,  
A wolf in form as erst a wolf in soul!  
To Pholoë, forest wild, he hy'd away,  
The horrid haunt of savage monsters foul.  
There helpless innocence is still his prey—  
Thief of the bleating fold, and shepherd's  
dire dismay.

## XIX.

Tho' Jove to good Euphormius' cot did wend—  
Where peaceful dwelt the man of vertu—  
high,  
Each shepherd's praise and eke each shep-  
herd's friend,  
In ev'ry act of sweet humanity.  
Him Jove approaching in mild majesty,  
Greeted all hail! then bade him join th—  
through  
Of glit'rand lights that gild the glowing sky—  
There shepherd's nightly view his or-  
ghong,  
Where bright he shines eterne, the brighter  
stars among.





## LETTER LVII.

TO CLYTANDER.

FEBRUARY 8, 1739.

as any thing in my former inconsistent with that esteem due to the Antients, I deny it in this; and disavow one which might seem to give to the moderns in works of poetry. I am so far indeed from the sentiments you impute have often endeavoured to attain superiority which is so common to the compositions of their poets: I have frequently assigned their relative number of those causes, which have often concurred to give them that preheminance. That which is so essential to every poetical way, was con- sidered and enflamed by the influence of their sacred doctrines; and the presence of their Muses produced a wonderful effect upon style and language, as if they were divinely inspired. Nature was supposed to swarm with deities, and every oak and fountain was supposed to be the residence of some deity; what wonder if animated by the imagined presence of such exalted society, and transported beyond the limits of sober humanity? The poet attended only by mere superior powers, is observed to be strengthened; and her faculties enlarge themselves when in the view of those for whom she gives a more than common tribute. But when the force of su- perior powers is in concert with the imagination, and genius is devoted, poetry must shine in its brightest perfection and

deras: in every other species of writing one might venture perhaps to assert that these latter ages have, at least, equalled them. When I say so, I do not confine myself to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewise those of our neighbours: and with that extent the observation will possibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of history and oratory.

But whatever may with justice be determined concerning that question, it is certain, at least, that the practice of all succeeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of paganism have many ages since been thrown down, and groves are no longer sacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are still adored in modern verse. Is not this a confession, that fancy is enlivened by superstition, and that the antient bards caught their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is something ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an awkward figure with his antiquated gods. When the pagan system was sanctified by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very striking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumstance, or raising any common one. But now that this superstition is no longer supported by vulgar opinion, it has lost its principal grace and efficacy, and seems to be, in general, the most cold and uninteresting method in which a poet can work up his sentiments. What, for instance, can be more unaffecting and spiritless, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth, on his famous passage over the Rhine? He represents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god assumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garrison to rally out

therefore the philosopher of the religion of his country the interest of the poet to be orthodox. If he gave up his just renounce his numbers; could be no inspiration where no Muses. This is so true, compositions of the poetical but the antients seem to have an advantage over the mo-

and dispute the intended passage. Accordingly they range themselves in form of battle with the Ichine at their head, who, after some vain efforts, observing Mars and Bellona on the side of the enemy, is so terrified with the view of those superior divinities, that he most gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet possession of his banks. I know not how far this may be relished by critics, or justified by custom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taste, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely insipid and puerile.

I have not however so much of the spirit of Typhoeus in me, as to make war upon the gods without restriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To represent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as persons, and appropriate to them those general emblems by which their powers and properties are usually typified in pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the most pleasing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addressing himself to the month of May as to a person, says—

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;

one may consider him as speaking only in metaphor: and when such shadowy beings are thus just shewn to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect. But I can relish them no farther than as figures only: when they are extended in any serious composition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various sections of real persons, I cannot but consider them as so many absurdities, which custom has unreasonably authorised. Thus Spenser, in one of his pastorals, represents the god of Love as flying like a bird from bough to bough. A shepherd, who hears a rustling among the

bushes, supposes it to be son and accordingly discharges! Cupid returns the shot, and afterwards had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate discovers whom it is he is conversing with: but as he is endeavouring his escape, receives a desperate blow on the heel. This fiction makes jest of a very pretty idyllium of the Greek poets; yet is extremely and disgusting as it is adopted in a British bard. And the reason of difference is plain: in the former supported by a popular superstition, whereas no strain of imagination give it the least air of probability is worked up by the latter:

*Quodcumque mihi ostendit sic, incre-*

I must confess, at the same time the inimitable Prior has introduced a fabulous scheme with such urbanity and grace, and has paid so many compliments to his mistress by the assistance of Venus and Cupid, that he is carried off from observing the propriety of this machinery, by the ing address with which he manages it, and I never read his tender poem of this kind, without applying to Seneca somewhere says upon the occasion: *Majus ille est qui judicium suum, quam qui meruit.*

To speak my sentiments in other words I would leave the gods in the hands of allegorical and burlesque poets, and all others I would never suffer to make their appearance in personages, but to enter only in fiction. It is thus Waller, our poet, has most happily employed, and his application of the story of Apollo and Daphne will serve as an instance in what manner the ancient mythology be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER LVIII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

AUGUST 8

I know not in what disposition of mind this letter may find you; but I am sure you will not preserve your usual calmness of temper when I tell you that poor Hydaspes died last night.

I will not at this time attempt that consolation to you, of finding in some cherished mystery, or some secret storehouse, the source of our mutual grief, to reflect, &c.



erable our own loss is, yet to himself, it scarce deserves that he arrived so much in grave than his years and seemed to promise? For who,

that has any experience of would wish to extend his dull age? What indeed is length it to survive all one's enjoy, perhaps, to survive even self? I have somewhere met aient inscription founded upon ent, which infinitely pleased : fixed upon a bath, and con- nprecation, in the following inst any one who should at- move the building:

VIS. HOC. SVSTULERIT.  
AVT. IVSSERIT.  
'S. SVRVV. MORIATVR.

it is conceived with great de- justness; as there cannot, : a sharper calamity to a ge- id, than to see itself stand it the ruins of whatever ren- world most desirable.  
of the sort I am lamenting, npressions remain fresh upon are suffi cient to damp the s, and chill the warmest am-

bition. When one sees a person in the full bloom of life, thus destroyed by one sudden blast, one cannot but consider all the distant schemes of mankind as the highest folly.

It is amazing indeed that a creature such as man, with so many memorials around him of the shortness of his dura- tion, and who cannot ensure to himself even the next moment, should yet plan designs which run far into futurity. The business however of life must be carried on, and it is necessary for the purposes of human affairs, that mankind should resolutely act upon very precarious con- tingencies. Too much reflection, there- fore, is as inconsistent with the appoint- ed measures of our station, as too little; and there cannot be a less desirable turn of mind, than one that is influenced by an over-refined philosophy. At least it is by con- siderations of this sort, that I endeavour to call off my thoughts from pursuing too earnestly those reasonings, which the occasion of this letter is apt to suggest. This use, however, one may justly make of the present accident, that whilst it contracts the circle of friend- ship, it should render it so much the more valuable to us who yet walk within it's limits. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER LIX.

TO HORTENSIVS.

MAY 4, 1740.

genious piece you communi- o me, requires any farther your pencil; I must acknow- urth to be, what you are im- spect, that my friendship has n my judgment. But though ent instance your delicacy oo refined, yet, in general, e with you, that works of eminent kind are not theucky moment, nor struck o heart. The best perform- ed, have generally cost the ; and that ease, which is so ine writing, has seldom been out re- created and severe cor- adenti *speciem dubit et tor-* a motto that may be ap- eeve, to most successful au- ius. With as much facility as of the natural Prior seem d from him, they were the

result (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original in manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has it's peculiar expression, and every word it's precise place, which do not always immediately present them- selves, and generally demand frequent trials before they can be properly ad- justed: not to mention the more im- portant difficulties, which necessarily oc- cur in settling the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pains it cost even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular produc- tion



tion, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most antient of authors—*'Ohi that mine adversary had written a book!'* A writer of genuine taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection which are impressed upon his mind. *'Never was any thing,'* says Tully, *'more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists.'* In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imaged to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the same favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the immortal Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal who, agreeably to the notions of the ancients, was supposed to bring her young into the world a mere rude and shapeless mass: he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his *Æneid*, he intended to have it spent three more for the revival of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his last sickness from giving those finishing touches which his ex-

quisite judgment conceived to be necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he taken more time in translating this author, he might possibly have succeeded better; but now he assures us, could he have succeeded so well as to have satisfied himself.

In a word, Hortensius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author who proposes to raise a just and lasting admiration; who is not content with those little transient flashes of a plause which attend the ordinary run of writers, but considers only how he may shine out to posterity; who extends his views beyond the present generation and cultivates those productions which are to flourish in future ages. Wh. Sir William Temple observes of poets may be applied to every other where taste and imagination are concerned: *'It requires the greatest contraries to compose it; a genius both penetrating and solid; an expression both strong and delicate. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct: there must be upon the same time and at the same time, both flower and fruit.'* But though, I know, you would not value yourself upon a performance, wherein these very opposite and very singular qualities were conspicuous; yet I must remind you, at the same time, that when the file came to polish, it must necessarily weaken. You will remember therefore, that this is a medium between the immediate execution of that orator, who was the olympian in writing a single oration, and the extravagant expedition of the poet, whose funeral pile was composed of his own numberless productions. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER LX.

TO PALEMONT.

MAY 28, 1704.

**I** Wrote the whole Chorus singing by my side, under the shade of a spreading elm that lies over the banks of our river. A soft breeze, more harmonious than Sappho's, lulled me, and gave us from a barthen bark which

floats with all the gaiety of youth and beauty, while

Gentle voices sing,  
Fading their voices in song,  
Watered by a soft breeze,  
In a barthen bark which





in thus enjoying the inno-  
of this vernal delight, I  
on those scenes of turbu-  
I was once engaged, with  
dinary distaste; and despise  
ever having entertained so  
ght as to be rich and great.  
monarchs used to say, That  
on those to be the happiest  
nation, whose fortune had  
n the country, above a high-  
nd below the trouble of a  
ce. It is in a mediocrity  
kind that I here pass my  
fortune far above the neces-  
ing in the drudgery of busi-  
ness desires much too humble  
elish for the splendid baits

not, however, imagine  
the Stoic, or pretend to have  
my passions: the sum of  
y amounts to no more than  
ie but such as I may easily

and innocently gratify, and to banish  
all the rest as so many bold intruders  
upon my repose. I endeavour to prac-  
tise the maxim of a French poet, by  
considering every thing that is not with-  
in my possession, as not worth having.

*Pour m'assurer le seul bien  
Que l'on doit estimer au monde,  
Tout ce que je n'ai pas, je le compte pour rien.*

Is it not possible, Palemon, to recon-  
cile you to these unambitious sentiments,  
and to lower your flight to the humble  
level of genuine happiness? Let me at  
least prevail with you to spare a day or  
two from the *certamina divitiarum*, (as  
Horace I think calls them) from those  
splendid contests in which you are en-  
gaged, just to take a view of the sort of  
life we lead in the country. If there is  
any thing wanting to complete the hap-  
piness I here find, it is that you are so  
seldom a witness to it. Adieu. I am,  
&c.

## LETTER LXI.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

JULY 3, 1744.

ties of style seem to be  
ly considered as below the  
of an author and a read-  
er, not, therefore, whether I  
to acknowledge, that  
umberless graces of your  
nce, I particularly admir-  
th and elegance with which  
forced and adorned the no-  
ts.

a time however (and it was  
the truest refinements) when  
of this kind was esteemed  
of the politest accomplish-  
was the ambition of some  
names of antiquity to dis-  
selves in the improvements  
e tongue. Julius Cæsar,  
only the greatest hero, but  
tleman that ever, perhaps,  
e world, was desirous of  
talent to his other most  
vements: and we are told  
language of his country  
plication; as we are sure  
in it's highest elegance.  
Euphronius, is it to the  
that the treatise which

he wrote upon this subject, is perished  
with many other valuable works of that  
age? But though we are deprived of  
the benefit of his observations, we are  
happily not without an instance of their  
effects; and his own memoirs will ever  
remain as the best and brightest exem-  
plar, not only of true generalship, but  
of fine writing. He published them,  
indeed, only as materials for the use of  
those who should be disposed to enlarge  
upon that remarkable period of the Ro-  
man story; yet the purity and graceful-  
ness of his style were such, that no ju-  
dicious writer durst attempt to touch the  
subject after him.

Having produced so illustrious an in-  
stance in favour of an art, for which I  
have ventured to admire you; it would  
be impertinent to add a second, were I  
to cite a less authority than that of the  
immortal Tully. This noble author,  
in his dialogue concerning the celebrat-  
ed Roman orators, frequently mentions  
it as a very high encomium, that they  
possessed the elegance of their native lan-  
guage; and introduced *placitas* as de-  
claring, that *she* *find* *the* *ho-*  
*and* *their* *nour*

nour of being esteemed the great master and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reason to precedent, and to view this art in it's use as well as it's dignity; will it not be allowed of some importance, when it is considered that eloquence is one of the most considerable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing in deed contributes more to subdue the mind to the force of reason, than her being supported by the powerful assistance of masculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary the most legitimate arguments may be disappointed of that success they deserve, by being attended with a spiritless and enfeebled expression. Accordingly, that most elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addison, observes, in one of his essays, That there is as much difference between comprehending a thought cloathed in Cicero's language and that of an ordinary writer, as between seeing an object by the light of a taper and the light of the sun.

It is surely then a very strange conceit of the celebrated Maibranche, who seems to think the pleasure which arises from perusing a well-written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has it's source in the weakness and effeminacy of the human heart. A man must have a very uncommon severity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting roses with the thorns of science, and joining pleasure with instruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted

with a fine style, upon the supposition that it prefers regularity and beauty to deformity. This sort is indeed so far from being a mark of any depravity of that I should rather consider it as a degree, of its constitution, as of it's retaining some relish of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to consider that certain writers amongst the same gloomy view with Maibranche at least that they avoided a certain in style, as unworthy truth and philosophy. They are sunk by the lowest expression condemned to the *filthy creeping upon the ground of their life*. Others, on the contrary mistake pomp for dignity; and to raise their expressions above language, lift them up beyond apprehensions, esteeming it (as they imagine) a mark of their greatness requires some ingenuity to perceive meaning. But how few will Euphronius, know to hit the middle which lies between the extremes? How seldom do we find with an author, whose expressions those of my friend, are glowing; whose metaphors, but not common; whose periphrases, but not poetical; whose sentiments are *well fit* to the understanding in their most advantageous lustre.

## LETTER LXII.

TO ORONTES.

I Intended to have closed with your proposal, and passed a few weeks with you at \*\*\*; but some unlucky affairs have intervened, which will engage me, I fear, the remaining part of this season.

Among the amusements which the scene you afford, I should have esteemed the conversation of Timoclea a great entertainment; and of singular character that lady to your

Timoclea was once a beautiful woman, and worse fortune, those charms which time have spared. However, when she was for a mistress, has in as a companion; and she is conversable now, as she has beauty, then when I used to a weak triumphing in the room. For, as few women they may pretend) will value upon their minds, while they admire by their persons."

charming by her wit, till  
ce of making conquests.

She has seen a good  
ld, and of the best com-  
it is from thence she has  
er knowledge she pos-  
snot, indeed, flatter her  
seeming to consider her  
ng and retirement. But  
ature formed her for the  
and she is never so tho-  
as when she has a circle

ose occasions she appears  
ge; as I never knew any  
endued with the talents  
to a higher degree. If  
to write the characters of  
lela is the first person in  
ose assistance I should ap-  
the happiest art of mark-  
nguishng cast of her ac-  
t I ever met with; and  
her, in an afternoon's  
aint the manners with  
of judgment and strength

of colouring, than is to be found either  
in Theophrastus or Bruyere.

She has an inexhaustible fund of wit;  
but if I may venture to distinguish,  
where one knows not even how to define,  
I should say, it is rather brilliant than  
strong. This talent renders her the ter-  
ror of all her female acquaintance; yet  
she never sacrificed the absent, or mor-  
tified the present, merely for the sake  
of displaying the force of her satire; if  
any feel it's sting, it is those only who  
first provoke it. Still however it must  
be owned, that her resentments are fre-  
quently without just foundation, and  
almost always beyond measure. But  
though she has much warmth, she has  
great generosity in her temper; and with  
all her faults she is well worth your  
knowing.

And now, having given you this ge-  
neral plan of the strength and weakness  
of the place, I leave you to make your  
approaches as you shall see proper. I  
am, &c.

## LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

verbal criticism, as it is  
exercised, to be no better  
learned legerdemain, by  
or nonsense of a passage  
veyed away, and some-  
ed in it's stead, as best  
purpose of the profound  
dissertation you recom-  
pensal has but served to  
n these sentiments: for  
red the ingenuity of the  
not but greatly suspect the  
art, which can thus press  
the service of any hypo-

times amused myself with  
: entertainment it would  
: antients, whose works  
onour to be attended by  
tors, could they rise out  
hres, and peruse some of  
onjectures that have been  
ir respective compositions.  
for instance, to read over  
those numberless restorers  
d expositors of his mean-  
infested the republic of  
fund of pleantry might

he extract for a satire on critical crudi-  
tion! how many harmless words would  
he see cruelly banished from their right-  
ful possessions, merely because they hap-  
pened to disturb some unmerciful philo-  
logist? On the other hand, he would un-  
doubtedly smile at that penetrating sa-  
gacity, which has discovered meanings  
which never entered into his thoughts,  
and found out concealed allusions in his  
most plain and artless expressions.

One could not, I think, set the general  
absurdity of critical conjectures in a  
stronger light, than by applying them to  
something parallel in our own writers.  
If the English tongue should ever be-  
come a dead language, and our best au-  
thors be raised into the rank of classic  
writers; much, of the force and prop-  
riety of their expressions, especial-  
ly of such as turned upon humour, or alluded  
to any manners peculiar to the age,  
would inevitably be lost, or, at best,  
would be extremely doubtful. How  
would it puzzle, for instance, future  
commentators to explain Swift's epi-  
gram upon our musical contests? I ima-  
gine one might find them descanting  
M upon

upon that little humorous sally of our English Kabuki, in some such manner as this—

## EPIGRAM

ON THE FEUDS BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

Strange all this difference should be  
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

**TWEEDLE-dum and Tweedle-dee.]**

I am persuaded the poet gave it *Tweedle drum* and *Tweedle key*. To *tweedle* signifies to make a certain ridiculous motion with the fingers: what word, therefore, could be more proper to express this epigram-writer's contempt of the performances of those musicians, and of the folly of his contemporaries in running into parties upon so absurd an occasion? The *drum* was a certain martial instrument used in those times; as the word *key* is a technical term in music, importing the fundamental note which regulates the whole composition. It means also those little pieces of wood which the fingers strike against in an organ, &c. in order to make the instrument sound. The alteration here proposed is so *obvious* and *natural*, that I am surprised none of the commentators hit upon it before. *L. C. D.*

**Tweedle dum and Tweedle-dee.]** These words have greatly embarrassed the critics, who are extremely expert in finding a difficulty where there is none. *Tweedle-dum* and *Tweedle-dee* are *most undoubtedly* the names of the two musicians: and though they are filled by different appellations in the title of this epigram, yet that is *no objection*; for it is well known that persons in those times had more surnames than one. *S. M.*—Alas! here is evidently an error of the press, for there is not a single hint in all antiquity of the family of the *Tweedle-dums* and *Tweedle-dees*. The learned *S. M.* then is puzzled when he undertakes to explain this passage. The sense will be very plain if we read with a small variation *Waddell Tom* and *Waddell THE, THIE* being a known contraction for Theodore, as Tom is for

Thomas. *Waddle* and *Wbeedle* are likewise classical words. Thus Pope—

As when a dab-chick *waddles* thro' the copse.  
Dun. ii. 59.

Obliquely *waddling* to the mark in view.

Ib. ii. 150.

And though indeed I do not recollect to have met with the verb *to wbeedle*, in any pure author, yet it is *plain* that it was in use, since we find the participle *wbeedling* in an ancient tragedy composed about these times—

A Taughing, toying, *wbeedling*, whimpering  
she,

Will make him amble on a gossip's message,  
And hold the distaff with a hand as patient  
As e'er old Hercules. *JANE SHER.*

Thomas and Theodore, therefore, were *most certainly* the Christian names of these two musicians, to the contractions of which the words *wbeedle* and *waddle* are added as characteristic of the persons and dispositions of the men; the former implying that Tom was a mean sycophant, and the latter that *THE* had an awkward and ridiculous gait. *F. J. Z.*

I know not, Orantes, how I shall escape your satire, for venturing to be thus free with a science which is sometimes, I think, admitted into a share of your meditations; yet, tell me honestly, is not this a faithful specimen of the spirit and talents of the *general* class of critic-writers? Far am I, however, from thinking irreverently of those useful members of the republic of letters, who with modesty and proper diffidence have offered their assistance in throwing a light upon obscure passages in ancient authors. Even when this spirit breaks out in its highest pride and petulance of reformation, if it confines itself to classical enquiries, I can be contented with treating it only as an object of ridicule. But, I must confess, when I find it, with an assured and confident air, supporting religious or political doctrines upon the very uncertain foundation of various reading, forced analogies, and precarious conjectures, it is not without some difficulty I can suppress my indignation. Farewel. I am, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

TO PHILOTES.

TUNBRIDGE, AUGUST 4

I promised you a letter from this yet I have nothing more material than that I got safe hither. No man I should make an apotroubling him with an information; but among true friends nothing indifferent, and what am of no consequence to others, intercourses of this nature it's no value. A by-stander, unacquainted with play, may fancy, peruse the counters are of no more use than they appear; but those who are engaged in the game, know they are valued at a higher rate. You know my allusions from the scene of a propriety which the critics, upon some occasions recom-

often wondered what odd whim it induce the healthy to follow into places of this sort, and lay out their diversions amidst the steepest part of our species: one imagine an hospital the last spot of earth, to which those who are in distress of pleasure would think of retreating.

However, so it is; and by this the company here furnish out a comedy of the most singular kind. Some are literally dying, others living in metaphor; and in one way or another are presented with the real, rather than the fantastical pains of life. An ignorant spectator

might be apt to suspect, that each party was endeavouring to qualify itself for acting in the opposite character: for the infirm cannot labour more earnestly to recover the strength they have lost, than the robust to dissipate that which they possess. Thus the diseased pass not more anxious nights in their beds, than the healthy at the hazard-tables; and I frequently see a game at quadrille occasion as severe disquietudes as a fit of the gout. As for myself, I perform a sort of middle part in this motley drama, and am sometimes disposed to join with the invalids in envying the healthy, and sometimes have spirits enough to mix with the gay in pitying the splenetic.

The truth is, I have found some benefit by the waters; but I shall not be so sanguine as to pronounce with certainty of their effects, till I see how they enable me to pass through the approaching winter. That season, you know, is the time of trial with me; and if I get over the next with more ease than the last, I shall think myself obliged to celebrate the nymph of their springs in grateful sonnet.

But let times and seasons operate as they may, there is one part of me over which they will have no power; and in all the changes of this uncertain constitution, my heart will ever continue fixed and firmly yours. I am, &c.

LETTER LXV.

TO ORONTES.

MAY 6, 1735.

Others consider you for those ample possessions you enjoy: suffer not, that it is your application of one which renders either them valuable in my estimation. Your roofs and elegant accommodations view without the least envy: but when I observe you still power of exerting the nobility of your exalted generosity—I confess, I am apt to reflect,

with some regret, on the humbler supplies of my own more limited finances. *Nihil habet* (to speak of you in the same language that the first of orators addressed the greatest of emperors) *fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis; nec natura melius, quam ut velis servare quamplurimos*. To be able to soften the calamities of mankind, and inspire gladness into a heart oppressed with want, is indeed the noblest privilege of an enlarged



larged fortune: but to exercise that privilege in all its generous refinements, is an instance of the most uncommon elegance both of temper and understanding.

In the ordinary dispensations of bounty, little address is required: but when it is to be applied to those of a superior rank and more elevated mind, there is as much charity discovered in the *manner* as in the measure of one's benevolence. It is something extremely mortifying to a well-formed spirit, to see itself considered as an object of compassion; as it is the part of improved humanity to humour this honest pride in our nature, and to relieve the necessities without offending the delicacy of the distressed.

I have seen charity (if charity it might be called) insult with an air of pity, and wound at the same time that it healed. But I have seen too the highest munificence dispensed with the most refined tenderness, and a bounty conferred with as much address as the most artful would employ in soliciting one. Suffer me, Orontes, upon this single occasion, to gratify my own inclinations in violence to yours, by pointing out the particular instance I have in my view; and allow me, at the same time, to join my acknowledgments, with those of the unfortunate person I recommend to your protection, for the generous assistance you lately afforded him. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXVI.

TO CLEORA.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1737.

**S**HALL I own to you that I cannot repent of an offence which occasioned so agreeable a reproof? A censure conveyed in such genteel terms, charms more than corrects, and tempts rather than reforms. I am sure, at least, though I should regret the crime, I shall always admire the rebuke, and long to kiss the hand that chasteneth in so pleasing a manner. However, I shall for the future strictly pursue your orders, and have sent you in this second parcel no other books than what my own library supplied. Among these you will find a collection of letters: I do not recommend them to you, having never read them; nor indeed am I acquainted with their characters; but they presented themselves to my hands as I was tumbling over some others: so I threw them in with the rest, and gave them a chance of adding to your amusement. I wish I could meet with any thing that had even the least probability of contributing to mine. But—

Forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?

MILT.

Time, that reconciles one to most things, has not been able to render your absence in any degree less uneasy to me. I may rather be said to haunt the house in which I live, than to make one of the family. I walk in and out of the rooms like a restless spirit; for I never speak

till I am spoken to, and then generally answer, like Banco's ghost in *Macbeth*, with a deep sigh and a nod. Thus abstracted from every thing about me, I am yet quite ruined for a hermit, and find no more satisfaction in retirement, than you do in the company of \*\*\*.

How often do I wish myself in possession of that famous ring you were mentioning the other day, which had the property of rendering those who wore it invisible! I would rather be master of this wonderful *unique*, than of the kingdom which Gyges gained by means of it; as I might then attend you, like your guardian angel, without censure or obstruction. How agreeable would it be to break out upon you, like *Æneas* from his cloud, where you least expected me; and join again the dear companion of my fortunes, in spite of that relentless power who has raised so many cruel storms to destroy us! But whilst I employed this extraordinary ring to these and a thousand other pleasing purposes, you would have nothing to apprehend from my being invested with such an invisible faculty. That innocence which guards and adorns my Cleora in her most gay and public hours, attends her, I well know, in her most private and retired ones; and she who always acts as under the eye of the best of Beings, has nothing to fear from the secret inspection of any mortal. Adieu. I am, &c.

LET.

## LETTER LXVII.

TO EUPHRONIUS.

MAY 5, 1743.

**I**F you received the first account of my loss from other hands than mine, you must impute it to the dejection of mind into which that accident threw me. The blow, indeed, fell with too much severity, to leave me capable of recollecting myself enough to write to you immediately; as there cannot, perhaps, be a greater shock to a breast of any sensibility, than to see it's earliest and most valuable connections irreparably broken; than to find itself for ever torn from the first and most endeared object of it's highest veneration. At least, the affection and esteem I bore to that excellent parent were founded upon so many and such uncommon motives, that his death has given me occasion to lament not only a most tender father, but a most valuable friend.

That I can no longer enjoy the benefit of his animating example, is one among the many aggravating circumstances of my affliction; and I often apply to myself, what an excellent ancient has said upon a similar occasion, *Percoro nec enim negligentius vivam*. There is nothing, in truth, puts us so much upon our guard, as to act under the constant inspection of one, whose virtues, as well as years, have rendered venerable. Never, indeed, did the dignity of goodness appear more irresistible in any man: Yet there was something at the same time so gentle in his manners, such an innocence and cheerfulness in his conversation, that he was as sure to gain affection as to inspire reverence.

It has been observed (and I think, by Cowley) That a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or the world will make him a fool. If there is any truth in this observation, it is not, however, without an exception. My father was early engaged in the great scenes of business, where he continued almost to his very last hour; yet he preserved his integrity firm and unbroken, through all those powerful assaults he must necessarily have encountered in so long a course of action.

If it were justice, indeed, to his other virtues, to single out any particular one as shining with superior lustre to the rest, I should point to his probity as the brightest part of his character. But the truth is, the whole tenor of his conduct was one uniform exercise of every moral quality that can adorn and exalt human nature. To defend the injured, to relieve the indigent, to protect the distressed, was the chief end and aim of all his endeavours, and his principal motive both for engaging and persevering in his profession was, to enable himself more abundantly to gratify so glorious an ambition.

No man had a higher relish of the pleasures of retired and contemplative life; as none was more qualified to enter into those calm scenes with greater ease and dignity. He had nothing to make him desirous of flying from the reflections of his own mind, nor any passions which his moderate patrimony would not have been more than sufficient to have gratified. But to live for himself only, was not consistent with his generous and enlarged sentiments. It was a spirit of benevolence that led him into the active scenes of the world; which upon any other principle he would either never have entered, or soon have renounced. And it was that godlike spirit which conducted and supported him through his useful progress, to the honour and interest of his family and friends, and to the benefit of every creature that could possibly be comprehended within the extensive circle of his beneficence.

I well know, my dear Euphronius, the high regard you pay to every character of merit in general, and the esteem in which you held this most valuable man in particular. I am sure, therefore, you would not forgive me, were I to make an apology for leaving with you this private monument of my veneration for a parent, whose least and lowest claim to my gratitude and esteem is, that I am indebted to him for my birth. Adieu. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXVIII.

TO PHILOTES.

I Am particularly pleased with a passage in Homer, wherein Jupiter is represented as taking off his eyes, with a sort of satiety, from the horror of the field of battle, and relieving himself with a view of the Hippomolgi; a people famous, it seems, for their innocence and simplicity of manners. It is in order to practise the same kind of experiment, and give myself a short remission from that scene of turbulence and contention in which I am engaged, that I now turn my thoughts on you, Philotes, whose temperance and moderation may well justify me in calling you a modern Hippomolgian.

I forget which of the antients it is, that recommends this method of thinking over the virtues of one's acquaintance: but I am sure it is sometimes necessary to do so, in order to keep one's self in humour with our species, and preserve the spirit of philanthropy from being entirely extinguished. Those who frequent the ambitious walks of life, are apt to take their estimate of mankind from the small part of it that lies before them, and consider the rest of the world as practising, in different and underparts, the same treachery and dissimulation which marks out the characters of their superiors. It is difficult indeed to preserve the mind from falling into a general contempt of our race, whilst one is conversant with the worst part of it. I labour, however, as much as possible, to guard against that ungenerous disposition; as nothing is so apt to kill those seeds of benevolence which every

man should endeavour to cultivate.

Ill surely, therefore, have employed their talents, who employ the object of our species the object of and affected to subdue the derogating from the virtues man heart. But it will believe, upon an impartial that there is more folly than our natures, and that man act wrong through ignorance. Perhaps the true man merit is neither to be the histories of former times what passes in the more of the present generation. virtues have, probably, been most obscure; and, I am in all ages of the world, more rosin has been overlooked than either recorded or observed *aliquid divinum*, as Tully celestial spark which ever coolly contemplates his own discover within him, opera least look for it, and often noblest productions of virtue and obscurity of life.

But it is time to quit speculation, and return to the common of the world. I shall certainly more advantage, by keeping in my view; as I shall enter interests of mankind with me by thus considering the honest heart as less singular sometimes inclined to suppress I am, &c.

## LETTER LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

AVG!

LET it not be any discouragement to you, Philotes, that you have hitherto received but little satisfaction from those noble speculations wherein you are employed. 'Truth,' to use the expression of the excellent Mr. Wollaston;

'is the offspring of unbrotherly notions, and of thoughts not great and corrected.' It requires great patience and resolution that cloud of darkness which her; or (if you will allow



philosopher for my allusion) to  
up from that profound well in  
lies concealed.

is, however, such a general con-  
n the operations of nature, that  
very even of a single truth opens  
to numberless others; and when  
mind has hit upon a right scent,  
ot wholly pursue her enquiries

*mentis ope perspicere serai  
inveniant interitus frons: quiescit,  
l'insisterunt vestigia certa vias  
ex alia per se tute ipse videre  
s patris, caeca:que lacubras  
omnes, et verum praeferre inde.*

LUCRET.

ist be owned, nevertheless, that,  
ving exerted all our sagacity and  
, we shall scarce arrive at cer-  
many speculative truths. Pro-  
does not seem to have intended  
should ever be in possession of  
ative knowledge, beyond a very  
compass; though at the same  
cannot be supposed, without the  
injustice to the benevolent Au-  
our natures, that he has left any  
y truths without evident notes of  
ion. But while the powers of  
id are thus limited in their ex-  
d greatly fallible likewise in their  
ons, is it not amazing, Philotes,  
unkind should insult each other  
erence in opinion, and treat every  
that opposes their own with ob-  
ind contempt? Is it not amazing  
reature with talents so precarious  
reumfribed, should usurp that  
nce which can only belong to  
uperior beings and claim a defe-  
which is due to perfection alone?

the greatest arrogance that ever  
into the human heart, is that  
not only pretends to be positive  
n points wherein the best and  
have disagreed, but looks down  
the insolent superiority of con-  
ous pity on those whose impar-  
ngs have led them into opposite  
sions.

re is nothing, perhaps, more evi-  
han that our intellectual faculties  
ormed by one general standard;  
nsequently that diversity of opi-  
of the very essence of our natures.  
as probable that this disparity ex-  
tends to our sensitive powers; and  
we agree indeed in giving the

same names to certain visible appear-  
ances, as whiteness, for instance, to  
snow; yet it is by no means demonstra-  
tion, that the particular body which  
affects us with that sensation, raises the  
same precise idea in any two persons who  
shall happen to contemplate it together.  
Thus I have often heard you mention  
your youngest daughter as being the  
exact counter-part of her mother: now  
she does not appear to me to resemble  
her in any single feature. To what can  
this disagreement in our judgments be  
owing, but to a difference in the struc-  
ture of our organs of sight? Yet as just-  
ly, Philotes, might you disclaim me for  
your friend, and look upon me with  
contempt for not discovering a similitude  
which appears so evident to your eyes;  
as any man can abuse or despise another  
for not apprehending the force of that  
argument which carries conviction to his  
own understanding.

Happy had it been for the peace of  
the world, if our maintainers of systems,  
either in religion or politics, had con-  
ducted their several debates with the full  
impression of this truth upon their minds.  
Genuine philosophy is ever, indeed, the  
least dogmatical; and I am always in-  
clined to suspect the force of that argu-  
ment which is obtruded with arrogance  
and sufficiency.

I am wonderfully pleased with a pas-  
sage I met with the other day in the  
preface to Mr. Boyle's Philosophical  
Essays; and would recommend that cau-  
tious spirit, by which he professes to  
have conducted himself in his physical  
researches, as worthy the imitation of  
enquirers after truth of every kind.

'Perhaps you will wonder,' says he,  
'that in almost every one of the follow-  
'ing essays, I should use so often, *per-  
'haps, it seems, 'tis not improbable, as*  
'argue a dissidence of the truth of the  
'opinions I incline to; and that I should  
'be so shy of laying down principles,  
'and sometimes of so much as venturing  
'at explications. But I must freely  
'confess, that having met with many  
'things of which I could give myself  
'no one probable cause, and some  
'things of which several causes may be  
'assigned so differing, as not to agree  
'in any thing, unless in their being all  
'of them probable enough; I have of-  
'ten found such difficulties in searching  
'into the causes and manner of things,  
'and I am so sensible of my own disabi-

lity

lity to surmount those difficulties, that I dare speak confidently and positively of very few things, except matter of fact. And when I venture to deliver anything by way of opinion, I should, if it were not for mere shame, speak yet more diffidently than I have been wont to do. Nor have my thoughts been altogether idle—in forming notions and attempting to devise hypotheses. But I have hitherto (though not always, yet not unfrequently) found that what pleased me for a while, was soon after disgraced by some farther or new experiment. And, indeed, I have the less envied many (for I say not *all*) of those writers who have taken upon them to deliver the causes of things, and explicate the mysteries of nature, since I have had opportunity to observe how many of their doctrines, after having been for a while applauded and even admired,

have afterwards been confuted by some new phenomenon in nature, which was either unknown to such writers, or not sufficiently considered by them.

If positiveness could become any man in any point of mere speculation, it must have been this truly noble philosopher when he was delivering the result of his studies in a science, wherein, by the united confession of the whole world, he so eminently excelled. But he had too much generosity to prescribe his own notions as a measure to the judgment of others, and too much good-sense to assert them with neat or confidence.

Whoever, Philotes, pursues his speculations with this humble unarrogating temper of mind, and with the best exertion of those faculties which Providence has assigned him, though he should not find the conviction, never, surely, can he fail of the reward of truth. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXX.

TO PALAMEDES.

**I**F malice had never broke loose upon the world, till it seized your reputation, I might reasonably condole with you on falling the first prey to it's unrestrained rage. But this spectre has haunted merit almost from it's earliest existence: and when all mankind were as yet included within a single family, one of them, we know, rose up in malignity of soul against his innocent brother. Virtue, it should seem, therefore, has now been too long acquainted with this her constant persecutor, to be either terrified or dejected at an appearance so common. The truth of it is, the must either renounce her noblest theatre of action, and seclude herself in cells and deserts, or be contented to enter upon the stage of the world with this fiend in her train. She cannot triumph, if she will not be traduced; and she should consider the clamours of censure, when joined with her own conscious applause, as so many acclamations that confirm her victory.

Let those who harbour this worst of human dispositions, consider the many wretched and contemptible circumstances which attend it: but it is the business of *him who unjustly suffers from it*, to re-

flect how it may be turned to his advantage. Remember then, my friend, that Generosity would lose half her dignity, if malice did not contribute to her elevation; and he that has never been injured, has never had it in his power to exercise the noblest privilege of heroic virtue. There is another consolation which may be derived from the rancour of the world, as it will instruct one in a piece of knowledge of the most singular benefit in our progress through it: it will teach us to distinguish genuine friendship from counterfeit. For he only who is warmed with the real flame of amity, will rise up to support his single negative, in opposition to the clamorous votes of an undistinguishing multitude.

He, indeed, who can see a cool and deliberate injury done to his friend, without feeling himself wounded in his most sensible part, has never known the force of the most generous of all the human affections. Every man, who has not taken the sacred name of friendship in vain, will subscribe to those sentiments which Homer puts into the mouth of Achilles, and which Mr. Pope has opened and enlarged with such inimitable strength and spirit,

A. J. 1702

A generous filer disp' no cold mediation;  
 Burns with one eye, with one attachment  
 One should our interests and our passions beg;  
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.  
 ix. 609.

It may greatly also allay the pain which attends the wounds of detamation, and which are always most severely felt by those who least deserve them, to reflect, that though malice generally flings the first stone, it is folly and ignorance, it is indolence or irresolution, which are principally concerned in swelling the heap. When the tide of censure runs strongly against any particular character, the generality of mankind are too careless or too impotent to withstand the current; and thus, without any particular malice in their own natures, are often indolently carried along with others, by tamely falling in with the general stream. The number of those who

readily mean one harm, will wonderfully lessen after the deductions which may fairly be made of this sort: and the cup of unjust reproach must surely lose much of it's bitterness, where one is persuaded that malevolence has the least share in mingling the draught. For nothing, perhaps, stings a generous mind more sensibly in wrongs of this sort, than to consider them as evidences of a general malignity in human nature. But from whatever causes these storms may arise, Virtue would not be true to her own native privileges, if she suffered herself to sink under them. It is from that strength and firmness, which upright intentions will ever secure to an honest mind, that Palamedes, I am persuaded, will stand superior to those unmerited reproaches which assault his character, and preserve an unbroken repose amidst the little noise and strife of ignorant or malicious tongues. Farewel. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXI.

TO PHILOTES.

APRIL 9, 1740.

**T**HERE is no advantage which attends a popular genius that I am so much inclined to envy, as the privilege of rendering merit conspicuous. An author who has raised the attention of the public to his productions, and gained a whole nation for his audience, may be considered as guardian of the temple of Fame, and invested with the prerogative of giving entrance to whomsoever he deems worthy of that glorious distinction. But the poet or extraordinary writer obtrudes rather than advances the honour due to merit, and falsifies the laurel it means to celebrate. Impotent panegyric operates like a blight wherever it falls, and injures all that it touches. Accordingly, Henry the IV. of France was wont humorously to ascribe his early grey hairs to the effect of numberless wreathed compliments, which were paid him by a certain ridiculous orator of his times. But though the wreaths of folly should not disgrace the temple they surround; they wither, at least, as soon as received; and if they should not be offensive, most certainly, however, they will be transient. Whereas those, on the contrary, with which

an Horace or a Boileau, an Addison or a Pope, have crowned the virtues of their contemporaries, are as permanent as they are illustrious, and will preserve their colours and fragrance to remotest ages.

If I could thus weave the garlands of unfading applause; if I were in the number of those chosen spirits whose approbation is fame, your friend should not want that distinguishing tribute which his virtues deserve, and you request. I would tell the world (and tell it in a voice that should be heard far and remembered long) that Eusebes, with all the knowledge and experience of these later ages, has all the innocence and simplicity of the earliest: that he enforces the duties of his sacred function, not with the vain pomp of ostentatious eloquence, but with the far more powerful persuasion of active and exemplary virtue: that he softens the severity of precept with the ease and familiarity of conversation, and by generously mingling with the meanest committed to his care, continues the instructor under the air of the companion: that whilst he thus fills up the circle of his private station,

## FITZOSBORNE'S LETTERS.

he still turns his regards to the public, and employs his genius, his industry, and his fortune, in prosecuting and perfecting those discoveries, which tend most to the general benefit of mankind: in a word, that whilst others of his order are contending for the ambitious prizes of ecclesiastical dignities, it is his glorious pre-eminence to merit the highest, without enjoying or soliciting even the lowest. This, and yet more than this, the world should hear of your friend, if the world were inclined to listen to my voice. But though you, perhaps, Phi-

lores, may be willing to give to my Muse,

*Namque Tu scilicet  
Necesse est aliquid putare nugæ*

can she hope to find favor the sight of the public? I rather content myself with admiration of those virtues, not worthy to celebrate; and others to place the good where they may *scribunt*. I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

DECER

**T**HE visits of a friend, like those of the sun at this season, are extremely enlivening. I imagine at least they would both be particularly acceptable to me at present, when my mind is as much overcast as the heavens. I hope, therefore, you will not drop the design your letter intimates, of spending a few days with me in your way to \* \* \*. Your company will greatly contribute to dispel these clouds of melancholy which the loss of a very valuable friend has hung over me. There is something, indeed, in the first moments of separation from those, whom a daily commerce and long habitude of friendship has grafted upon the heart, that disorders our whole frame of thought, and discolours all one's enjoyments. Let Philosophy assist with the utmost of her vaunted strength, the mind cannot immediately recover the firmness of its posture, when those amiable props upon which it used to rest, are totally removed. Even the most different objects with which we have long been familiar, take some kind of root in our hearts; and 'I should hardly care,' as a celebrated author has, with great good nature, observed, to have a good 'post pulled up, even but remembered & evinced, was a child.'

To know how to receive the full sa-

tisfaction of a present enjoyment, a disposition prepared at all times to yield it up without reluctance, I doubt, reconcilable pain in being disunited from love, is a tax we must be pay, if we would enjoy the tranquillity of the Stoical life. On which, indeed, to be wholly to be whole, is a tax we must be pay, if we would enjoy the tranquillity of the Stoical life.

That ancient philosopher taught it was to be convenient with as if they might one day perish. It has been justly censured as a very ungenerous scheme. However, that day must certainly be some day, and is a reflection, methinks, enterwoven into our tender of every kind. From this conjecture, therefore, of no and from that share of whatever may affect the rest, I cannot but you advise, naming you at the same time full caution of one of your acquaintance;

*Quisquis amat, cupias non potest*

I am, &c.

## LETTER LXXIII.

TO PALAMEDES.

FEBRUARY 13, 1741.

IF one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be necessary, perhaps, to consider how far it can be justly claimed by mankind in general. I am for, at least, when I read the very uncommon sentiments of your last letter, I found their judicious author rise in my esteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more singular character in the world than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a succession of ideas, which light-skim over the mind, that can with any propriety be styled by that denomination. It is, observing them separately and distinctly, and ranging them under their respective classes; it is calmly and steadily viewing our opinions on every side, and resolutely tracing them through all their consequences and connections; that constitutes the man of reflection, and distinguishes reason from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not seem to have formed any very considerable number of our species for an extensive exercise of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are necessarily restrained within the ordinary purposes of animal life. But even if we look up to those who move in much superior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leisure to exercise their understandings; we shall find, that thinking is one of the least exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obstructions to check its just and free direction; but there are two principles which prevail more or less in the constitutions of most men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the soul unemployed: I mean pride and indolence. To descend to truth through the tedious progression of well-examined deductions, is considered as a reproach to the quickness of understanding; as it is much too laborious a method for any but those who are possessed of a vigorous and resolute activity of mind. For this reason the greater part of our species generally chuse either to seize upon their conclu-

sions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as best suiting with their vanity or their laziness. Accordingly Mr. Locke observes, that there are not so many errors and wrong opinions in the world, as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but because the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about those doctrines concerning which they raise the greatest clamour. Like the common soldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even enquiring, into the cause for which they so warmly contend.

This will account for the slow steps by which truth has advanced in the world, on one side; and for those absurd systems which, at different periods, have had an universal currency on the other. For there is a strange disposition in human nature, either blindly to tread the same paths that have been traversed by others, or to strike out into the most devious extravagancies: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reason, or reason only from the wild suggestions of an heated imagination.

From the same source may be derived those divisions and animosities, which break the union both of public and private societies, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourse into dissension and contention. For while men judge and act by such measures as have not been proved by the standard of dispassionate reason, they must equally be mistaken in their estimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occasion, perhaps, to remark, that thinking is no less uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of those writers who can with any justness of expression be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Necessarily, I



imagine, must one exclude from a collection of this sort, all critics, commentators, modern Latin poets, translators, and, in short, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature that owe their existence merely to the thoughts of others. I should reject for the same reason such compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it must be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preserve to us several curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwise have entirely worn out. Those teeming gen'uses likewise, who have propagated the fruits of their studies through a long series of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reason I cannot regret the loss of those incredible numbers of compositions which some of the antients are said to have produced:

*Quale fuit Cassi rapido ferventius anni  
Ingenium; cassus quem fama est esse, librisque  
Ambustum propriis.* Hor.

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inserted a single quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words\*, that he himself composed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca assures us, that Didymus the Grammarian wrote no less than four thousand; but Origen, it seems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to six thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think! But shall I not myself, Palamedes, give an instance that it is so, if I suspend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with such as mine? Adieu.

I am, &c.

## LETTER. LXXIV.

TO ORONTES.

IT is with much pleasure I look back upon that philosophical week which I lately enjoyed at \*\*\*; as there is no part, perhaps, of social life, which affords more real satisfaction, than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. The free communication of sentiments amongst a set of ingenious and speculative friends, such as those you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the most advantageous exercise, and shews the strength or weakness of its opinions with greater force of conviction, than any other method we can employ.

That it is not good for man to be alone, is true in more views of our species than one; and society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our

manners. The Soul, when left entirely to her own solitary contemplations, is insensibly drawn by a sort of constitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the side of her inclinations. Hence it is that she contracts those peculiarities of reasoning, and little habits of thinking, which so often confirm her in the most fantastical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this false bent, than the counter-warmth of impartial debate. Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws, which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction. Ac-

\* This passage is to be found in Aulus Gellius, who quotes it from a treatise which Varro had written concerning the wonderful effects of the number Seven. But the subject of this piece cannot be more ridiculous than the style in which it appears to have been composed: for that most learned author of his times (as Cicero, if I mistake not, somewhere calls him) informed his readers in that performance, *se jam duodecim annorum hebdomadam expressisse, et ad eum diem septuaginta hebdomadas librum conscripsisse.*

Aul. Gell. lib. 10.  
cording

condingly one may remark, that most of those wild doctrines which have been let loose upon the world, have generally owed their birth to persons whose circumstances or dispositions have given them the fewest opportunities of canvassing their respective systems, in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypothesis discussed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the observation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made, (or never at least with so much justice) that There is no opinion so absurd, but has some philosopher or other to produce in it's support.

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is that some of the finest pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue-manner. Plato and Tully, it should seem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage, than amidst the amicable opposition of well-regulated converse. It is probable, indeed, that subjects of a serious and philosophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman conversations, than they are of ours; as the circumstances of the world had not yet given occasion to those prudential reasons which may now, perhaps, restrain a more free exchange of sentiments amongst us. There was something, likewise, in the very scenes themselves, where they usually assembled, that almost unavoidably turned the stream of their conversations into this useful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the statues of the greatest masters of reason that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Aristotle stood in their view, it is no wonder their discourse fell upon those subjects, which such august representations would naturally suggest. It is probable, therefore, that many of those ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue-manner, were no imaginary conversations invented by their authors, but faithful transcripts from real life. And it is this circumstance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compositions which have been formed upon the same plan. I am sure, at least, I could scarce name more than three or four of this kind which have

appeared in our language, worthy of notice. My Lord Shaftesbury's dialogue, intituled, *The Moralists*; Mr. Addison's upon Antient Coins; Mr. Spence's upon the Odyssey; together with those of my very ingenious friend Philemon to Hydaspes; are, almost, the only productions in this way, which have hitherto come forth amongst us with advantage. These, indeed, are all master-pieces of the kind, and written in the true spirit of learning and politeness. The conversation in each of these most elegant performances is conducted, not in the usual absurd method of introducing one disputant to be tamely silenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a just contrast of characters is preserved throughout, and where the several speakers support their respective sentiments with all the strength and spirit of a well-bred opposition.

But of all the conversation-pieces, whether antient or modern, either of the moral or polite kind, I know not one which is more elegantly written than the little anonymous dialogue concerning the rise and decline of Eloquence among the Romans. I call it anonymous, though I am sensible it has been ascribed not only to Tacitus and Quintilian, but even to Suetonius. The reasons, however, which the critics have respectively produced, are so exceedingly precarious and inconclusive, that one must have a very extraordinary share of classical faith indeed, to receive it as the performance of any of those celebrated writers. It is evidently, however, a composition of that period in which they flourished; and if I were disposed to indulge a conjecture, I should be inclined to give it to the younger Pliny. It exactly coincides with his age; it is addressed to one of his particular friends and correspondents; it is marked with some similar expressions and sentiments. But as arguments of this kind are always more imposing than solid, I recommend it to you as a piece, concerning the author of which nothing satisfactory can be collected. This I may one day or other, perhaps, attempt to prove in form, as I have amused myself with giving it an English dress. In the mean time I have enclosed my translation in this packet, not only with a view to your sentiments, but in return to your favour. I was persuade

persuaded I could not make you a better acknowledgment for the pleasure of that conversation which I lately participated through your means, than by introducing you to one, which (if my

copy is not extremely injurious to its original) I am sure, you cannot attend to without equal entertainment and advantage. Adieu. I am, &c.

## A DIALOGUE CONCERNING ORATORY\*.

TO FABIVS.

**Y**OU have frequently, my friend, required me to assign a reason whence it has happened, that the Oratorical character, which spread such a glorious lustre upon former ages, is now so totally extinct amongst us, as scarce to preserve even its name. It is the ancients alone, you observed, whom we distinguish with that appellation; while the eloquent of the present times are styled only pleaders, persons, advocates, or any thing, in short, but Orators.

Hardly, I believe, should I have attempted a solution of your difficulty, or ventured upon the examination of a question, wherein the genius of the moderns, if they cannot, or then judgment, if they will not, rise to the same heights, must necessarily be given up; had I nothing of greater authority to offer upon the subject, than my own particular sentiments. But having been present, in the very early part of my life, at a conversation between some persons of great eloquence, considering the age in which they lived, who discussed this very point; my memory, and not my judgment, will be concerned, whilst I endeavour, in their own style and manner, and according to the regular course of their debate, to lay before you the several reasonings of those celebrated geniuses: each of them, indeed, agreeably to the peculiar tone and character of the speaker, alledging different, though probable causes, of the same defect; but all of them supporting their respective sentiments with ingenuity and good-sense. Nor were the orators of the present age without an advocate in this debate: for one of the company took the opposite side, and treating the ancients with much se-

verity and contempt, declared in favour of modern eloquence.

Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, two distinguished geniuses of our forum, made a visit to Maternus the day after he had publicly recited his tragedy of Cato; a piece which gave, it seems, great offence to those in power, and was much canvassed in all conversations. Maternus, indeed, seemed throughout that whole performance to have considered only what was suitable to the character of his hero, without paying a proper regard to those prudential restraints which were necessary for his own security. I was at that time a warm admirer and constant follower of those great men; insomuch, that I not only attended them when they were engaged in the courts of judicature; but, from my fond attachment to the arts of eloquence, and with a certain audacity peculiar to youth, I joined in all their parties, and was present at their most private conversations. Their great abilities, however, could not secure them from the critics. They alledged, that Secundus had by no means an easy elocution; whilst Aper, they pretended, owed his reputation as an orator, more to nature than to art. It is certain, nevertheless, that their objections were without foundation. The speeches of the former were always delivered with sufficient fluency; and his expression was clear, though concise; as the latter had most undoubtedly, a general tincture of literature. The truth is, one could not so properly say, he was *without*, as *without* the assistance of learning. He imagined, perhaps, the powers and application of his genius would be so much the more

\* It is necessary to inform those readers of the following Dialogue, who may be disposed to compare it with the original, that the edition of Heumannus, printed at Göttingen, 1779, has been generally followed.

as it should not appear to diminish its lustre from the acquisition

and Maternus, when we en-  
partment, with the tragedy in  
which he had recited the day

Are you, then,' said Secundus,  
slinging himself to him, 'to lit-  
erated with the malicious in-  
s of these ill-natured centuries,  
o cherish this obnoxious tra-  
your? Or, perhaps, you are  
it, in order to expunge the ex-  
sible passages; and purpose to  
it Cato into the world, I will  
with superior charms, but, at  
the greater security than in its  
form?'—'You may peruse

read he, 'if you please; you  
it remains just in the same  
as when you heard it read.

, however, that Thyestes shall  
he defects of Cato: for I am  
ng a tragedy upon that sub-  
I have already, indeed, formu-  
sian. I am hastening, there-  
publication of this play in my  
at I may apply myself entirely  
w design.'—'Are you, then,

, earnest,' replied Aper, 'to  
ed of dramatic poetry, as to  
e the business of oratory, in  
consecrate your whole leisure  
dea, I think, it was before, and  
seems, to Thyestes? when the  
f so many worthy friends, the  
of so many powerful commu-  
demand you in the forum: a  
re than sufficient to employ  
ention, though neither Cato  
mitius had any share of it;  
you were not continually  
from one dramatic perform-  
another, and adding the tales  
ce to the history of Rome.'

ould be concerned,' answered  
, 'at the levity of your re-  
the frequency of our debates  
is subject had not rendered it  
at familiar to me. But how,'  
smiling, 'can you accuse me  
ting the business of my pro-  
when I am every day engaged  
*ding* poetry against your accu-

And I am glad,' continued  
ng towards Secundus, 'that  
: now an opportunity of dis-  
this point before so competent  
. His decision will either de-  
*me to renounce all pretensions*

to poetry for the future, or (which I  
rather hope) will be a sanction for my  
quitting that confined species of ora-  
tory, in which, methinks, I have suf-  
ficiently laboured, and authorize the  
devoting myself to the more enlarged  
and sacred eloquence of the Muses.'

'Give me leave,' interposed Secun-  
dus, 'before Aper takes exception to  
'his judge, to say, what all honest ones  
usually do in the same circumstances,  
that I desire to be excused from sitting  
in judgment upon a cause, wherein I  
must acknowledge myself biased in  
favour of a party concerned. All the  
world is sensible of that strict friend-  
ship which has long subsisted between  
me and that excellent man, as well as  
great poet, Scaevus Bassus. To which  
let me add, if the Muses are to be ar-  
raigned, I know of none who can of-  
fer more prevailing brutes.'

'I have nothing to alledge against  
'Bassus,' returned Aper, 'or any other  
man, who, not having talents for the  
bar, chuses to establish a reputation of  
the poetical kind. Nor shall I suffer  
'Maternus (for I am willing to join is-  
sue with him before you) to evade my  
charge by drawing others into his  
party. My accusation is levelled  
singly against him; who, formed as  
he is by nature with a most masculine  
and truly oratorical genius, chuses to  
suffer so noble a faculty to lie waste  
and uncultivated. I must remind him,  
however, that by the exercise of this  
commanding talent, he might at once  
both acquire and support the most im-  
portant friendships, and have the glory  
to see whose provinces and nations rank  
themselves under his patronage: a ta-  
lent, of all others, the most advanta-  
geous, whether considered with respect  
to interest, or to honours; a talent, in  
short, that affords the most illustrious  
means of propagating a reputation,  
not only within our own walls, but  
throughout the whole compass of the  
Roman empire, and, indeed, to the  
most distant nations of the globe.

'If utility ought to be the governing  
motive of every action and every de-  
sign of our lives; can we possibly be  
employed to better purpose, than in  
the exercise of an art, which enables a  
man, upon all occasions, to support  
the interest of his friend, to protect the  
rights of the stranger, to defend the  
cause of the injured? that not only  
renders

renders him the terror of his open and secret adversaries, but secures him, as it were, by the most firm and permanent ground?

The particular usefulness, indeed, of this profession is evidently manifested in the opportunities it supplies of serving others, though we should have no occasion to exert it in our own behalf: but should we, upon any occurrence, be ourselves attacked, the sword and buckler is not a more powerful defence in the day of battle, than Oratory in the dangerous season of public arraignment. What had Marcellus lately to oppose to the united resentment of the whole senate, but his eloquence? Yet, supported by that formidable auxiliary, he stood firm and unmoved, amidst all the assaults of the artful Helvidius; who, notwithstanding he was a man of sense and elocution, was totally ineffect in the management of this sort of contests. But I need not insist farther on this head; well persuaded as I am, that Maternus will not controvert to clear a truth. Rather let me observe the pleasure which attends the exercise of the persuasive art: a pleasure, which does not arise only once, perhaps, in a whole life, but flows in a perpetual series of gratifications. What can be more agreeable to a liberal and ingenuous mind, formed with a relish of rational enjoyments, than to be one's levee crowded with a concourse of the most illustrious personages: not as followers of your interest or your power; not because you are rich and destitute of heirs; but singly in consideration of your superior qualifications. It is not unusual, upon these occasions, to observe the wealthy, the powerful, and the childless, addressing themselves to a young man (and probably no rich one) in favour of themselves or their friends. Tell me, now, has authority or wealth a charm, equal to the satisfaction of thus beholding persons of the highest dignity, venerable by their age, or powerful by their credit, in the full enjoyment of every external advantage, courting your assistance, and tacitly acknowledging, that, great and distinguished as they are, there is something still wanting to them more valuable than all their possessions? *Respectful to yourself* the honourable

crowd of clients conducting the orator from his house, and attending him in his return; think of the glorious appearance he makes in public, the distinguishing respect that is paid to him in the courts of judicature, the exultation of heart when he rises up before a full audience, hushed in solemn silence, and fixed attention, pressing round the admired speaker, and receiving every passion he deems proper to raise! Yet these are but the ordinary joys of eloquence, and visible to every common observer. There are others, and those far superior, of a more concealed and delicate kind, and of which the orator himself can alone be sensible. Does he stand forth prepared with a studied harangue? As the composition, so the pleasure, in this instance, is more solid and equal. If, on the other hand, he rises in a new and unexpected debate, the previous solitude, which he feels upon such occasions, recommends and improves the pleasure of his success; as indeed the most exquisite satisfaction of this kind is, when he boldly hazards the unpremeditated speech. For it is in the productions of genius, as in the fruits of the earth; those which arise spontaneously are ever the most agreeable. If I may venture to mention myself, I must acknowledge, that neither the satisfaction I received when I was first invested with the laticlave, nor even when I entered upon the several high posts in the state; though the pleasure was heightened to me, not only as those honours were new to my family, but as I was born in a city by no means favourable to my pretensions:—the warm transports, I say, which I felt at those times, were far inferior to the joy which has glowed in my breast, when I have successfully exerted my humble talents in defence of those causes and clients committed to my care. To say truth, I imagined myself, at such seasons, to be raised above the highest dignities, and in the possession of something far more valuable, than either the favour of the great, or the bounty of the wealthy, can ever bestow.

Of all the arts or sciences, there is no one, which crowns it's votaries with a reputation in any degree comparable to that of eloquence. It is not only those of a more exalted rank in the

to are witnesses of the orator's  
is extended to the observa-  
n of our very youth of any  
merit. Whole example, for  
do parents more frequently  
end to their sons? or who are  
e gaze and admiration of the  
n general? whilst every stran-  
arrives, is curious of seeing  
n, of whose character he has  
ach honourable report. I will  
to affirm, that Marcellus,  
just now mentioned, and Vi-  
or I chuse to produce my in-  
from modern times, rather  
om those more remote) are as  
own in the most distant corners  
empire, as they are at Capua  
ellæ, the places, it is said, of  
spective nativity: an honour,  
ch they are by no means in-  
to their immense riches. On  
rary, their wealth may justly,  
d seem, be ascribed to their  
ce. Every age, indeed, can  
persons of genius, who, by  
of this powerful talent, have  
hemselves to the most exalted

But the instances I just now  
ed, are not drawn from dis-  
ness: they fall within the ob-  
n of our own eyes. Now the  
bleure the original extraction  
e illustrious persons was, the  
nable the patrimony to which  
re born, so much stronger proof  
ford of the great advantage of  
orical arts. Accordingly, with-  
recommendation of family or  
; without any thing very ex-  
ary in their virtues, (and one of  
rather contemptible in his ad-  
they have for many years main-  
the highest credit and authority  
their fellow-citizens. Thus,  
eing chiefs in the forum, where  
eceived their distinguished emi-  
as long as they thought proper;  
ave passed on to the enjoyment  
same high rank in Vespasian's  
, whose esteem for them seems  
ixed even with a degree of re-  
e: as indeed they both support  
nduct the whole weight of his  
stration. That excellent and  
ble prince (whose singular cha-  
it is, that he can endure to hear  
well knows that the rest of his

favourites are distinguished only as  
they are the objects of his munificence;  
the supplies of which he can easily  
raise, and with the same facility con-  
fer on others. Whereas Crispus and  
Marcellus recommended themselves to  
his notice by advantages which no  
earthly potentate either did, or could,  
bestow. The truth of it is, inscrip-  
tions, and statues, and ensigns of dig-  
nity, could claim but the lowest rank,  
amidst *their* more illustrious distinc-  
tions. Not that they are unpossessed  
of honours of this kind, any more  
than they are destitute of wealth or  
power: advantages, much oftener af-  
fectedly depreciated than sincerely de-  
spised.

Such, my friends, are the orna-  
ments, and such the rewards of an  
early application to the business of the  
forum, and the arts of oratory! But  
Poetry, to which Maternus wishes to  
devote his days, (for it, was that which  
gave rise to our debate) confers nei-  
ther dignity to her followers in parti-  
cular, nor advantage to society in ge-  
neral. The whole amount of her pre-  
tensions is nothing more than the tran-  
sient pleasure of a vain and fruitless  
applause. Perhaps what I have al-  
ready said, and am going to add, may  
not be very agreeable to my friend  
Maternus: however, I will venture to  
ask him, what avails the eloquence of  
his Jafon or Agamemnon? what mor-  
tal does it either defend or oblige?  
Who is it that courts the patronage, or  
joins the train, of Bassus, that ingen-  
ious, (or, if you think the term more  
honourable) that illustrious poet?  
Eminent as he may be, if his friend,  
his relation, or himself, were involved  
in any litigated transactions, he would  
be under the necessity of having re-  
course to Secundus, or, perhaps, to  
you, my friend\*: but by no means,  
however, as you are a poet, and in or-  
der to solicit you to bestow some verses  
upon him: for verses he can compose  
himself, fair, it seems, and goodly.—  
Yet, after all, when he has, at the cost  
of much time, and many a laboured  
lucubration, spun out a single canto,  
he is obliged to traverse the whole  
town in order to collect an audience,  
Nor can he procure even this compli-  
ment, slight as it is, without actually

purchasing it: for the hiring a room,  
 erecting a stage, and dispersing his  
 tickets, are articles which must neces-  
 sarily be attended with some expence.  
 And let us suppose his poem is ap-  
 proved: the whole admiration is over  
 in a day or two, like that of a fine  
 flower which dies away without pro-  
 ducing any fruit. In a word, it se-  
 cures to him neither friend nor patron,  
 nor confers even the most inconsider-  
 able favour upon a single creature.  
 The whole amount of his humble  
 gains is the fleeting pleasure of a cla-  
 morous applause! We looked upon it,  
 lately, as an uncommon instance of  
 generosity in Vespasian, that he pre-  
 sented Bassus with fifty thousand se-  
 sterces\*. Honourable, I grant, it is,  
 to possess a genius which merits the  
 imperial bounty: but how much more  
 glorious (if a man's circumstances will  
 admit of it) to exhibit in one's own  
 person an example of munificence and  
 liberality? Let it be remembered like-  
 wise, if you would succeed in your  
 poetical labours, and produce any  
 thing of real worth in that art, you  
 must retire, as the poets express them-  
 selves,

“To silent grottoes and sequester'd groves:”

that is, you must renounce the conver-  
 sation of your friends, and every civil  
 duty of life, to be concealed in gloomy  
 and unprofitable solitude.

If we consider the votaries of this  
 idle art with respect to fame, that  
 single recompence which they pretend  
 to derive, or indeed to seek, from their  
 studies; we shall find, they do not by  
 any means enjoy an equal proportion  
 of it with the sons of Oratory. For  
 even the best poets fall within the no-  
 tice of but a very small proportion of  
 mankind; whilst indifferent ones are  
 universally disregarded. Tell me,  
 Maternus, did ever the reputation of  
 the most approved rehearsal of the po-  
 etical kind reach the cognizance even  
 of half the town; much less extend  
 itself to distant provinces? Did ever  
 any foreigner, upon his arrival here,  
 enquire after Bassus? Or if he did, it  
 was merely as he would after a picture  
 or a statue; just to look upon him, and  
 pass on. I would in no sort be un-  
 derstood as discouraging the pursuit

of Poetry in those who have no talents  
 for Oratory; if happily they can, by  
 that means, amuse their leisure and  
 establish a just character. I look upon  
 every species of Eloquence as venerable  
 and sacred; and prefer her, in what-  
 ever guise she may think proper to ap-  
 pear, before any other of her sister-arts:  
 not only, Maternus, when she exhi-  
 bits herself in your chosen favourite,  
 the solemn tragedy, or lofty heroic,  
 but even in the pleasant lyric, the  
 wanton elegy, the severe iambic, the  
 witty epigram, or, in one word, in  
 whatever other habit she is pleased to  
 assume. But (I repeat it again) my  
 complaint is levelled singly against  
 you; who, designed as you are by na-  
 ture for the most exalted rank of elo-  
 quence, chuse to desert your station,  
 and deviate into a lower order. Had  
 you been endued with the athletic vi-  
 gour of Nicomachus, and born in  
 Greece, where arts of that sort are  
 esteemed not unworthy of the most re-  
 fined characters; as I could not pa-  
 tiently have suffered that uncommon  
 strength of arm, formed for the nobler  
 combat, to have idly spent itself in  
 throwing the javelin, or tossing the  
 coat: so I now call you forth from  
 rehearsals and theatres, to the forum,  
 and business, and high debate; espe-  
 cially since you cannot urge the same  
 plea for engaging in poetry which is  
 now generally alledged, that it is less  
 liable to give offence than oratory.  
 For the ardency of your genius has  
 already flamed forth, and you have  
 incurred the displeasure of our supe-  
 riors: not, indeed, for the sake of a  
 friend; that would have been far less  
 dangerous; but in support, truly, of  
*Cato*! Nor can you offer in excuse,  
 either the duty of your profession, jus-  
 tice to your client, or the unguarded  
 heat of debate. You fixed, it should  
 seem, upon this illustrious and popular  
 subject with deliberate design, and as  
 a character that would give weight and  
 authority to your sentiments. You  
 will reply, I am aware—“It was  
 that very circumstance which gained  
 you such universal applause, and ren-  
 dered you the general topic of dis-  
 course.” Talk no more then, I be-  
 seech you, of security and repose,  
 whilst you thus industriously raise up

\* About equal of our money.

myself so potent an adversary. My own part, at least, I am conscious of engaging in questions of a modern and private nature; and, in defence of a friend I am under a necessity of taking liberties imprudent, perhaps, to my superlative honest freedom of my zeal I trust, not only be excused but pardoned.

Having delivered this with his usual earnestness, 'I am prepared,' replied Muternus, in a milder tone with an air of pleasantry, 'to lay up a charge against the orators, as copious than my friend's pains in their behalf. I suspected, however, he would turn out of his road, and not to attack the poets: though, at least at the same time, he has somewhat softened the severity of his

by certain concessions he is disposed to make in their favour. Hearing, I perceive, to allow those who genius does not point to oratory to apply themselves to poetry. Nevertheless, I do not scruple to acknowledge, that with some talents, and, for the forum, I chuse to my reputation on dramatic poetry.

The first attempt I made for this purpose, was by exposing the feeble power of Vatinius: a power even Nero himself disapproved, which that infamous favourite, to the prophanation of the Muses. And I am persuaded, to enjoy any share of fame, it is to my rather than to oratory that I am indebted for the acquisition. It is my real purpose, therefore, entirely to draw myself from the fatigue of oratory. I am by no means ambitious of that splendid concourse of clients which Aper has represented in pompous colours, any more than of those sculptured honours which he mentioned; though I must confess they have made their way into my family, notwithstanding my inclinations to the contrary. Innocence now at least, a surer guard than valour; and I am in no apprehension I shall ever have occasion to open my lips in the senate, unless, perhaps, in defence of a friend.

Woods and groves and solitude, the retreats of Aper's invective, afford me, I own to him, the most exquisite satisfaction. Accordingly, I esteem

it one of the great privileges of poetry, that it is not carried on in the noise and tumult of the world, amidst the painful importunity of anxious suitors, and the affecting tears of distressed criminals. On the contrary, a mind enamoured of the Muses retires into scenes of innocence and repose, and enjoys the sacred haunts of silence and contemplation. Here genuine Eloquence received her birth, and here she fixed her sacred and sequestered habitation. 'Twas here, in decent and becoming garb, she recommended herself to the early notice of mortals, inspiring the breasts of the blameless and the good: here first the voice divine of oracles was heard. But she, of modern growth, offspring of luxury and contention, was born in evil days, and employed (as Aper very justly expressed it) instead of weapons: whilst happier times, or, in the language of the Muses, the golden age, free alike from orators and from crimes, abounded with inspired poets, who exerted their noble talents, not in defending the guilty, but in celebrating the good. Accordingly no character was ever more eminently distinguished, or more angustly honoured: first by the gods themselves, to whom the poets were supposed to serve as ministers at their feasts, and messengers of their high behests; and afterwards by that sacred offspring of the gods, the first venerable race of legislators. In that glorious list we read the names, not of orators indeed, but of Orpheus, and Linus, or, if we are inclined to trace the illustrious roll still higher, even of Apollo himself.

But these, perhaps, will be treated by Aper as heroes of Romance. He cannot however deny, that Homer has received as signal honours from posterity, as Demosthenes; or that the fame of Sophocles or Euripides is as extensive as that of Lysias or Hyperides; that Cicero's merit is less universally confessed than Virgil's; or that not one of the compositions of Asinius or Messala is in so much request as the Medea of Ovid, or the Thyestes of Varius. I will advance even farther, and venture to compare the unenvied fortune and happy self-converse of the poet with the anxious and busy life of the orator; notwithstanding the hazardous contentions of the latter may



possibly raise him even to the consular dignity. Far more desirable, in my estimation, was the calm retreat of Virgil: where yet he lived not unhonoured by his prince, nor unregarded by the world. If the truth of either of these assertions should be questioned, the letters of Augustus will witness the former; as the latter is evident from the conduct of the whole Roman people, who when some verses of that divine poet were repeated in the theatre, where he happened to be present, rose up to a man, and saluted him with the same respect that they would have paid to Augustus himself. But to mention our own times: I would ask whether Secundus Pomponius is any thing inferior, either in dignity of life, or solidity of reputation, to Afer Domitius? As to Crispus or Marcellus, to whom Aper refers me for an animating example, what is there in their present exalted fortunes really desirable? Is it that they pass their whole lives either in being alarmed for themselves, or in striking terror into others? Is it that they are daily under a necessity of courting the very men they hate; that, holding their dignities by unmanly adulation, their masters never think them sufficiently slaves, nor the people sufficiently free? And, after all, what is this their so much envied power? Nothing more, in truth, than what many a paltry freedman has frequently enjoyed. But —ME let the lovely Muses lead" (as Virgil sings) "to silent groves and heavenly-haunted streams, remote from business and from care; and still superior to the painful necessity of acting in wretched opposition to my better heart. Nor let me more, with anxious steps, and dangerous, pursue pale Fame amidst the noisy forum! May never clamorous suitors, nor panting freed man with officious haste, awake my peaceful slumbers! Uncertain of futurity, and equally uncerned, ne'er may I bribe the favour of the great; by rich bequests to advance insatiate; nor, accumulation vain! amass more wealth than I may transfer as inclination prompts, whenever shall arrive my life's last fatal period: and then, not in horrid guise of mournful pomp, but crowned with chaplets gay, may I be entombed nor let a friend, with un-

availing zeal, solicit the use of posthumous memorials!"

Maternus had scarce finished words, which he uttered with a calm and an air of indifference, when Messalla entered the room, observing much attention in countenance, and imagining the court turned upon something of extraordinary import—"Perhaps," you are engaged in a consultation. I doubt, I am guilty of an able interruption."—"By no means," answered Secundus: "on the contrary, I wish you had given us your opinion sooner; for, I am persuaded, you would have been extremely useful. Our friend Aper has, by his eloquence, been exhorting me to turn the whole strength of my mind and his studies to the service of the forum: while Maternus, on the other hand, agreeably to the suggestion of one who was pleading of the Muses, has defended your favourite art with a boldness and a freedom of style more suitable than an orator."

"It would have afforded me great pleasure," replied Messalla, "to have been present at a debate of this kind. And I cannot but express my satisfaction, in finding the most able orators of our times, not content with their talents to points relating to their profession, but canvassing topics in their conversation, which is a very advantageous exercise of their faculties, at the same time that it affords an entertainment of an instructive kind, not only to themselves, but to those who have the privilege of being joined in the conversation. And believe me, Secundus, I have received with much approbation the history of J. Asiaticus, as it appears that you intend to publish memoirs of the same nature. On this side," continued he, with a smile, "it is observed with irony, that Aper has not said adieu to the questions of the forum, but employs his leisure rather in the example of the modern rhetoricians, than of the ancient orators."

"I perceive," returned Aper, "that you continue to treat me with your usual derision and contempt, while the ancients alone a

possession of your esteem. It is a maxim, indeed. I have frequently heard you advance, (and, allow me to say, with much reason) to yourself, and to your hearers, that there is no such thing as the pretence of an orator. This you are the less scrupulous to maintain, as you imagine it cannot be imputed to a spirit of envy: since you are willing at the same time to exclude yourself from a character which every body else is inclined to give you.

‘I have hitherto,’ replied Messalla, ‘found no reason to change my opinion: and I am persuaded, that even you yourself, Aper, (whatever you may sometimes affect to the contrary) as well as my other two friends here, join with me in the same sentiments. I should, indeed, be glad, if any of you would discuss this matter, and account for so remarkable a disparity, which I have often endeavoured in my own thoughts. And what to some appears a satisfactory solution of this phenomenon, to me, I confess, heightens the difficulty: for I find the very same difference prevails among the Grecian orators; and that the priest Nicetes, together with others of the Ephesian and Mitylenean schools, who humbly content themselves with raising the acclamations of their tasteless auditors, deviate much farther from *Æschines* or *Demosthenes*, than you, my friends, from *Tully* or *Antonius*.’

‘The question you have started,’ said *Secundus*, ‘is a very important one, and well worthy of consideration. But who so capable of doing justice to it as yourself? who, besides the advantages of a fine genius and great literature, have given, it seems, particular attention to this enquiry.’—‘I am very willing,’ answered *Messalla*, ‘to lay before you my thoughts upon the subject, provided you will assist me with yours as I go along.’—‘I will engage for two of us,’ replied *Mater-nus*: ‘*Secundus* and myself will speak to such points as you shall, I do not say omit, but, think proper to leave us. As for *Aper*, you just now informed us, it is usual with him to dissent from you in this article: and, indeed, I see he is already preparing to oppose us, and will not look with indifference upon this our association for the support of the antients.’

‘Undoubtedly,’ returned *Aper*, ‘I shall not tamely suffer the moderns to be condemned, unheard and unfensed. But first let me ask, whom it is you call *antients*? What age of orators do you distinguish by that designation? The word always suggests to me a *Nestor*, or an *Ulysses*; men who lived above a thousand years since: whereas you seem to apply it to *Demosthenes* and *Hyperides*, who, it is agreed, flourished so late as the times of *Philip* and *Alexander*, and, indeed, survived them. It appears from hence, that there is not much above four hundred years distance between our age and that of *Demosthenes*: a portion of time, which, considered with respect to human duration, appears, I acknowledge, extremely long; but, if compared with that immense æra which the philosophers talk of, is exceedingly contracted, and seems almost but of yesterday. For if it be true, what *Cicero* observes in his treatise inscribed to *Hortensius*, that the great and genuine year is that period in which the heavenly bodies return to the same position, wherein they were placed when they first began their respective orbits; and this revolution contains 12,954 of our solar years; then *Demosthenes*, this antient *Demosthenes* of yours, lived in the same year, or rather I might say, in the same month, with ourselves. But to mention the Roman orators: I presume, you will scarcely prefer *Mæ-nius Agrippa* (who may with some propriety, indeed, be called an antient) to the men of eloquence among the moderns. It is *Cicero*, then, I suppose, together with *Cælius*, *Cæsar*, and *Calvus*, *Brutus*, *Asinius*, and *Messalla*, to whom you give this honourable precedency: yet I am at a loss to assign a reason, why these should be deemed antients rather than moderns. To instance in *Cicero*: he was killed, as his freedman *Tiro* informs us, on the 26th of December, in the consulship of *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, in which year *Augustus* and *Pedius* succeeded them in that dignity. Now, if we take fifty-six years for the reign of *Augustus*, and add twenty-three for that of *Tiberius*, about four for that of *Caligula*, fourteen a-piece for *Claudius* and *Nero*, one for *Galba*, *Ortho*, and *Vitellius*, to-

geth-

gather with the fix that our present excellent prince has enjoyed the empire, we shall have about one hundred and twenty years from the death of Cicero to these times: a period to which it is not impossible that a man's life may extend. I remember, when I was in Britain, to have met with an old soldier, who assured me, he had served in the army which opposed Cæsar's descent upon that island. If we suppose this person, by being taken prisoner, or by any other means, to have been brought to Rome, he might have heard Cæsar and Cicero, and likewise any of our contemporaries. I appeal to yourselves, whether, at the last public donative, there were not several of the populace who acknowledged they had received the same bounty, more than once, from the hands of Augustus? It is evident, therefore, that these people might have been present at the pleadings both of Corvinus and Afer: for Corvinus was alive in the middle of the reign of Augustus, and Afer towards the latter end. Surely, then, you will not split a century, and call one orator an antient, and another a modern, when the very same person might be an auditor of both; and thus, as it were, render them contemporaries.

The conclusion I mean to draw from this observation is, that whatever advantages these orators might derive to their characters from the period of time in which they flourished, the same will extend to us: and, indeed, with much more reason than to S. Galba, or to C. Carbo. It cannot be denied that the compositions of these last are very inelegant and unpolished performances; as I could wish, that not only your admired Calvus and Cælius, but, I will venture to add too, even Cicero himself, (for I shall deliver my sentiments with great freedom) had not considered them as the proper models of their imitation. Suffer me to premise, however, as I go along, that eloquence changes its qualities as it runs through different ages. Thus

as Græchus, for instance, is much more copious and florid than old Cato, so Crassus rises into a far higher strain of politeness and refinement than Græchus. Thus, likewise, as the speeches of Tully are more regular, and marked with superior elegance and sublimity, than those of the two orators last mentioned; so Corvinus is considerably more smooth and harmonious in his periods, as well as more correct in his language, than Tully. I am not considering which of them is most eloquent: all I endeavour to prove at present is, that oratory does not manifest itself in one uniform figure, but is exhibited by the antients under a variety of different appearances. However, it is by no means a just way of reasoning, to infer that one thing must necessarily be worse than another, merely because it is not the same. Yet such is the unaccountable perversity of human nature, that whatever has antiquity to boast, is sure to be admired, as every thing novel is certainly disapproved. There are critics, I doubt not, to be found, who prefer even Appian Cæcilius to Cato; as it is well known that Cicero had his censurers, who objected that his style was swelling and redundant, and by no means agreeable to the elegant conciseness of Attic eloquence. You have certainly read the letters of Calvus and Brutus to Cicero. It appears by those epistolary collections, that Cicero considered Calvus as a dry, unanimated orator, at the same time that he thought the style of Brutus negligent and unconnected. These, in their turn, had their objections, it seems, to Cicero: Calvus condemned his oratorical compositions, for being weak and enervated; as Brutus (to use his own expression) esteemed them feeble and dissipated. If I were to give my opinion, I should say, they each spoke truth of one another. But I shall examine these orators separately hereafter: my present design is only to consider them in a general view.

The admirers of antiquity are agreed, I think, in extending the æra of the

\* From this passage Fabricius asserts that this dialogue was written in the 6th year of Vespasian's reign: but he evidently mistakes the time in which the scene is laid, for that in which it was composed. It is upon arguments not better founded, that the critics have given Tacitus and Quintilian the honour of this elegant performance. F. d. Fabric. *Ant. Lat. V. l. 559.*

as far as Cassius Severus; they assert to have been the first to get out from the plain and simpler, which till then prevailed. I affirm that he did so, not by deficiency in point of gearning, but from his superabundance and good sense. He is necessary to accommodate as I observed before, to the times and taste of the auditor. Our ancestors, indeed, might not (and it was a mark of oratorical want of politeness were so) with the immoderate length of speeches, as in vogue in those ages; as,

to be able to harangue for day together was itself looked at that illiterate period, as a trophy of the highest administrative immensurable introduction, immittant detail, the endless and subdivision, the formal drawn out into a dull vallogical delusions, together thousand other imperfections, the tasteless stamp, which would lay down among the pre-eminence of all writers, oras and Apollodorus, were in supreme honour. And, at all, if the orator had just into philosophy, and could his harangue with some of those maxims of that science, adorned out his apologies to

For these were new and novel topics to them: as indeed of the orators themselves had acquaintance with the writer of the philosophers or the poets. But in our more enlightened age, where even the lowest in audience have at least some notion of literature, this piece cannot find out new and novel paths. She is obliged to say things that may fatigue or weary the ears of her audience; especially

she must now appear before who decide, not by law, but by authority; who prescribe what they think proper to the orator's conduct, nor calmly wait till he is to come to the point, but call on to return, and openly testify impatience whenever he seems to wander from the question. I beseech you, would, in our

days, endure an orator, who should open his harangue with a tedious apology for the weakness of his constitution? Yet almost every oration of Corvinus sets out in that manner. Would any man now have patience to hear out the five long books against Verres? or those endless volumes of pleading in favour of Tully, or Cæcina? The vivacity of our modern judges even prevents the speaker; and they are apt to conceive some sort of prejudice against all he utters, unless he has the address to bribe their attention by the strength and spirit of his arguments, the liveliness of his sentiments, or the elegance and brilliancy of his descriptions. The very populace have some notion of the beauty of language, and would no more relish the uncouthness of antiquity in a modern orator, than they would the gesture of old Roscius or Ambivius in a modern actor. Our young students too, who are forming themselves to eloquence, and for that purpose attend the courts of judicature, expect not merely to hear, but to carry home something worthy of remembrance: and it is usual with them not only to canvass among themselves, but to transmit to their respective provinces whatever ingenious thought or poetical ornament the orator has happily employed. For even the embellishments of poetry are now required; and those too, not copied from the heavy and antiquated manner of Attius or Pacuvius, but mingled in the lively and elegant spirit of Horace, Virgil, and Lucan. Agreeably, therefore, to the superior taste and judgment of the present age, our orators appear with a more polished and graceful aspect. And most certainly it cannot be thought that their speeches are the less efficacious, because they soothe the ears of the audience with the pleasing modulation of harmonious periods. Has Eloquence lost her power, because she has improved her charms? Are our temples less durable than those of old, because they are not formed of rude materials, but shine out in all the polish and splendor of the most costly ornaments?

To confess the plain truth, the effect which many of the ancients have upon me, is to dispose me either to laugh

laugh or sleep. Not to mention the more ordinary race of orators, such as Canutius, Arrius, or Fannius, with some others of the same dry and un-affecting cast; even Calvus himself scarce pleases me in more than one or two short orations: though he has left behind him, if I mistake not, no less than one and twenty volumes. And the world in general seems to join with me in the same opinion of them: for how few are the readers of his invectives against Ficinius or Drusus? Whereas those against Vatinius are in every body's hands, particularly the second, which is indeed, both in sentiment and language, a well-written piece. It is evident, therefore, that he had an idea of just composition, and rather wanted genius than inclination, to reach a more graceful and elevated manner. As to the orations of Cælius, though they are by no means valuable upon the whole, yet they have their merit, so far as they approach to the exalted elegance of the present times. Whenever, indeed, his composition is careless and unconnected, his expression low, and his sentiments gross; it is then he is truly an antient: and I will venture to affirm, there is no one so fond of antiquity as to admire him in that part of his character. We may allow Cæsar, on account of the great affairs in which he was engaged; as we may Brutus, in consideration of his philosophy; to be less eloquent than might otherwise be expected of such superior geniuses. The truth is, even their warmest admirers acknowledge, that as orators they by no means shine with the same lustre which distinguished every other part of their reputation. Cæsar's speech in favour of Decius, and that of Brutus in behalf of King Dejotarus, with some others of the same coldness and languor, have scarcely, I imagine, met with any readers; unless, perhaps, among such who can relish their verses. For verses, we know, they writ, (and published too) I will not say with more spirit, but undoubtedly with more success, than Cicero, because they had the good fortune to fall into much fewer hands. *Asinius*, one would guess, by his air, and manner, to have been contemporary with Menenius, and Appius; though in fact he lived much nearer to

our times. It is visible he was a close imitator of Attius and Pacuvius, not only in his tragedies, but also in his orations; so remarkably dry and unpolished are all his compositions! But the beauty of eloquence, like that of the human form, consists in the smoothness, strength, and colour of it's several parts. Corvinus I am inclined to spare; though it was his own fault that he did not equal the elegant refinements of modern compositions, as it must be acknowledged his genius was abundantly sufficient for that purpose.

The next I shall take notice of, is Cicero; who had the same contest with those of his own times, as mine, my friends, with you. They, it seems, were favourers of the antients; whilst He preferred the eloquence of his contemporaries: and, in truth, he excels the orators of his own age in nothing more remarkably, than in the solidity of his judgment. He was the first who set a polish upon oratory; who seemed to have any notion of delicacy of expression, and the art of composition. Accordingly he attempted a more florid style: as he now and then breaks out into some lively flashes of wit; particularly in his later performances, when much practice and experience (those best and surest guides) had taught him a more improved manner. But his earlier compositions are not without the blemishes of antiquity. He is tedious in his exordiums, too circumstantial in his narrations, and careless in retrenching luxuriances. He seems not easily affected, and is but rarely fired; as his periods are seldom either properly rounded, or happily pointed: he has nothing, in fine, you would wish to make your own. His speeches, like a rude edifice, have strength, indeed, and permanency; but are destitute of that elegance and splendor which are necessary to render them perfectly agreeable. The orator, however, in his compositions, as the man of wealth in his buildings, should consider ornament as well as use: his structure should be, not only substantial, but striking; and his furniture not merely convenient, but rich, and such as will bear a close and frequent inspection; whilst every thing that has a mean and awkward appearance ought to be totally banished. Let

our orator then reject every ex-  
on that is obsolete, and grown  
, as it were, by age: let him  
reful not to weaken the force of  
intiments by a heavy and inarti-  
combination of words, like our  
compilers of annals: let him  
all low and insipid rallery; in  
rd, let him vary the structure of  
eriods, nor end every sentence  
the same uniform close.

will not expose the meanness of  
o's conceits, nor his affectation  
including almost every other pe-  
with, *as it should seem*, instead of  
ing them with some lively and  
ed turn. I mention even these  
reluctance, and pass over many  
s of the same injudicious cast. It  
igly, however, in little affecta-  
of this kind, that they who are  
d to style themselves *antient ora-*  
eem to admire and imitate him.  
ll content myself with describing  
characters, without mentioning  
names: but, you are sensible,  
are certain pretenders to taste  
prefer Lucilius to Horace, and  
etius to Virgil; who hold the  
ence of your favourite Bassus or  
ianus in the utmost contempt,  
i compared with that of Sisenna  
arro; in a word, who despise the  
uestions of our modern rhetori-  
y, yet are in raptures with those  
alvus. These curious orators

in the courts of judicature after  
*manner of the antients*, (as they  
t) till they are detested by the  
e audience, and are scarce sup-  
ple even to their very clients.  
truth of it is, that soundness of  
ence which they so much boast,  
at an evidence of the natural  
ness of their genius, as it is the  
t alone of tame and cautious art.  
hysician would pronounce a man  
joy a proper constitution, whose  
h proceeded entirely from a stu-  
and austemious regimen. To  
sly not indisposed, is but a small  
istion; it is spirits, vivacity, and  
r, that I require: whatever comes  
of this, is but one remove from  
cillity.

it then (as with great ease it may,  
in fact is) the glorious distinction  
u, my illustrious friends, to en-

' noble our age with the most refined  
' eloquence. It is with infinite satis-  
' faction, Messalla, I observe, that you  
' single out the most florid among the  
' antients for your model. And you,  
' my other two ingenious friends \*, so  
' happily unite strength of sentiment  
' with beauty of expression; such a  
' pregnancy of imagination, such a sym-  
' metry of ordonnance distinguish your  
' speeches; so copious or so concise is  
' your elocution, as different occasions  
' require; such an inimitable graceful-  
' ness of style, and such an easy flow  
' of wit, adorn and dignify your com-  
' positions: in a word, so absolutely  
' you command the passions of your au-  
' dience, and so happily temper your  
' own, that, however the envy and ma-  
' lignity of the present age may withhold  
' that applause which is so justly your  
' due, posterity, you may rely upon it,  
' will speak of you in the advantageous  
' terms which you well deserve.'

When Aper had thus finished—' It  
' must be owned,' said Maternus, ' our  
' friend has spoken with much force and  
' spirit. What a torrent of learning  
' and eloquence has he poured forth in  
' defence of the moderns! and how  
' completely vanquished the antients  
' with those very weapons which he  
' borrowed from them! However,' con-  
tinued he, applying himself to Messalla,  
' you must not recede from your en-  
' gagement. Not that we expect you  
' should enter into a defence of the an-  
' tients, or suppose (however Aper is  
' pleased to compliment) that any of us  
' can stand in competition with them.  
' Aper himself does not sincerely think  
' so, I dare say; but takes the opposite  
' side in the debate, merely in imitation  
' of the celebrated manner of antiquity.  
' We do not desire you, therefore, to  
' entertain us with a panegyric upon  
' the antients: their well-established re-  
' putation places them far above the  
' want of our encomiums. But what  
' we request of you is, to account for  
' our having so widely departed from  
' that noble species of eloquence which  
' they displayed: especially since we are  
' not, according to Aper's calculation,  
' more than a hundred and twenty years  
' distant from Cicero.'

' I shall endeavour,' returned Mes-  
salla, ' to pursue the plan you have laid

\* Maternus and Secundus.

down to me. I shall not enter into the question with Aper, (though indeed he is the first that ever made it one) whether those who flourished above a century before us, can properly be styled antients. I am not disposed to contend about words: let them be called antients, or ancestors, or whatever other name he pleases, so it be allowed their oratory was superior to ours. I admit too, what he just now advanced, that there are various kinds of eloquence distributable in the same period: much more in different ages. But as among the Attic orators, Demosthenes is placed in the first rank, then Æschines, Iyperides next, and after him Lyfias and Lycurgus; in æra, which on all hands is agreed to have been the prime season of oratory in Athens, Cicero is by universal consent preferred to all his contemporaries; is after him, Calvus, Asinius, Cælius, and Brutus, are justly acknowledged to have excelled all our preceding or subsequent orators. Nor is it of any importance to the present argument, that they differ in manner, since they agree in kind. The compositions of Calvus, it is confessed, are distinguished by their remarkable conciseness; as those of Asinius are by the harmonious flow of his language. Brilliancy of sentiment is Cælius's characteristic; as poignancy of wit is that of Cælius. Solidity recommends the speeches of Brutus; while copiousness, strength, and vehemence, are the predominant qualities in Cicero. Each of them, however, displays an equal foundation of eloquence; and one may easily discover a general resemblance and kindred likeness run through their several works, though diversified, indeed, according to their respective genies. That they mutually detested from each other, (as it must be owned there are numerous traces of malignity in their letters) is not to be imputed to them as orators, but as men. Calvus, Asinius, and even Cicero himself, were liable, no doubt, to be infected with jealousy, as well as with other human frailties and imperfections. Brutus, however, I willingly except from all imputations of malignity, as I am persuaded he spoke the sincere and impartial sentiments of his heart: for can it be supposed that

He should envy Cicero, who does not seem to have envied even Cæsar himself? As to Gallo, Lælius, and some others of the antients, whom Aper has thought proper to condemn, I am willing to admit that they have some defects, which must be ascribed to a growing and yet immature eloquence. After all, if we must relinquish the nobler kind of oratory, and adopt some lower species, I should certainly prefer the impetuosity of Gracchus, or the incorrectness of Crassus, to the studied feppery of Mæcenas, or the childish jargon of Gallo: so much rather would I be eloquence clothed in the most rude and negligent garb, than decked out with the false colours of affected ornament. There is something in our present manner of elocution, which is to be taken being oratorical, that it is not even manly; and one would imagine our modern pleaders, by the levity of their wit, the affected smoothness of their periods, and licentiousness of their style, had a view to the stage in all their compositions. Accordingly, some of them are not ashamed to boast (which one can scarce even mention with out a blush) that their speeches are adapted to the soft modulation of stage music. It is this depravity of taste which has given rise to the very indecent and preposterous, though very frequent expedient, that such an orator speaks *smoothly*, and such a dancer moves *elegantly*. I am willing to admit, therefore, that Cælius Severus, (the single modern whom Aper has thought proper to name) when compared to these his degenerate successors, may justly be deemed an orator; though, it is certain, in the greater part of his compositions there appears far more strength than spirit. It was the first who neglected chastity of style and propriety of method. Inexpert in the use of those very weapons with which he engages, he ever lays himself open to a thrust, by always endeavouring to attack; and one may much more properly say of him, that he pushes at random, than that he composes himself according to the rules of regular combat. Nevertheless, he is greatly superior, as I observed before, in the variety of his learning, the agreeableness of his wit, and the strength of his genius, to those who succeeded him: not one of whom,

however,

however, has Aper ventured to bring into the field. I imagined, that after having deposed Alinius, and Caelius, and Calvus, he would have substituted another set of orators in their place, and that he had numbers to produce in opposition to Cicero, to Cæsar, and the rest whom he rejected; or at least, one rival to each of them. On the contrary, he has distinctly and separately censured all the antients, while he has ventured to commend the moderns in general only. He thought, perhaps, if he singled out some, he should draw upon himself the resentment of all the rest: for every disclaimer among them modestly ranks himself, in his own fond opinion, before Cicero, though indeed after Galbanius. But what Aper was not hardy enough to undertake, I will be bold to execute for him; and draw out his oratorical heroes in full view, that it may appear by what degrees the spirit and vigour of antient eloquence was impaired and broken.

Let me rather intreat you, said Maternus, interrupting him, to enter, without any farther preface, upon the difficulty you first undertook to clear. That we are inferior to the antients in point of eloquence, I by no means want to have proved, being entirely of that opinion; but my present enquiry is how to account for our sinking so far below them? A question, it seems, you have examined, and which I am persuaded you would discuss with much calmness, if Aper's unmerciful attack upon your favourite orators had not a little discomposed you.—I am nothing offended, returned Messalla, with the sentiments which Aper has advanced, neither ought you, my friends, remembering always that it is an established law in debates of this kind, that every man may with entire security disclose his unreserved opinion.—Proceed then, I beseech you, replied Maternus, to the examination of this point concerning the antients, with a freedom equal to theirs: from which I suspect, alas! we have more widely degenerated, than even from their eloquence.

The cause, said Messalla, returning his discourse, does not lie very remote; and, though you are pleased to call upon me to assign it, is well known, I doubt not, both to you and to the

rest of this company. For is it not obvious that Eloquence, together with the rest of the polite arts, has fallen from her antient glory, not for want of admirers, but through the dissoluteness of our youth, the negligence of parents, the ignorance of preceptors, and the universal disregard of antient manners? Evils, which derived their source from Rome, and thence spread themselves through Italy, and over all the provinces; though the mischief, indeed, is most observable within our own walls. I shall take notice, therefore, of those vices to which the youth of this city are more peculiarly exposed; which rise upon them in number as they increase in years. But before I enter farther into this subject, let me premise an observation or two concerning the judicious method of discipline practised by our ancestors, in training up their children.

In the first place, then, the virtuous matrons of those wiser ages did not abandon their infants to the mean hovels of mercenary nurses, but tenderly reared them up at their own breasts; attending the careful regulation of their children and domestic concerns as the highest point of female merit. It was customary with them likewise to elude out some elderly female relation, of approved conduct, with whom the family in general entrusted the care of their respective children, during their infant years. This venerable person strictly regulated, not only their more serious pursuits, but even their very amusements; restraining them, by her respected presence, from saying or acting any thing contrary to decency and good manners. In this manner, we are informed, Correlia the mother of the two Gracchi, as also Aurelia and Attia, to whom Julius and Augustus Cæsar owed their respective births, undertook this office of family education, and trained up those several noble youths to whom they were related. This method of discipline was attended with one very singular advantage: the minds of young men were conducted sound and untainted to the study of the noble arts. Accordingly, whatever profession they determined upon, whether that of arms, eloquence, or law, they entirely devoted themselves to that single pursuit, and with un-



‘sipated application, possessed the whole compass of their chosen science.

‘But, in the present age, the little boy is delegated to the care of some paltry Greek chamber-maid, in conjunction with two or three other servants, (and even those generally of the worst kind) who are absolutely unfit for every rational and serious office. From the idle tales and gross absurdities of these worthless people, the tender and uninstructed mind is suffered to receive it's earliest impressions. It cannot, indeed, be supposed, that any caution should be observed among the domestics; since the parents themselves are so far from training their young families to virtue and modesty, that they set them the first examples of luxury and licentiousness. Thus our youth gradually acquire a confirmed habit of impudence, and a total disregard of that reverence they owe both to themselves and to others. To say truth, it seems as if a tonchels for horses, actors, and gladiators, the peculiar and distinguishing folly of this our city, was impressed upon them even in the womb: and when once a passion of this contemptible sort has seized and engaged the mind, what opening is there left for the noble arts?’

‘All conversation in general is infected with topics of this kind; as they are the constant subjects of discourse, not only amongst our youth in their academies, but even of their tutors themselves. For it is not by establishing a strict discipline, or by giving proofs of their genius, that this order of men gain pupils: it is by the meanest compliances and most servile flattery. Not to mention how ill instructed our youth are in the very elements of literature, sufficient pains is by no means taken in bringing them acquainted with the best authors, or in giving them a proper notion of history, together with a knowledge of men and things. The whole that seems to be considered in their education, is, to find out a person for them called a Rhetorician. I shall take occasion immediately, to give you some account of the rise and progress of this profession in Rome, and shew you with what contempt it was received by our ancestors. But it will be necessary to lay before you a previous view of that

‘scheme of discipline which the antient orators practised; of whose amazing industry and unwearied application to every branch of the polite arts, we meet with many remarkable accounts in their own writings.

‘I need not inform you, that Cicero, in the latter end of his treatise intitled Brutus, (the former part of which is employed in commemorating the antient orators) gives a sketch of the several progressive steps by which he formed his eloquence. He there acquaints us, that he studied the civil law under Q. Mucius; that he was instructed in the several branches of philosophy by Philo the Academic, and Diodorus the Stoic; that not satisfied with attending the lectures of those eminent masters, of which there were at that time great numbers in Rome, he made a voyage into Greece and Asia, in order to enlarge his knowledge, and embrace the whole circle of sciences. Accordingly he appears by his writings to have been master of logic, ethics, astronomy, and natural philosophy, besides being well versed in geometry, music, grammar, and, in short, in every one of the fine arts. For thus it is, my worthy friends; from deep learning and the united confluence of the arts and sciences, the relentless torrent of that amazing eloquence derived it's strength and rapidity.

‘The faculties of the orator are not exercised, indeed, as in other sciences, within certain precise and determinate limits: on the contrary, eloquence is the most comprehensive of the whole circle of arts. Thus he alone can justly be deemed an orator, who knows how to employ the most persuasive arguments upon every question; who can express himself suitably to the dignity of his subject, with all the powers of grace and harmony; in a word, who can penetrate into every minute circumstance, and manage the whole train of incidents to the greatest advantage of his cause. Such, at least, was the high idea which the antients formed of this illustrious character. In order however to attain this eminent qualification, they did not think it necessary to declaim in the schools, and idly waste their breath upon feigned or frivolous controversies. It was their wiser method, to apply themselves

res to the study of such useful concern life and manners, as moral good and evil, of justice and equity, of the decent and the undecent in actions. And, indeed, on points of this nature that the orator principally turns. In the judiciary kind it is employed in determining right and the expedient: still, these two branches are not utterly distinct, but that they are closely blended with each other.

It is impossible, when questions of law and equity fall under the consideration of an orator, to enlarge upon all the elegant and enlivening of an efficacious eloquence, unless he is perfectly well acquainted with human nature; unless he understands the power and extent of moral and can distinguish those which do not partake either of virtue.

In the same source, likewise, he derives his influence over the passions. For if he is skilled, for instance, in the nature of indignation, he will be much the more capable of soothing and enflaming the breasts of his audience: if he knows wherein compassion sits, and by what workings of it it is moved, he will the more easily afford that tender affection of the orator trained up in this discipline, and practised in these arts, have full command over the passions of his audience, in whatever direction it may be his chance to find and thus furnished with all the various powers of persuasion, will easily vary and accommodate his style, as particular circumstances and conjunctures shall require. There are, we find, who are most struck with manner of elocution, where the passions are drawn up in a short and simple style: upon such an occasion they will experience the great advantage of being conversant in logic. On the contrary, admire slow and diffusive periods, where the passions are borrowed from the ordinary and familiar images of common life: here the Peripatetic writings give him some assistance; as they will, in general, supply him with many useful hints in all the methods of popular address.

The Academics will inspire him with a becoming warmth: Plato with sublimity of sentiments, and Xenophon with an easy and elegant diction. Even the exclamatory manner of Epicurus, or Metrodorus, may be found, in some circumstances, not altogether unserviceable. In a word, what the Stoics pretend of their wise man, ought to be verified in our orator; and he should actually possess all human knowledge. Accordingly, the ancients who applied themselves to eloquence, not only studied the civil laws, but also grammar, poetry, music, and geometry. Indeed, there are few causes (perhaps I might justly say there are none) wherein a skill in the first is not absolutely necessary; as there are many in which an acquaintance with the last mentioned sciences is highly requisite.

If it should be objected, that "Eloquence is the single science requisite for the orator; as an occasional recourse to the others will be sufficient for all his purposes:" I answer; in the first place, there will always be a remarkable difference in the manner of applying what we take up, as it were, upon loan, and what we properly possess; so that it will ever be manifest, whether the orator is indebted to others for what he produces, or derives it from his own unborrowed fund. And in the next, the sciences throw an inexpressible grace over our compositions, even where they are not immediately concerned; as their effects are discernible where we least expect to find them. This powerful charm is not only distinguished by the learned and the judicious, but strikes even the most common and popular class of auditors; insomuch that one may frequently hear them applauding a speaker of this improved kind, as a man of genuine erudition; as enriched with the whole treasures of eloquence; and, in one word, acknowledge the complete orator. But I will take the liberty to affirm, that no man ever did, nor indeed ever can, maintain that exalted character, unless he enters the forum supported by the full strength of the united arts. Accomplishments, however, of this sort, are now so totally neglected, that the pleadings of our orators are debased by the lowest expressions; as a general ignorance

both

both of the laws of our country and the acts of the senate, is visible throughout their performances. All knowledge of the rights and customs of Rome is professedly ridiculed, and philosophy seems at present to be considered as something that ought to be shunned and dreaded. Thus Eloquence, like a dethroned potentate, is banished her rightful dominions, and confined to barren points and low conceits: and she who was once mistress of the whole circle of sciences, and charmed every beholder with the goodly appearance of her glorious train, is now stripped of all her attendants, (I had almost said of all her genius) and seems as one of the meanest of the mechanic arts. This, therefore, I consider as the first, and the principal reason of our having so greatly declined from the spirit of the ancients.

If I were called upon to support my opinion by authorities, might I not justly name, among the Grecians, Demosthenes? who, we are informed, constantly attended the lectures of Plato: as among our own countrymen, Cicero himself assures us, (and in these very words, if I rightly remember) That he owed whatever advances he had made in eloquence, not to the Rhetoricians, but to the Academic philosophers.

Other, and very considerable, reasons might be produced for the decay of eloquence. But I leave them, my friends, as it is proper I should, to be mentioned by you; having performed my share in the examination of this question: and with a freedom, which will give, I imagine, as usual, much offence. I am sure, at least, if ever in of our contemporaries were to be informed of what I have here maintained, I should be told, that in laying it down as a maxim, 'That a knowledge both of law and philosophy are essential qualifications in an orator,' I have been fondly pursuing a phantom of my own imagination.

'I am too far from thinking,' replied Maernus, 'you have completed the part you undertook, that I should rather imagine you had only given us the first general sketch of your design. You have marked out to us, indeed, those sciences wherein the ancient orators were instructed, and have placed

in strong contrast their successful industry, with our unperforming ignorance. But something farther still remains: and as you have shewn us the superior acquirements of the orators in those more improved ages of eloquence, as well as the remarkable deficiency of those in our own times, I should be glad you would proceed to acquaint us with the particular exercises by which the youth of these earlier days were wont to strengthen and improve their geniuses. For I dare say you will not deny, that oratory is acquired by practice far better than by precept: and our other two friends here seem willing, I perceive, to admit it.'

To which, when Aper and Secundus had signified their assent, Missalla, assuming his discourse, continued as follows:

'Having, then, as it should seem, disclosed to your satisfaction the seeds and first principles of ancient eloquence, by specifying the several kinds of arts to which the ancient orators were trained; I shall now lay before you the method they pursued, in order to gain a facility in the exertion of eloquence. This, indeed, I have in some measure anticipated, by mentioning the preparatory arts to which they applied themselves: for it is impossible to make any progress in a compass so various and so abstruse, unless we not only strengthen our knowledge by reflection, but improve a general aptitude by frequent exercise. Thus it appears that the same steps must be pursued in exercising our Oratory, as in attaining it. But it thus own should not be universally either did any should think, that Eloquence may be possessed without paying previous court to her attendant sciences; most certainly, at least, it will not be deemed, that a mind duly improved with the polite arts, will enter with so much the more advantage upon the exercises peculiar to the oratorical circus.

'Accordingly, our ancestors, when they designed a young man for the profession of eloquence, having previously taken the care of his domestic education, and reared his mind with useful knowledge, introduced him to the most eminent orator in Rome. From that time the youth commenced

tant follower, attending him on all occasions, whether he appeared in the public assemblies of the people or in the courts of civil judi-

Thus he learned, if I may express it, the arts of oratorical display in the very field of battle. Advantages which flowed from this method were considerable: it bred the courage and quickened the spirit of youth, thus to receive instruction in the eye of the combatant in the midst of affairs; so man could advance an able and strong argument without being checked by the bench, exposed by the adversary, and, in a word, despised by the whole audience. By this means they imbibed the pure and unadorned streams of genuine elo-

But though they chiefly attributed to themselves to one particular source, they heard, likewise, all the other contemporary pleaders, in the course of their respective debates. And, also, they had an opportunity of maintaining themselves with the valour of the people, and of seeing what pleased or disgusted most in the several orators of the age. By this means they were furnished with an instructor of the best and improving kind, exhibiting, not the cold semblance of Eloquence, but real and lively manifestations of it. They pretended, but a genuine adversary, armed in earnest for the combat; silence ever full and ever new, instead of those as well as friends, were not a single expression could be censured, or unapplauded. For I will agree with me, I am well satisfied, when I assert that a solid and lasting reputation of Eloquence is acquired by the censure of our enemies, as well as by the applause of friends; or rather, indeed, it is the former that it derives its strength and most unquestioned strength from. Accordingly, a youth, armed to the bar, a frequent and ready hearer of the most illustrious trials and debates, instructed by the censure of others, acquainted with popular taste, and daily conversant with the laws of his country; to whom

the solemn presence of the judges, and the awful eyes of a full audience, were familiar, rose at once into affairs, and was equal to every cause. Hence it was that Crassus at the age of nineteen, Cæsar at twenty-one, Pollio at twenty-two, and Calvus when he was but a few years older, pronounced those several speeches against Carbo, Dolabella, Cato, and Vatinius, which we read to this hour with admiration.

On the other hand, our modern youth receive their education under certain declaimers called Rhetoricians: a set of men who made their first appearance in Rome a little before the time of Cicero. And that they were by no means approved by our ancestors, plainly appears from their being enjoined, under the censorship of Crassus and Domitius, to shut up their schools of *impudence*, as Cicero expresses it.—But I was going to say, we are sent to certain academies, where it is hard to determine whether the place, the company, or the method of instruction, is most likely to infect the minds of young people, and produce a wrong turn of thought. For nothing, certainly, can there be of an affecting solemnity in an audience, where all who compose it are of the same low degree of understanding; nor any advantage to be received from their fellow students, where a parcel of boys and raw youths of unripe judgments harangue before each other, without the least fear or danger of criticism. And as for their exercises, they are ridiculous in their very nature. They consist of two kinds, and are either declamatory or controversial. The first, as being easier and requiring less skill, is assigned to the younger lads: the other is the task of more mature years. But, good gods! with what incredible absurdity are they composed! The truth is, the style of their declamations is as false and contemptible, as the subjects are useless and fictitious. Thus, being taught to harangue in a most pompous diction, on the rewards due to tyrannicides, on the election to be made by deflowered virgins, on the licentiousness of married women, on the cere-

was one of the questions usually debated in these rhetoric schools, whether the party been ravished should cause to marry the violator of her chastity, or rather have to do with.

monies to be observed in times of pestilence, with other topics of the same unconcerning kind, which are daily debated in the schools, and scarce ever at the bar; "they appear absolute novices in the affairs of the world, and are by much too elevated for common life."

"\* Here M. Malla paused: when Secundus, taking his turn in the conversation, began with observing, that—"The true and lofty spirit of genuine eloquence, like that of a clear and vigorous flame, is nourished by proper fuel, excited by agitation, and still brightens as it burns. It was in this manner," said he, "that the oratory of our ancestors was kindled and spread itself. The moderns have as much merit of this kind, perhaps, as can be acquired under a settled and peaceable government: but far inferior, no doubt, to that which shone out in the times of licentiousness and confusion, when He was deemed the noblest orator, who had most influence over a restless and ungoverned multitude. To this situation of public affairs was owing those continual debates concerning the Agrarian laws, and the popularity consequent thereupon; those long harangues of the magistrates, those impeachments of the great, those factions of the nobles, those hereditary enmities in particular families, and, in fine, those incessant struggles between the senate and the commons: which, though each of them prejudicial to the state, yet most certainly contributed to produce and encourage that rich vein of Eloquence which discovered itself in those tempestuous days. The way to dignities lay directly through the paths of Eloquence. The more a man signalized himself by his abilities in this art, so much the more easily he opened his road to preferment, and maintained an ascendant over his colleagues, at the same time that it

heightened his interest with the people, his authority with the senate, and his reputation with the general. The patronage of the admired orators was courted even by foreign nations; as the several states of our own endeavoured to commend themselves to their friendship, and protection, by shewing them the highest marks of honour which they set out for the administration of their respective provinces, and industriously cultivating a friendship with them at their return. They called upon, without any solicitation on their own part, to fill up the prime dignities of the state. They were they even in a private station without great power, as by means of the persuasive arts they had acquired a considerable influence over both the senate and the people. The result of it was an established maxim in those days, that without the orator's talents, no man could either acquire or maintain any high post in the government. And no wonder, indeed, that such a notion should universally prevail, since it was impossible for any man endued with this commanding power to pass his life in obscurity, but to have, however it might be agreeable to his own inclinations; since it was sufficient merely to vote in the senate, without supporting the cause with good sense and eloquence, to be in all public impeachments, in all public prosecutions, in all causes, the accused was obliged to answer to the charge in his own defence, since written depositions were not admitted in judicial matters, but that the witnesses were called upon to deliver their evidence in open court. That our ancestors were eloquent, as in the necessity as by encouragements, they were possessed of the persuasive power, he possessed of the highest glory; and that contrary character was held in the most contempt. In a word, the

\* The latter part of Messalla's discourse, together with what immediately follows the original, is lost: the chaim, however, does not seem to be so great as some of the commentators suspect. The translator therefore has ventured to fill it up in his own words, those lines which are distinguished by inverted commas. He has likewise given the subsequent part of the conversation to Secundus, though it does not appear in the text to whom it belongs. It would be of no great importance to the English reader, if this last article; though, perhaps, it would not be very correct, if it were necessary.

To save the reader the trouble of turning to a foreign language, to see the words proper to observe in this place, that he will find the same words continued in the text. The words included between them are also an addition of the translator's, and for the reason as that just now mentioned.

to the pursuit of Oratory by a desire of honour as well as by a desire of interest. They dreaded the idea of being considered rather as clients than patrons; of losing those honours which their ancestors had bequeathed to them, and seeing them sink in the train of others; in short, they were looked upon as men of mean talents, and consequently either passed in neglect, or at the disposal of high offices, and were despised in the administration of

Now not whether those ancient historical pieces, which were lately collected and published by Mucianus from the libraries where they have hitherto been preserved, have yet fallen into our hands. This collection consists of eleven volumes of the public laws, and three of epistles; by which we learn that Pompey and Crassus derived as much advantage from their oratory as their arms; that Lucullus, Lælius, Lentulus, Curio, and the other distinguished chiefs, distinguished themselves with great application in this insinuating art; in a word, that no single person in those times possessed any considerable degree of eloquence, without the assistance of the natural talents.

These considerations may be far-distant, that the dignity and importance of the debates in which they were engaged, contributed to advance their eloquence. Certain, indeed, it is, that an orator must necessarily find great difficulties with respect to his powers, when he is to harangue only upon trifling robbery, or a little paltry of pleading; and when the faculties of his mind are warmed and enlarged by such interesting and animating topics as bribery at elections, oppression of our allies, or the wrongs of our fellow-citizens. Events which, beyond all peradventure, are better should never happen; we have reason to rejoice that we live under a government where we are not exposed to such terrible calamities: must be acknowledged, that since they did happen, they were powerful incentives to eloquence. The orator's genius rises and exerts itself in proportion to the dignity of the occasion upon which it is employed; and I will lay it down as a

maxim, that it is impossible to shine out in all the powerful lustre of genuine eloquence, without being inflamed by a suitable importance of subject. Thus the speech of Demosthenes against his guardians, scarcely, I imagine, established his character; as it was not the defence of Arthias, or Quinctius, that acquired Cicero the reputation of a consummate orator. It was Catiline, and Milo; and Verres, and Mark Antony, that warmed him with that noble glow of eloquence, which gave the finishing brightness to his unequalled fame. Far am I from insinuating, that such infamous characters deserve to be tolerated in a state, in order to supply convenient matter of oratory: all I content myself to say, is, that this art flourishes to most advantage in turbulent times. Peace, no doubt, is infinitely preferable to war; but it is the latter only that forms the soldier. It is just the same with Eloquence: the oftener she enters, it may so say, the field of battle, the more wounds she gives and receives; the more powerful the adversary with which she contends, so much the more ennobled she appears in the eye of mankind. For it is the disposition of human nature, always to admire what we see is attended with danger and difficulty in others, how much soever we may chuse ease and security for ourselves.

Another advantage which the ancient orators had over the moderns, is, that they were not confined in their pleadings, as we are, to a few hours. On the contrary, they were at liberty to adjourn as often as they thought proper; they were unlimited as to the number of days or of counsel, and every orator might extend his speech to the length most agreeable to himself. Pompey, in his third consulship, was the first who curbed the spirit of eloquence; but he, however, permitting all causes to be heard, agreeably to the laws, in the forum and before the Prætors. How much more considerable the business of those magistrates was, than that of the Centumvirs, who at present determine all causes, is evident from this circumstance, that not a single oration of Cicero, Cæsar, or Brutus, or, in short, of any one celebrated orator, was spoken before their last, excepting only that of Pollio in favour of the heirs of

Urbina. But then it must be remembered, that there were delivered about the middle of the reign of Augustus, when a long and uninterrupted peace abroad, a perfect tranquillity at home, together with the general good conduct of that wise prince, had damped the flames of eloquence as well as those of sedition.

You will smile, perhaps, at what I am going to say, and I mention it for that purpose: but is there not something in the present confined garb of our orators, that has an ill effect even upon their elocution, and makes it appear low and contemptible? May we not suppose, likewise, that much of the spirit of Oratory is sunk, by that close and despicable scene wherein many of our causes are now debated? For the orator, like a generous steed, requires a free and open space wherein to expatiate; otherwise the force of his powers is broken, and half the energy of his talents is checked in their career. There is another circumstance also exceedingly prejudicial to the interest of Eloquence, as it prevents a due attention to style: we are now obliged to enter upon our speech whenever the judge calls upon us; not to mention the frequent interruptions which arise by the examination of witnesses. Besides, the courts of judicature are at present so unfrequented, that the orator seems to stand alone, and talk to bare walls. But Eloquence rejoices in the clamour of loud applause, and exults in a full audience, such as used to press round the ancient orators when the forum stood thronged with nobles; when a numerous retinue of clients, when foreign ambassadors, and whole cities, assisted at the debate; and when even Rome herself was concerned in the event. The very appearance of that prodigious concourse of people, which attended the trials of Bestia, Cornelius, Scamius, Milo, and Vatinius, must have enflamed the breast of the noblest orator. Accordingly we find, that of all the ancient orations now extant, there are none which have more eminently distinguished their authors, than those which were pronounced under such favourable circumstances. To these advantages we may farther add, likewise, the frequent general assemblies of the people, the privilege of

arraigning the most considerable personages, and the popularity of such impeachments; when the sons of Oratory spared not even Scipio, Sylla, or Pompey; and when, in consequence of such acceptable attacks upon suspected power, they were sure of being heard by the people with the utmost attention and regard. How must these united causes contribute to raise the genius, and inspire the eloquence of the ancients!

Maternus, who, you will remember, was in the midst of his harangue in favour of Poetry when Missalla first entered into the room, finding Secundus was now silent, took that opportunity of resuming his invective against the exercise of the oratorical arts in general. "That species of eloquence," said he, "wherein poetry is concerned, is calm and peaceable, moderate and virtuous: whereas that other supreme kind which my two friends here have been describing, is the offspring of licentiousness, (by fools miscalled liberty) and the companion of sedition; bold, obstinate, and haughty, unknowing how to yield or how to obey, an encourager of lawless populace, and a stranger in all well-regulated communities. Who ever heard of an orator in Lacedæmon or Crete? cities which exercised the severest discipline, and were governed by the strictest laws. We have no account of Persian or Macedonian eloquence, or indeed of that of any other state which submitted to a regular administration of government. Whereas Rhodes and Athens (places of popular rule, where all things lay open to all men) swarmed with orators innumerable. In the same manner, Rome, while she was under no settled policy; while she was torn with parties, dissensions, and factions; while there was no peace in the forum, no harmony in the senate, no moderation in the judges; while there was neither reverence paid to superiors, nor bounds prescribed to magistrates—Rome, under these circumstances, produced, beyond all dispute, a stronger and brighter vein of eloquence; as some valuable plants will flourish even in the wildest soil. But the tongue of the Gracchi did nothing compensate the republic for their seditious laws; nor the superior eloquence of Cicero

‘ make him any amends for his sad catastrophe.

‘ The truth is, the forum (that single remain which now survives of ancient oratory) is, even in its present situation, an evident proof that all things amongst us are not conducted in that well-ordered manner one could wish. For, tell me, is it not the guilty or the miserable alone, that fly to us for assistance? When any community implores our protection, is it not because it either is insulted by some neighbouring state, or torn by domestic feuds? And what province ever seeks our patronage, till she has been plundered or oppressed? But far better it surely is, never to have been injured, than at last to be redressed. If there was a government in the world free from commotions and disturbances, the profession of oratory would there be as useless, as that of medicine to the sound: and as the physician would have little practice or profit among the healthy and the strong, so neither would the orator have much business or honour where obedience and good manners universally prevail. To what purpose are studied speeches in a senate, where the better and the major part of the assembly are already of one mind? What the expediency of haranguing the populace, where public affairs are not determined by the voice of an ignorant and giddy multitude, but by the steady wisdom of a single person? To what end voluntary informations, where crimes are unfrequent and inconsiderable? or of la-

‘oured and invincible defences, where the clemency of the judge is ever on the side of the accused? Believe me, then, my worthy (and, as far as the circumstances of the age require, my eloquent) friends, had the gods reversed the date of your existence, and placed *You* in the times of those antients we so much admire, and *Them* in yours; *You* would not have fallen short of that glorious spirit which distinguished their oratory, nor would *they* have been destitute of a proper temperate and moderation. But since a high reputation for eloquence is not consistent with great repose in the public; let every age enjoy its own peculiar advantages, without derogating from those of a former.’

Maternus having ended, Messalla observed, that there were some points which his friend had laid down, that were not perfectly agreeable to his sentiments; as there were others, which he wished to hear explained more at large—‘ But the time is now,’ said he, ‘ too far advanced.’—‘ If I have maintained any thing,’ replied Maternus, ‘ which requires to be opened more explicitly, I shall be ready to clear it up in some future conference.’ At the same time, rising from his seat and embracing Aper—‘ Messalla and I,’ continued he, smiling, ‘ shall arraign you, be well assured, before the poets and admirers of the antients.’—‘ And I both of you,’ returned Aper, ‘ before the rhetoricians.’ Thus we parted in mutual good humour.

*William Halmuth.*





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F I N I S.



HARRISON'S EDITION.

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E S S A Y S

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

BY

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.



L O N D O N :

*Printed for HARRISON and Co. N<sup>o</sup> 18, Paternoster Row.*

M DCC LXXXVII.

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Every single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it  
ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks  
from his own impressions: whereas common men publish com-  
mon things, which they have perhaps gleaned from frivolous  
writers.

ESSAY XXVI. N° LXIV -





# S S A Y S

ON

## MEN AND MANNERS.

### ESSAY I.

#### ON PUBLICATIONS.

not unamusing to consider the several apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is granted that, on every publication there is at least a seeming violation of modesty; a presumption on the part of the author, that he is able to instruct the world; which implies on that he can communicate what he cannot draw from their own

above any prejudice this might have been the general intent of the work. Some we find extremely solicitous to acquire acquaintance with their dressers, and to be called by the most tendering appellations. He is styled the most loving, canorous creature, that ever with a view, doubtless, that he may be secured at the expense of his better judgment. Mean expectation! The accidental success and adventures of a composition, the danger of an imperfect and unsuccessful publication; the pressing need of instances of friends; the well-meant frauds of accusers; with the irresistible considerations in high life; have been

excuses often substituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

The most allowable reasons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amusement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man possessed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private use, than the mean-spirited miser, that did the same by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treasures, even while he renders others the better for them. A composition that enters the world with a view of improving or amusing it, (I mean only, amusing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmost indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private interest appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger scope for accusation, if he be a sufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be said to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be disappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other cases, to make the work of a bad bargain.



When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius, the case appears to stand thus. The generality of the world, distinguished by the name of readers, observe with a reluctance not unnatural, a person raising himself above them. All men have some desire of fame, and fame is grounded on comparison. Every one then is somewhat inclined to dispute his title to a superiority; and to disallow his pretensions upon the discovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the person he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the capacity of the other more discernible. Examination, however, is a sort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and easy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conscious of ability to serve his country, or believes himself possessed of it, (for there is no

previous test on this occasion, he has no room to hesitate, or need to make apology. When self-interest inclines a man to print, he should consider that the purchaser expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reason to asperse his honesty if he finds himself deceived. Also, that it is possible to publish a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of such mercenary people. When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it should be considered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably lose in point of modesty: otherwise, we shall be censured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depress our character while we strive to raise it.

After all, there is a propensity in some to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more sanguine of these employ the press; the less lively are contented with being impertinent in conversation.

## ESSAY II:

### ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

**I** Happened to fall into company with a Citizen, a Courtier, and an Academic.

Says the Citizen—"I am told continually of taste, refinement, and politeness; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the same productions with the connoisseurs. One rarely finds a landkip, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic exclusive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks students who labour to be dull, depraving their native relish by the very means they use to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reasons why a composition pleases them; that mechanical distinction they leave to the connoisseurs; but they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in most respects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator."

Says the Courtier—"I cannot answer for every individual instance: but I think, moderately speaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwise, it is

principally owing to their implicit reliance on the skill of their superiors: and this has sometimes been strangely effectual in making them imagine they relish perfection. In short, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they least presume to frame opinions for themselves.

"It is true they will pretend to taste an object which they know their betters do. But then they consider some person's judgment as a certain standard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonstrated appearance of beauty affords them some small degree of satisfaction.

"It is the same with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taste is borrowed. "Such a soup or olio," say they, "is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you must learn to like it."

"But in poetry, for instance, it is urged that the vulgar discover the same beauties with the man of reading.

"Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or allusion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated,

uncultivated, can be applied to their proper counterparts. Their beauty, of consequence, is like a picture to a blind man.

How many of these peculiarities in poetry turn upon a knowledge of philosophy and history; and let me add, these latent beauties give the most delight to such as can unfold them.

I might launch out much farther in regard to the narrow limits of their apprehensions. What I have said may exclude their infallibility; and it is my opinion they are seldom right.

The Academic spoke little, but to the purpose; asserting that all ranks and stations have their different species of judging: that a clown of nature is quite enough to relish Handel's *Motets*; might unquestionably be so instructed as to relish it yet more: that an author, before he prints, should not flatter himself

with a confused expectation of pleasing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in comparison, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he should always measure out his plan for the size of understanding he would fit. If he can content himself with the mob, he is pretty sure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may escape the organs of such readers; but he will have a chance for such applause as will more sensibly affect him. Let a writer then in his first performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applause entirely; let him address himself to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His first appearance on the stage of letters will engross the polite compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzzas.

### ESSAY III:

#### ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A Certain gentleman was expressing himself as follows—

I confess, I have a great taste for poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to believe I should not like another poetry than that of Mr. Pope. The rest but barely arrive at a mediocrity in their art; and, to be sure, poetry of that stamp can afford but slender pleasure.

I know not," said another, "what may be the gentleman's motive to give this opinion: but I am persuaded, numbers pretend the same through mere jealousy or envy."

A reader considers an author as one who lays claim to a superior genius. He is ever inclined to dispute it, because, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at least one superior the less. Now though a man's absolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to pursue the single point of admitting no more into the class of superiors, than it is impossible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would soon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr.

Pope had been refused his honours, but that the very constraint, and even absurdity, of people's shutting their eyes, grew as disagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but discover.

But self-love obtains its wishes in another respect also. It hereby not only depresses the characters of many that have wrote, but stifles the genius of such as might hereafter rise from amongst our inferiors.

Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praises which a person enamoured of poetry would bestow on one that excelled in it: but let us consider Parnassus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, although some may be in possession of a more cultivated spot, yet others may possess land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the soil, and the extent of its fertility, must remain undiscovered, if the gentleman's desponding principle should meet with approbation.

Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term consolidating or condensing sentences, yet preserving ease and

and perspicuity. In smoothness of verse, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be esteemed our truest models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and less simple, than his own *Il-race* appears in any of his writings. More witty, and less simple, than the modern Monsieur Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the style of Juvenal and Persius with that of Horace.

Satire gratifies self-love. This was one source of his popularity; and he seems even so very conscious of it, as to stigmatize many inoffensive characters.

The circumstance of what is called alliteration, and the nice adjustment of the pause, have conspired to charm the present age, but have at the same time given his verses a very cloying peculiarity.

But, perhaps, we must not expect to trace the flow of Waller, the landkip of Thomson, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakespeare, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the spirit and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, should allow some praise to those who shine in any branch of it, and only range them into classes according to that species in which they shine.

*Quare agite, O juvenes!*

Banish the self-debasing principle, and scorn the dissingenuity of readers. Humility has depressed many a genius into an hermit; but never yet raised one into a poet of eminence.

## ESSAY IV.

### THE IMPROMPTU.

**T**HE critics, however unable to fix the time which it is most proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have universally agreed that some certain space is not to be exceeded. Concerning this Aristotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely silent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greatest epic writers: that, if they could not frame a law, they might at least establish a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, say they, confined the action of his *Iliad*, or rather his action may be reduced, to the space of two months. His *Odyssey*, according to Boissu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's *Æneid* has raised very different opinions in his commentators. Tasso's poem includes a summer.—But leaving such knotty points to persons that appear born for the discussion of them, let us endeavour to establish laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no sort of restraint with regard to the time he takes to finish his poem. Far different is the case with a writer of *Impromptu's*. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can possibly take in his composition, but is ri-

gidly circumscribed with regard to the space in which it is completed. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poggancy may be required in this composition, it's peculiar merit must ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears indeed, to me, to have the nature of that kind of fallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemistry have contrived to raise while a joint of mutton is roasting. We do not allow ourselves to blame it's unusual flatness and insipidity, but extol the little flavour it has, considering the time of it's vegetation.

An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horse; not by the gracefulness of his motion, but the time he takes to finish his course. The best critic upon earth may err in determining his precise degree of merit, if he have neither a stop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more serious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the shortness of the time that is employed in it's production. By this rule, even Virgil's poem may be in some sort deemed extemporaneous; as the time he

fect so extraordinary a consideration with its real worth, shorter than the time employed in the distichs of Cosconius.

On the other hand, I cannot allow this to be a flash of my friend S—— in verse, which have no sort of the called verities, besides their own.

I never made it my ambition to be distinguished for some singular, unexpected, or, in some peculiar; I have acquired a degree by a firm adherence to the

I have stung folks with my jests, amused them with acrostics, teased them with rebuffs, and disarmed them with riddles. It remained for me to succeed in the Impromptu,

I was utterly disqualified by my slowness of apprehension. Serious, however, of the immortality, to grow distinguished for an

extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpose in a dream. His answer was as follows: That whatever piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, shall be said or written within the time that the author supports himself on one leg. That Horace had explained his meaning, by the phrase *STANS PEDE IN UNO*. And forasmuch as one man may persevere in the posture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accomplishment, that they would habituate themselves to study in no other attitude whatsoever.

Methought I received this answer with the utmost pleasure as well as veneration; hoping that, however I was debarred of the acumen requisite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in standing on one leg.

## ESSAY V.

### AN HUMOURIST.

To form an estimate of the proportion which one man's happiness is to another's, we are to consider that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumstances. It is trifling to evince that the same things which one despises, are frequently the substantial source of advantage to another.

The man of business and the man of leisure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has more value for some, than they can discover in a butterfly. The more candid observer condemns neither for his faults, but for the derision he so lavishes upon the disposition of his neighbour. He concludes, that infinitely various were at first the means for our pursuit and pleasure; some find their account in a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of Lord Chief-

Justice premised thus much, I propose some account of a character more within the sphere of my own acquaintance.

The entrance of a cathedral, not a passing hell, not the furs of a pirate, nor the tables of a fu-

neral, were fraught with half the solemnity of face!

Now, so wonderfully serious was he observed to be on all occasions, that it was found hardly possible to be otherwise in his company. He quashed the loudest tempest of laughter, whenever he entered the room; and men's features, though ever so much roughened, were sure to grow smooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vicious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial conversation; the young, the gay, found their spirits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by instinct, would forego their frolics, and be still. The depression he occasioned was like that of a damp, or vitiated air. Unconscious of any apparent cause, you found your spirits sink insensibly; and were any one to sit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not possible the painter could select a more proper person.

Yet he did not fail to boast of a superior share of reason, even for the want of that very faculty, risibility, with which it is supposed to be always joined.

Indeed he acquired the character of the most ingenious person of his country, from

from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great discovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing somewhat for posterity, completed his reputation.

Numbers would have willingly depreciated his character, had not his known sobriety and reputed sense deterred them.

He was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his most sincere thanks for some particularities in his situation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

'Accept,' said he, 'the gratitude of thy most humble, yet most happy creature, not for silver or gold, the tinsel of mankind, but for those amiable peculiarities which thou hast so graciously interwoven both with my fortune and my complexion: for those treasures so well adapted to that frame of mind thou hast assigned me.'

'That the surname which has descended to me is liable to no pun.'

'That it runs chiefly upon vowels and liquids.'

'That I have a picturesque countenance, rather than one that is esteemed of regular features.'

'That there is an intermediate hill, intercepting my view of a nobleman's seat, whose ill-obtained superiority I cannot bear to recollect.'

'That my estate is over-run with brambles, resounds with cataracts, and is beautifully varied with rocks and precipices, rather than an even cultivated spot, fertile of corn, or wine, or oil; or those kinds of productions in which the sons of men delight themselves.'

'That as thou dividest thy bounties impartially, giving riches to one, and the contempt of riches to another; so

'thou hast given me, in the midst of poverty, to despise the insolence of riches, and, by declining all emulation that is founded upon wealth, to maintain the dignity and superiority of the Muses.'

'That I have a disposition either so elevated or so ingenuous, that I can derive to myself amusement from the very expedients and contrivances with which rigorous necessity furnishes my invention.'

'That I can laugh at my own follies, foibles, and infirmities; and that I do not want infirmities to employ this disposition.'

This poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the side of a crystal stream, by moonshine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favoured with the inspection of his poetry, of which I preserved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

#### OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ON his dog, that growing corpulent, refused a crumb when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches that had done him excellent service.

Having lost his trusty walking-staff, he complaineth.

To his mistress, on her declaring that she loved parsnips better than potatoes.

On an ear-wig that crept into a nectarine, that it might be swallowed by Chloe.

On cutting an artichoke in his garden the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

Epigram on a wooden-peg.

Ode to the memory of the great modern—who first invented shoe-buckles.

### ESSAY VI.

#### THE HERMIT.

##### IN THE MANNER OF CAMBRAY.

**T**WAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which most reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth; and embroiders it

with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moss; the violets, refreshed by the moisture of descending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the

Shower

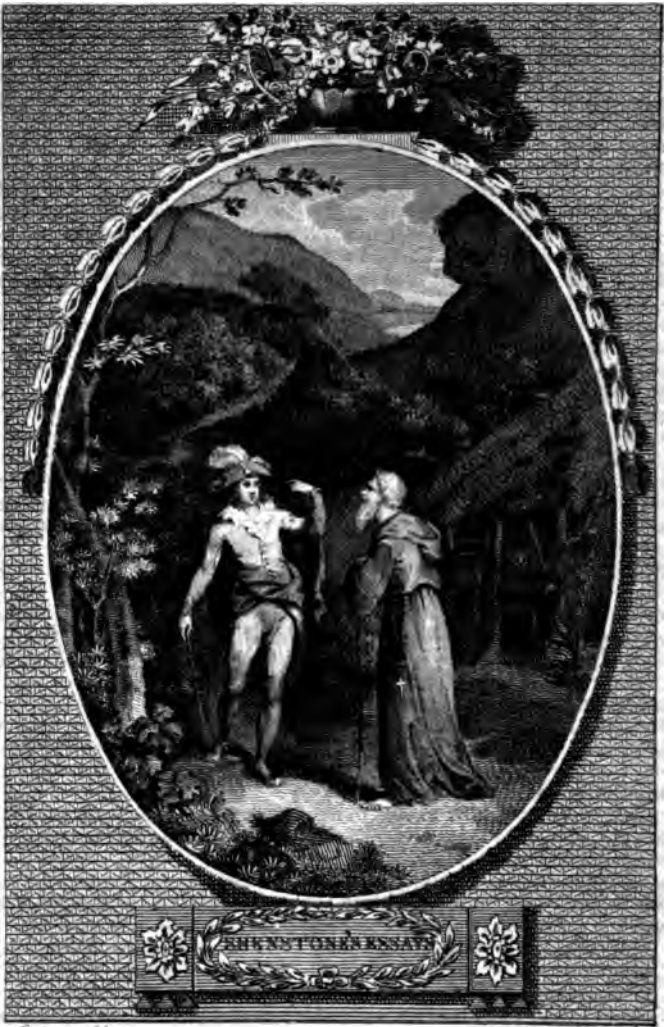


# THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers, who came to the Americas in search of a new life. They found a land of opportunity, but also a land of challenge. The early years were marked by conflict and struggle, as the settlers fought to establish a new society. Over time, the United States grew from a small colony into a powerful nation. It has faced many challenges, but it has always emerged stronger and more united. The story of the United States is a story of hope and achievement. It is a story that inspires us to strive for a better future.

The United States is a land of many opportunities. It is a land where anyone can achieve their dreams. It is a land where the American Dream is a reality. The United States is a land of freedom and justice. It is a land where everyone has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The United States is a land of progress and innovation. It is a land where the future is bright and full of promise. The United States is a land of hope and opportunity. It is a land where the American Dream is a reality.

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shower was past; the sun dispersed the vapours; and the sky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muses, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noise of mixt conversation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often smiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no less, at the vulgar cast of theirs. He could never be content to pass his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a news-paper, or in adjusting the precise difference of temperature betwixt the weather of to-day and yesterday. In short, he was not void of some ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averse to vindicate. As he never censured any one who indulged their humour insensitively, so he claimed no manner of applause for the perquisites which gratified his own. But the sentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obscurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applause, the youths who by merit had arrived at station; but he thought that all should, in life's visit, leave some token of their existence; and that their friends might more reasonably expect it from them, than they from their posterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents so very inconsiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and, in regard to such as had a liberal education, he ever wished that in some art or science they would be persuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be some pleasure to reflect, that their names would at least be honoured by their descendants, although they might escape the notice of such as were not prejudiced in their favour.

'What a lustre,' said he, 'does the reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a Walsingham, cast upon their remotest progeny! and who would not wish rather to be descended from them, than from the mere carcass of nobility?' Yet, wherever superb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too transporting to be resisted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a sort of wild, uninhabited country, was now

ascended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extensive prospect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landscape. Fertile meadows, glittering streams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But these, indeed, were much less the objects of his attention, than those distant hills and spires that were almost concealed by one undistinguished azure. The sea, indeed, appeared to close the scene, though, distant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it distinguishable, but for the beams of a descending sun, which at the same time warned our traveller to return, before the duskiness and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

He had now descended to the foot of the mountain, when he remarked an old hermit approaching to a little hut, which he had formed with his own hands, at the very bottom of the precipice. Polydore, all enamoured of the beauties he had been surveying, could not avoid wondering at his conduct, who, not content with stunning all commerce with mankind, had contrived as much as possible to exclude all views of nature. He accosted him in the manner following—'Father,' says he, 'it is with no small surprise, that I observe your choice of situation, by which you seem to neglect the most distant and delightful landscape that ever my eyes beheld. The hill, beneath which you have contrived to hide your habitation, would have afforded you such a variety of natural curiosities, as, to a person so contemplative, must appear highly entertaining: and as the cell to which you are advancing is seemingly of your own contrivance, methinks 'twas probable you would so have placed it, as to present them, in all their beauty, to your eye.'

The hermit made him this answer—'My son,' says he, 'the evening approaches, and you have deviated from your way. I would not therefore detain you by my story, did not I imagine the moon would prove a safer guide to you, than that setting sun, which you must otherwise rely upon. Enter, therefore, for a while into my cave, and I will give you then some account of my adventures, which will solve your doubts, perhaps, more effectually, than any method I can pro-



pose. But before you enter my lone abode, calculated only for the use of meditation, dare to condemn superfluous magnificence, and render thyself worthy of the Being I contemplate.

Know, then, that I owe what the world is pleased to call my ruin (and indeed justly, were it not for the use which I have made of it) to an assured dependence, in a literal sense, upon confused and distant prospects: a consideration, which hath indeed affected me, that I shall never henceforth enjoy a landkip that lies at so remote a distance, as not to exhibit all its parts. And, indeed, were I to form the least pretensions to what your world calls taste, I might even then perhaps contend that a well-discriminated landkip was at all times to be preferred to a distant and promiscuous azure.

I was born in the parish of a nobleman who arrived to the principal management of the business of the nation. The heir of his family and myself were of the same age, and, for some time, school-fellows. I had made considerable advances in his esteem; and the mutual affection we entertained for each other did not long remain unobserved by his family or my own. He was sent early upon his travels, pursuant to a very injudicious custom, and my parents were solicited to consent that I might accompany him. Intimations were given to my friends, that a person of such importance as his father might contribute much more to my immediate promotion, than the utmost diligence I could use in pursuit of it. My father, I remember, assented with reluctance; my mother, fired with the ambition of her son's future greatness, through much importunity wrung from him his slow leave. I, for my own part, wanted no great persuasion. We made what is called the great tour of Europe. We neither of us, I believe, could be said to want natural sense; but being banished so early in life, we were more attentive to every deviation from our own indifferent customs, than to any negligent examination of their policies or manners. Judgment, for the most part, opens very slowly. Fancy often expands her blossoms all at once.

We were now returning home from a six year's absence; anticipating the caresses of our parents and relations,

when my ever-honoured companion was attacked by a fever. All possible means of safety proving finally ineffectual, he accosted me in one of his lucid intervals as follows.

Alas! my Clytander, my life, they tell me, is of very short continuance. The next paroxysm of my fever will probably be conclusive.

The prospect of this sudden change does not allow me to speak the gratitude I owe thee; much less to reward the kindness on which it is so justly grounded. Thou knowest I was sent away early from my parents, and the more rational part of my life has been passed with thee alone. It cannot be but they will prove solicitous in their enquiries concerning me. Thy narrative will awake their tenderness, and they cannot but conceive some for their son's companion and his friend. What I would hope is, that they will render thee some services, in place of those their beloved son intended thee, and which I can unfeignedly assert, would have been only bounded by my power. My dear companion, farewell! All other temporal enjoyments have I banished from my heart; but friendship lingers long, and 'tis with tears I say, Farewell!

My concern was truly so great, that, upon my arrival in my native country, it was not at all increased by the consideration that the nobleman, on whom my hopes depended, was removed from all his places. I waited on him; and he appeared sensibly grieved that the friendship he had ever professed could now so little avail me. He recommended me, however, to a friend of his that was then of the successful party, and who, he was assured, would, at his request, assist me to the utmost of his power. I was now in the prime of life, which I effectually consumed upon the empty forms of court-attendance. Hopes arose before me like bubbles upon a stream; as quick succeeding one another, as superficial and as vain. Thus busied in my pursuit, and rejecting the assistance of cool examination, I found the winter of life approaching, and nothing procured to shelter or protect me when my second patron died. A race of new ones appeared before me, and even yet kept my expectations in play. I wished indeed I had retreated sooner; but

but to retire at last unrecompensed, and when a few months attendance might happen to prove successful, was beyond all power of resolution.

However, after a few years more attendance, distributed in equal proportions upon each of these new patrons, I at length obtained a place of much trouble and small emolument. On the acceptance of this, my eyes seemed open all at once. I had no passion remaining for the splendor which was grown familiar to me, and for servility and confinement I entertained an utter aversion. I officiated however for a few weeks in my post, wondering still more and more how I could ever covet the life I led. I was ever most sincere, but sincerity clashed with my situation every moment of the day. In short, I returned home to a paternal income, not indeed intending that austere life in which you at present find me engaged. I thought to content myself with common necessities, and to give the rest, if aught remained, to charity; determined, however, to avoid all appearance of singularity. But, alas! to my great surprise, the person who supplied my expences had so far embroiled my little affairs, that, when my debts, &c. were discharged, I was unable to sub-

sist in any better manner than I do at present. I grew at first entirely melancholy; left the country where I was born, and raised the humble roof that covers me in a country where I am not known. I now begin to think myself happy in my present way of life: I cultivate a few vegetables to support me; and the little well there, is a very clear one. I am now an useful individual; little able to benefit mankind; but a prey to shame, and to confusion, on the first glance of every eye that knows me. My spirits are indeed something raised by a clear sky, or a meridian sun; but as to extensive views of the country, I think them well enough exchanged for the warmth and comfort which this vale affords me. Ease is at least the proper ambition of age, and it is confessedly my supreme one.

Yet will I not permit you to depart from an hermit, without one instructive lesson. Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniencies attending it. I utterly contemned and rejected, after a month's experience, the very post I had all my life-time been solicitous to procure.

## ESSAY VII.

### ON DISTINCTIONS, ORDERS, AND DIGNITIES.

THE subject turned upon the nature of societies, ranks, orders, and distinctions, amongst men.

A gentleman of spirit, and of the popular-faction, had been long declaiming against any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a distinct species from the rest of the nation. Particularly titles and blue ribbands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too invidious an ostentation of superiority, to be allowed in any nation that styled itself free. Much was said upon the subject of appearances, so far as they were countenanced by law or custom. The bishop's lawn; the marshal's truncheon; the baron's robe; and the judge's peruke; were considered only as necessary subtleties, where genuine purity, real cou-

rage, native dignity, and suitable penetration, were wanting to compleat the characters of those to whom they were assigned.

It was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enslave; and instances were brought of groundless distinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain persons, who, being stripped of them, would be less esteemed than the meanest plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honour, had hitherto shewn no complaisance to that sex whose softer dispositions rendered them more excusably fond of such peculiarities.

That, in favour of the ladies, he should esteem himself sufficiently happy

in the honour of inventing one order, which should be styled The most powerful order of beauties.

That their number in Great Britain should be limited to five thousand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who should be styled sovereign of the order, and the rest the companions.

That the instalment should be rendered a thousand times more ceremonious, the dresses more superb, and the plumes more enormous, than those already in use amongst the companions of the garter.

That the distinguishing badge of this order should be an artificial nosegay, to be worn on the left breast; consisting of a lilly and a rose, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree sacred to Venus.

That instead of their shields being fixed to the stalls appointed for this order, there should be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greatest eminence; and he whose painting was preferred, to be styled A knight of the rose and lilly.

That when any person addressed a letter to a lady of this order, the style should always be To the Right Beautiful Miss or Lady Such-a-one.

He seemed for some time undetermined whether they should forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for

many reasons, proposed it should be continued to them.

And thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harangue; when it was objected that the queen, unless she unaccountably chose to mark out game for her husband, could take no sort of pleasure in conferring this honour where it was most due: that as ladies grew in years, this epithet of Beautiful would burlesque them; and, in short, considering the frailty of beauty, there was no lasting compliment that could be bestowed upon it.

At this the orator smiled, and acknowledged it was true: but asked at the same time, why it was more absurd to style a lady right beautiful, in the days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honourable when he grew a scandal to mankind?

That this was sometimes the case, he said, was not to be disputed; because titles have been sometimes granted to a worthless son, in consequence of a father's enormous wealth most unjustly acquired. And few had ever surpassed in villainy the right honourable the Earl of A——.

The company was a little surprised at the sophistry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to, by a person present, that Lord ——'s title being fictitious, no one ought to instance him to the disadvantage of the peerage, who had, strictly speaking, never been of that number.

## ESSAY VIII.

### ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE declaimant I before mentioned, continued his harangue. 'There are (said he) certain epithets which so frequently occur, that they are the less considered; and which are seldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that present themselves.

'Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on it's first introduction, was given, I suppose, to freemen, in op-

position to vassals; these being the two classes into which the nation was once divided\*. The freeman was he, who was possessed of land, and could therefore subsist without manual labour; the vassal, he who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the necessities of life. The different manners, we may presume, that sprung from their different situations and connections, occasioned the one to be denominated a ci-

\* As the author is not writing a treatise on the feudal law, but a moral essay, any little inaccuracies it is to be hoped, will be overlooked by those, who, from several late treatises on this subject, might expect great exactness and precision in a serious discussion of this point.

the personage; and the other name of a mere rustic or

the publication of crusades, things was considerably altered then that every freeman the shield which he wore painted emblem or device; order that his fellow-count attribute to him his property; which, upon account of ornaments, might be otherwise misapplication.

is there arose a distinction eman and freeman. All ved in those religious wars e use of their first devices, ces were not illustrated by entions to military glory.

, these campaigns were dif- fresh families sprung up; tany pretence to mark them- such devices as the holy were yet as desirous of remation, of distinction. It elious enough to trace the ich money establishes even A court of heraldry sprung the place of crusade ex- ant imaginary shields and amilies that never wore real l it is but of late that it has red to have no real jurisdic-

om is not at once overthrown; n now deemed a gentleman is recorded in the Herald's at the same time follows a liberal employment.

ig this distinction, it is obvi- to consider, that a churlish, erate clown; a lazy, beg- ing vagabond; a stupid, active lot, or pick-pocket, highwayman, may be ne- gentleman as by law esta- short, that the definition er with others, include also e scum, and the dregs of the

ve not appear to disallow this hen we say, "such or such was not done in a gentle- manner—such usage was behaviour of a gentleman,"

. We seem thus to insinu- appellation of Gentleman re- is as well as family; and that

integrity, politeness, generosity, and affability, have the truest claim to a distinction of this kind. Whence then shall we suppose was derived this contradiction? Shall we say that the plebeians, having the virtues on their side, by degrees removed this appellation from the basis of family to that of merit; which they esteemed, and not unjustly, to be the true and proper pedestal? This the gentry will scarce allow. Shall we then insist that every thing great and god-like was heretofore the achievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

'To reconcile the difference, let us suppose the denomination may belong equally to two sorts of men. The one, what may be styled a gentleman *de jure*, viz. a man of generosity, politeness, learning, taste, genius, or affability; in short, accomplished in all that is splendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one side; and on the other, a gentleman *de facto*, or what, to English readers, I would term a gentleman as by law established.

'As to the latter appellation, what is really essential, or, as logicians would say, "*quarto modo proprium*," is a real, or at least a specious, claim to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a second or more distant ancestor; and this unstained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

'We may discover, on this state of the case, that, however material a difference this distinction supposes, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman *de jure* to render himself in some sort a gentleman *de facto*. A certain sum of money, deposited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rouge-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms descending from as many ancestors as he pleases. On the other hand, the gentleman *de facto* may become a gentleman also *de jure*, by the acquisition of certain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I must acknowledge, is the more difficult task; at least we may daily discover crowds acquire sufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that possess the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the best sense of the word) constitute a GENTLEMAN.'

## ESSAY IX.

## A CHARACTER.

—HE was a youth so amply furnished with every excellence of mind, that he seemed alike capable of acquiring or disregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from universities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the most intense assiduity, he possessed by nature; I mean, that elegance of taste, which disposed him to admire beauty under it's great variety of appearances. It passed not unobserved by him either in the cut of a sleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a statue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him sensations of beauty; that beauty which inferior geniuses are taught coldly to distinguish, or to discern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the student, who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obscure so great accomplishments, beside the want, the total want, of a desire to exhibit them. Through this it came to pass, that what would have raised another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him passed over unregarded. For, in respect to ordinary observers, it is requisite to lay some stress yourself, on what you intend should be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in some degree diminished his knowledge of the world; or,

rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary conversation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with sentiment, the usual fault of rigid students; and this he would in some degree have regulated better, did not the universality of his genius, together with the method of his education, so largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of awkwardness (since his modesty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the stiffness of a fine piece of brocade, whose turgescency indeed constitutes, and is inseparable from, it's value. He gave delight by an happy boldness in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humourously ridicule: and he had such entire possession of the hearts as well as understandings of his friends, that he could soon make the most surprizing paradoxes believed and well accepted. His image, like that of a sovereign, could give an additional value to the most precious ore; and we no sooner believed our eyes that it was he who spake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to say. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talent of rendering the greatest virtues unenvied: whereas the latter shone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable, I mean in regard to those few he had to exercise his skill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

## ESSAY X.

## ON RESERVE.

## A FRAGMENT.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following observation. 'There is not,' says he, 'any one quality so inconsistent with respect, as what is commonly

called familiarity. You do not find it so in fifty, whose regard is proof against it. At the same time, it is hardly possible to insist upon such a deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be supported by common sense.'

sense. Thus much at least is evident, that your demands will be so successful, as to procure a greater share than it you had made no such demand. I may frankly own to you, Leander, that I frequently derived uneasiness, from a familiarity with such persons as despite every thing they could obtain with ease. Were it not better, therefore, to be somewhat frugal of our ability, at least to allot it only to the few persons of discernment who can make the proper distinction between real dignity and pretence: to neglect those characters, which, being impatient to grow familiar, are at the same time very far from familiarity proof: to have posthumous fame in view, which affords us the most pleasing antidote to enjoy the amusement of reading, and the consciousness that reading paves the way to general esteem: to preserve a constant regularity of temper, and also of constitution, for the most part but little consistent with a promiscuous intercourse with men: to shun all illiterate, though ever so joyful assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present, and upon reflection painful: to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted: to partake with such a friend as you, the delights of a studious and rational retirement—Are not these the paths that lead to happiness?

In answer to this (for he seemed to feel some late mortification) I observed, that what we lost by familiarity in respect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an absolute solitude was so very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from society but for a single fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the sight of the faint beggar that he saw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further discourse upon the subject; without order or connection, as they occur to my remembrance.

Some reserve is a debt to providence; as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good-nature.

There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any de-

gree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you something ever to imagine: and such is the constitution of the human mind, that we think so highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not see the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniously observes, affords the pleasure when we survey a Cylinder\*; and Sir John Suckling says:—

‘ They who know all the wealth they have,  
are poor;

‘ He is only rich who cannot tell his store.’

A person that would secure to himself great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by silence, as effectually as by any thing he can say.

To be, however, a niggard of one’s observations, is so much worse than to hoard up one’s money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the same time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their respect to real desert; but a supercilious reserve and distance wears them into a compliance with more. This appears so very manifest to many persons of the lofty character, that they use no better means to acquire respect than like highwaymen to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character.

It is from the same principle of distance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the case in some countries.

‘ Men, while no human form or fault they see,

Excuse the want of ev’n humanity:  
And eastern kings, who vulgar view disdain,  
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.

You cannot say in truth what may disgrace them:

You know in what predicament to place ’em.  
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal’d,  
Ev’n virtue charms us less than vice conceal’d.’

‘ For some small worth he had, the man was priz’d,

He added frankness—and he grew despis’d.’

We want comets, not ordinary planets:

*Tædii quotidianarum Larum formarum.*

TERENCE.

*Hanc cœlum, & stellas, & decedentia certis  
Tempor. mementis, sunt qui f. midine nullâ  
Imbuti spectent.*

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The reserved man's intimate acquaintances are, for the most part, fonder of him, than the persons of a more affable character; i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he distinguishes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The most reserved of men, that will not exchange two syllables together in an English coffee-house, should they meet at Ispahan, would drink sherbet, and eat a mess of rice together.

The man of shew is vain: the reserved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination. The one is more frequently respected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæsar. Vide Sallust.

What Cæsar said of 'Rubicundos amo; pallidos timeo;' may be applied to familiarity, and to reserve.

A reserved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good speech: and I believe sometimes proceeds so far as to leave company, because he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like

the mole, to imagine himself deep, when he is near the surface.

Were it prudent to decline this reserve, and this horror of disclosing foibles; to give up a part of character to secure the rest? The world will certainly insist upon having some part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out some follies to the envious; as we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to save one's money and one's ship: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can escape being stabbed in the heart.

The reserved man should drink double glasses.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.

A reserved man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature; and even grudges himself the laugh into which he sometimes is betrayed.

'Seldom he smiles—

'And smiles in such a sort as he disdained

'Himself—that could be moved to smile at any thing.'

'A fool and his words are soon parted;' for so should the proverb run.

Common understandings, like cits in gardening, allow no shades to their picture.

Modesty often passes for arrant haughtiness; as what is deemed spirit in an horse proceeds from fear.

The higher character a person supposes, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty, before he be admitted into company.

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church-organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature\*.

## ESSAY XI.

### ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

**T**HERE is a young gentleman in my parish, who, on account of his superior equipage, is esteemed universally more proud and more haughty than his

neighbours. 'Tis frequently hinted, that he is by no means intitled to so splendid an appearance, either by his birth, his station, or his fortune; and

\* These were no other than a collection of hints, when I proposed to write a poetical essay on Reserve.

that it is, of consequence; mere pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondness for external splendor, he is a most affable and ingenious man; and for this reason I am inclined to vindicate him, when these things are mentioned to his disadvantage.

In the first place, it is by no means clear, that dress and equipage are sure signs of pride. Where it is joined with a supercilious behaviour, it becomes then a corroborative testimony. But this is not always the case: the refinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the consequence of an ambition to surpass and eclipse our equals. Whoever thinks that taste has nothing to do here, must confine the expression to improper limits; assuredly imagination may find its account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and considerations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendship for this gentleman, I am sometimes prompted to go further. I insist, it is not birth or fortune only that give a person claim to a splendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a share.

I have sometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or sciences, are a more reasonable authority for a splendid appearance than those which are commonly presumed to be so. That there is something more personal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and surely there ought to be some proportion observed betwixt the cause and the thing enclosed. The propensity of rich and worthless people to appear with a splendour upon all occasions, puts one in mind of the country shopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you see a piece of candle honoured with a crown.

I have generally considered those as privileged people, who are able to support the character they assume. Those who are incapable of shining but by dress, would do well to consider that the contrast betwixt them and their cloaths turns out much to their disadvantage. It is on this account I have sometimes observed with pleasure some

noblemen of immense fortune to dress exceedingly plain.

If dress be only allowable to persons of family, it may then be considered as a sort of family livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal justice, pride himself upon the gaudy wardrobe his master gives him. Nay more—For a gentleman, before he hires a servant, will require some testimony of his merit; whereas the master challenges his own right to splendour, though possessed of no merit at all.

Upon my present scheme of dress, it may seem to answer some very good purposes. It is then established on the same foundation as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dress were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we should find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the subsequent distinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted: and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat, or a gold snuff-box, as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man a coxcomb for his dress, till, by frequent conversation, we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress, till he could give an account of the best French authors; and he should be perfect in all the Oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greatest merit may not be able to shew it in their dress, on account of their slender income. But here it should be considered that another part of the world would find their equipage so much reduced by a sumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of splendour would distinguish them more than a greater does at present.

What I propose, however, upon the whole, is, that men of merit should be allowed to dress in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in so doing: as a nobleman lays aside his garter, when he sees no valuable consequence in the display of his quality.



## ESSAY XII.

## A CHARACTER.

‘ANIMÆ NIL MAGNÆ LAUDIS EGENTES.’

**T**HERE is an order of persons in the world whose thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects present themselves, their observations are as uniform as though they were the consequence of instinct. There is nothing places these men in a more insignificant point of light, than a comparison of their ideas with the refinements of some great genius. I shall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this stamp, who, together with the soundest health, often enjoy the greatest equanimity: their passions, like dull steels, being the least apt to endanger or misguide them: yet such is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with most discretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greatest impediment.

I was taking a view of Westminster Abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honesty, but the same degree of understanding as that I have described.

There had nothing passed in our way thither, beside the customary salutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy upon the present temperature of the weather. On passing over the threshold, he observed with an air of thoughtfulness, that it was a brave ancient place.

I told him, I thought there was none more suitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the ashes of men that had acquired a greater share of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not seem to comprehend me.

Silence ensued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he stood collected in himself; assuring me, There was no sort of excellence could exempt a man from death.

I applauded the justice of his observations, and said, it was not only my

present opinion, but had been so for a number of years. ‘Right,’ says he, ‘and for my own part I seldom love to publish my remarks upon a subject, till I have had them confirmed to me by a long course of experience.’

This last maxim, somewhat beyond his usual depth, occasioned a silence of some few minutes. The spring had been too much bent to recover immediately its wonted vigour. We had taken some few turns up and down the left-hand ayle, when he caught sight of a monument somewhat larger than the rest, and more calculated to make impression upon an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raised to an ancestor of the D. of Newcastle. ‘Well,’ says he, with an air of cunning, ‘this is indeed a fine piece of workmanship; but I cannot conceive this finery is of any signification to the person buried there.’ I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of respect to the deceased, people were frequently imposed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had just perused enough to inform him that he was an eminent physician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as though some important discovery had struck his fancy on a sudden. I listened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to insinuate that physicians themselves could not save their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many steps from it before he beckoned to our Ciceroni. ‘Friend,’ says he, pointing with his cane, ‘how long has that gentleman been dead?’ The man set him right in that particular; after which putting on a woeful countenance—‘Well,’ says he, ‘to behold how fast time flies away! ’Tis but a small time to look back upon, since he and I met at the Devil’s. Alas!’ continued he, ‘we

<sup>1</sup> A well-known tavern near Temple Bar.

'Thall never do so again.' Indulging myself with a pun that escaped me on a sudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

This old gentleman, as I have since heard, passed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleasure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were sensual, but those of the less vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it seems, quickly after, was occasioned by an uniform application to Bosstock's cordial, whatever his case required. Indeed his discourse, when any complained of sickness, was a little exuberant in the praises of this noble cathartic. But

his distemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the use of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a most considerate person. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to consume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an aversion to much reflection in himself, but endeavoured to provide against it in succeeding generations.

I have heard that he sometimes boasted that he was a distant relation of Sir Roger de Coverly.

## ESSAY XIII.

### AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghosts and apparitions of persons departed has lost ground within these fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the consequent decay of superstition, even in those kingdoms where it is most essentially interwoven with religion.

The same credulity, which disposed the mind to believe the miracles of a popish saint, set aside at once the interposition of reason; and produced a fondness for the marvellous, which it was the priest's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to suppose that a belief of this kind might spread in the days of popish insatiation. A belief, as much supported by ignorance, as the ghosts themselves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by persons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? Men neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to be suspected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their interest; nor who could be supposed to have any interest in it, even though it were their inclination.

Here seems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from superstition.

I go upon a supposition, that the relations themselves were false. For as

to the arguments sometimes used in this case, that had there been no true shilling there had been no counterfeit, it seems wholly a piece of sophistry. The true shilling here should mean the living person; and the counterfeit resemblance, the posthumous figure of him, that either strikes our senses or our imagination.

Supposing no ghost then ever appeared, is it a consequence that no man could ever imagine that they saw the figure of a person deceased? Surely those, who say this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

Persons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the delirium of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their sleep, have had their brain as deeply impressed with chimerical representations, as they could possibly have been, had these representations struck their senses.

I have mentioned but a few instances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite so common, where the stronger passions, either acute or chronical, have impressed their object upon the brain; and this in so lively a manner, as to leave the visionary no room to doubt of their real presence.

How difficult then must it be to undeceive a person as to objects thus imprinted? Imprinted absolutely with the same force as their eyes ~~themselves~~

have peurtroyed them! And how many persons must there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of these causes might not improbably have given rise to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more instances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The passion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorse for a wronged testator, of love for a mistress killed by inconstancy, of gratitude to a wife for long fidelity, of desire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falsely construed, of propensity to consult with an adviser that is lost—The more faint as well as the more powerful passions, when bearing relation to a person deceased, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumstances, been sufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But, what is more, there seems no other account that is adequate to the case: as I have stated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reason, why the most upright may have published a falsehood, and the most judicious confirmed an absurdity.

Supposing then that apparitions of this kind may have some real use in God's moral government: is not any moral purpose, for which they may be employed, as effectually answered on my supposition, as the other? for surely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives these images. The effect, the conviction, and the resolution consequent, may be just the same in either of the cases.

Such appears to me at least, to be the true existence of apparitions.

The reasons against any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are these that follow.

They are, I think, never seen by day; and darkness being the season of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination less restrained, they are never visible to more than one person: which had more probably been the case, were not the vision internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared these twenty years. What cause can be assigned, were their existence real, for so great a change as their discontinuance?

The cause of superstition has lost ground for this last century; the notion of ghosts has been, together, exploded: a reason why the imagination should be less prone to conceive them; but not a reason why they themselves should cease.

Most of those, who relate that these spectres have appeared to them, have been persons either deeply superstitious in other respects; of enthusiastic imaginations, or strong passions, which are the consequence; or else have allowedly felt some perturbation at the time.

Some few instances may be supposed, where the caprice of imagination, so very remarkable in dreams, may have presented fantasms to those that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect some, wherein it has wrought mistakes, at least equal to that of a white horse for a winding sheet.

To conclude. As my hypothesis supposes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our best means of avoiding it, is to keep a strict guard over our passions; to avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-house; and by making frequent appeals to cool reason and common sense, secure to ourselves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

## ESSAY XIV.

### ON CARDS.

#### A FRAGMENT.

♦♦♦♦ **W**E had passed our evening with some certain famous for their taste, their refinement: but, as ill-are it, two fellows, duller

than the rest, had contrived to put themselves upon a level, by introducing a GAME AT CARDS.

'Tis a sign,' said he, 'the world is far gone in absurdity, or surely the fashion

ards would be accounted  
Is it not surprising that  
should submit to join in  
om, which appears origi-  
l to supply it's deficiency?  
he fatality! imperfections  
ashions; and are follow-  
who do not labour under  
at introduced them. Nor  
he only instance of a fa-  
by those who found  
t in it; and afterwards  
t by others to whose figure  
lial.

men, who value them-  
their reflections, give en-  
to a practice, which puts  
inking?"

the old allusion of the  
vires fresh vigour by a  
xation.

l, this might be appli-  
I could show, that cards  
the pain of thinking; and  
: from it the profit and

one may guess from their  
nce, seem invented for the  
en; and, among the toys  
infancy, the bells, the  
rattle, and the hobby-  
ed their share of com-

By degrees men, who  
: to children in under-  
want of ideas, grew en-  
the use of them as a suit-  
ment. Others also, pleas-  
on the innocent part of  
ad recourse to this amuse-

ment, as what recalled it to their minds.  
A knot of villains encreased the party;  
who, regardless of that entertainment  
which the former seemed to draw from  
cards, considered them in a more serious  
light, and made use of them as a more  
decent substitute to robbing on the  
road, or picking pockets. But men  
who propose to themselves a dignity of  
character, where will you find their  
inducement to this kind of game?  
For difficult indeed were it to deter-  
mine, whether it appear more odious  
among sharpers, or more empty and  
ridiculous among persons of charac-  
ter."

"Perhaps," replied I, "your men of  
wit and fancy may favour this diver-  
sion, as giving occasion for the crop  
of jest and witticism, which naturally  
enough arises from the names and cir-  
cumstances of the cards."

He said, he would allow this as a pro-  
per motive, in case the men of wit and  
humour would accept the excuse them-  
selves.

"In short," says he, "as persons of  
ability are capable of furnishing out a  
much more agreeable entertainment;  
when a gentleman offers me cards, I  
shall esteem it as his private opinion  
that I have neither sense nor fancy."

I asked how much he had lost—His  
answer was, he did not much regard ten  
pieces; but that it hurt him to have  
squandered them away on cards; and  
that to the loss of a conversation, for  
which he would have given twenty.

## ESSAY XV.

### ON HYPOCRISY.

hypocrites to pretend to  
common sanctity, their  
would be less discover-  
ensions of this nature  
aracters upon the carpet.  
ndeavour to pass for the  
world must expect to at-  
f it. A small blemish is  
fcoverable in them, and  
diculous, than a much  
ir neighbours. A small  
resents a clue, which very  
us through the most in-

tricate mazes and dark recesses of their  
character.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this,  
how often do we see pretence cultivated  
in proportion as virtue is neglected! As  
religion sinks in one scale, pretence is  
exalted in the other.

Perhaps there is not a more effectual  
key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a  
censorious temper. The man possessed  
of real virtue knows the difficulty of at-  
taining it; and is, of course, less  
inclined to pity others, who have

in the pursuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is less induced to pity those who desert it for the flowery one. He exposes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not considering that vice is the proper object of compassion; or that propensity to censure is almost a worse quality than any it can expose.

Clelia was born in England, of Romish parents, about the time of the Revolution. She learned naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averse to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Persons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty, sued to her; nor had she any reason to quarrel with Love for the shapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and she seemed resolved to pass her days in all the austerities of the most rigid convent. To this purpose she sought out an abbess that presided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a small community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary instances of self-denial. The abbess herself exhibited a person in which chastity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before she went to preside over this little society. Her virtues were indeed such as she thought most convenient to her circumstances. Her faults were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the spleen. She considered the cheapness of house-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuseness to the seven deadly sins. She knew sackcloth to be cheaper than brocade, and ashes than sweet powder.

Her heart sympathized with every cup that was broken, and she instituted a fast for each domestic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a study, and the greater part of her library consisted of manuals for fasting-days. By these arts, and this way of life, she seemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate desires, as the persons might be supposed to do, who were favoured with the smiles of her conversation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation assumed the veil.

Among many others who had solicited her notice, before she became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young physician of great learning and ingenuity. His personal accomplishments were at least equal to those of any of his rivals, and his passion was superior. He urged in his behalf all that was inspired by fondness, and recommended by person, dress, and equipage, could insinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at solicitations with which she resolved never to comply, and which she found so difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had assumed the veil, and Leander was the most miserable of mortals. He had not so high an opinion of his fair-one's sanctity and zeal, as some other of her admirers: but he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irresistible. His extravagant passion had produced in him a jealousy that was not easily eluded:

*At regina dicit —  
Quid non sentit amor?*

He had observed his mistress go more frequently to her confessor, a young and blooming ecclesiastic, than was, perhaps, necessary for so much apparent purity, or, as he thought, consistent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His suspicions were by no means lessened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar supplied a confessional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbess in the capacity of a physician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She, quite shocked at his appearance, burst out into a sudden rage, inveighing bitterly against his presumption, and calling loudly on the name of the blessed Virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in short, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to alay, by suitable applications, the emotions raised by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communica-

tion

affed between Clelia and is, however, he did not ally warranted to disclose, t, of a singular nature, opportunity of receiving money.

And a favourite spaniel, but for some time, and at length that he was killed in the neighbourhood. y mad. The trial was at concerned; but in a little that the dog had aged the very day before. A physician's advice expedient on the occasion, was the next physician. With great frankness, that n he could write had the much experience as im-water. The friar, therefore, set forward upon his e Leander, not without a ind of satisfaction, con-owing lines to Clelia.

NG CLELIA,

I yet love you to distrust, not but suspect that you favours to your confessor, ht, with greater innocence, o Leander. All I have to at amorous intercourses of

this nature, which you have enjoyed with friar Laurence, put you under the like necessity with him, of seeking a remedy in the ocean. Adieu!

LEANDER.

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confusion. To be so is insignificant, and to blame her ph was absurd, when she found herself under a necessity of pursuing his advice. The whole society was made acquainted with the journey she was undertaking, and the causes of it. It were uncharitable to suppose the whole community under the same constraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, some for exercise, some for amusement, and the abbess herself as guardian of her train, and concerned in her society's misfortunes.

What use Leander made of his discovery is not known. Perhaps, when he had been successful in banishing the hypocrite, he did not shew himself very solicitous in his endeavours to reform the sinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the salt-water.

## ESSAY XVI.

### ON VANITY.

LY preserves the memory ired and of states, with fairly interweaves that of and statemen. Biography e to the remarkable charate men. There are like-ordinate testimonies, which uate, at least prolong, the nen, whose characters and em no claim to a place in tance, when a person fails t figure in the world which e eyes of his own relations e is rarely dignified any ith his picture whilst he is n an inscription upon his ter his decease. Inscrip-en so fallacious, that we t little from them beside : To inveigh against the

writers for their manifest want of truth, were as absurd as to censure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character: but even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the person who bespeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falsehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to some excuse in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of surviving friends. Even grief itself disposes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as visible objects also appear larger through tears. But the man who, through an idle vanity, suffers his features to be belied or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be said to lose his property in a trait. In like manner, if he the painter to bely his dress.

to transfer his claim to the man with whose station his assumed trappings are connected.

I remember a bag-piper, whose physiognomy was so remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that it was agreed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he chose always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of shoes. However, when the painter had been so exact as to omit this little piece of dress, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights harmony, to have those feet covered in the effigy, which he so much scorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a disgrace to his instrument to be eternized in the hands of so much apparent poverty. However, when a person of low station adorns him-

self with trophies to which he has no pretensions to aspire, he should consider the picture as actually telling a lie to posterity.

The absurdity of this is evident, if a person assume to himself a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but station may be falsified by other decorations, as well as these.

But I am driven into this grave discourse, on a subject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of spleen. This morning saw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of so rich a stuff, that the expence, had he purchased such a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, seated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been surprised at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cushion.

## ESSAY XVII.

### AN ADVENTURE.

— GAUDENT PRÆNOMINE MOLLES  
AURICULÆ —

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a person upon a journey to know the compellations with which it is proper to address those he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of use to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerar difficulties incident to those who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accost a passenger with a title superior to what he may appear to claim. This will seldom fail to diffuse a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of securing you from any mistake of greater importance.

I was led into these observations by some solitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in these peculiarities. Being somewhat more versed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had passed a number of miles without any sort of difficulty, by help of the manifold instructions that had been given me ~~in~~ <sup>going</sup> out. At length, being

dubious concerning my way,

I met a person, whom, from his night-cap and several domestic parts of dress, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His station of life appeared to me to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; sort of subaltern character, in respect which the world seems not invariably determined. It is, in short, what King Charles the Second esteemed the happiest of all stations; superior to the toilsome task and ridiculous dignity of constable and as much inferior to the iniquitous practice and invidious decisions of justice of peace. 'Honest man,' says he so good as to inform me whether 'am in the way to Mirlington?' He replied, with a sort of furliness, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much disgust as though he had called him rogue or rascal.

I did not readily penetrate the cause of his displeasure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dressed in all the pride of rural spruceness; and beside him walked a girl in a dress agreeable to that of her companion. As I presumed him by no means averse to appear considerable in the eyes of his mistress, I supposed

compliment

compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Marlinton, addressed him by the name of 'Honesty.' The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face, (which I was well assured could be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence.

The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas; and, saluting him by the name of 'Sir,' desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, gave me ample instructions for the rest of my journey.

I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sundial in his garden. 'Friend,' says I, 'will you tell me what a clock it is?' He made me no sort of answer, and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper as with the confidence I placed in him. The refusal of an answer in this case was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of 'Dame;' and withal wished her a good-night.

But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age; but it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet further means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quickenings, by calling a girl 'Sweetheart,' instead of 'Mistress;' and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another 'Forsooth,'

who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left-hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was therefore meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of 'Honest Friend.' He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps, (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you on some future occasion. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend —, who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity.

Learn to be wise, then, from others harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember—

*Mala se palpere, recalcitraat.*



## ESSAY XVIII.

## ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he discovers himself by nothing more than by his abilities in dispute. However, let him shew solidity in his opinions, together with ease, elegance, and vivacity, in his expressions; yet, if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he shall be judged inferior in other respects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to select judges, they will form their opinions by another scale; with these, a single epistle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit than an hundred defects in his conversation will demonstrate the reverse.

It is true, there is nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.

Bathfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On this account, the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagonist, as a race-horse, carrying a small weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modesty, like the weight to which I allude, not suffering its owner to exert his real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But, indeed, this can only happen where it meets with the most ingenuous judges. Otherwise, a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated.

In order to put these antagonists upon a somewhat more equal footing, I have invented the following instrument; for the sole structure and sale of which, I am now ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> anxious of procuring a patent. <sup>V</sup> ~~It~~ <sup>is</sup> an artificial laughter. <sup>2</sup> ~~It~~ <sup>is</sup> a little conversant in toys,

but must have seen instruments nically framed to counterfeit that of different birds. The quail brought to such perfection as exclude the very species. The cuckoo been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty which has in itself something so peculiar? For the convenience of that which bears it, its dimensions should be so contrived as that it might be put in his pocket. Does it not seem probable, that a laughter of this kind brought to answer every purpose of noise which it resembles? If the occasion for an expletive, let the owner put it in his fob; as his antagonist find his account in a loud and empty pun. If there be need of a sounding cadence at the close of a mon period, it may not be amiss to terminate a sentence by what may be called a finishing stroke. This instrument is so contrived as to produce all the variety of a human laugh; and the action is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or force of a repartee, but by the disposition of the company, and the proper manner of such an interlude. But to be master of the said machine, let the date for applause frequent the company of vociferous disputants; among whom he may soon learn how to peep into conversation.

One or two of these instruments are already finished, though not in the perfection at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman met me the other day, who has the just notion of the use of them; nothing in his character that carries the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my intention to him of making trial of this instrument on the first occasion. He did so; and gave him next, gave me leave to give the following account of it's effect in my next advertisement. 'The instrument I employed it,' said my friend, 'in a sort of controversy with a man who had contrived means,

of his snuff-box, to supply both want of language and of thought. In this manner he prolonged his argument; and really to the company, which consisted of ladies, discovered more sagacity without thinking, than I could do by its assistance. I bethought myself immediately of your instrument, and had recourse to it. I observed in what part of his discourse he most employed his fingers, and had suddenly recourse to mine, with equal emphasis and significance. The art was not discovered, ere I had routed my antagonist; having seated myself in a dark corner, where my operations were not discernible. I observed, that as he found himself more closely pressed, he grew more and more assiduous in his application to his snuff-box, much as another closely pursued is forced to throw up bubbles that shew his distress. I therefore discovered gradually less and less occasion for speaking; and for thinking, none at all. I played only a flourish in answer to the argument at his finger's ends; and, after a while, found him as mortal in this part as in any other. When his cause was fast expiring, after a very long pursuit, and many fruitless turnings and evasions in the course of it, I sounded my instrument, with as much alacrity as a huntsman does his horn on the death of an hare.

The next whom I engaged was a more formidable disputant; and I own, with a sense of gratitude, that your instrument alone could render me a match for him. His strength of argument was his strength of lungs; and he was, unquestionably, an able antagonist. However, if your machine put me

upon a par with him, I think I may say, without vanity, that, in point of reason, I had the upper hand. I shall only add, that as it was habitual for him to answer arguments by vociferation, so it became needless for me to give him any answer of a better kind.

Thus far my friend. I do not question but there will appear artists, that shall undertake to instruct the dissident, the submissive, and the bashful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and risible music: and as there is a kind of humorous laughter, which draws all others into its own vortex, I need not here assert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

Neither is this instrument of importance in dispute alone, or controversy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Trifles will burst one man's sides, which will not disturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almost as irksome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole parish shall be stunned with noise, because they want that occasion to rejoice, which the persons at least imagine to be their lot that occasioned it. The sounds are pleasing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas; but those who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a stupefying repetition.

When, therefore, my mind is not in tune with another's, what strikes him, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh; which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been describing.

## ESSAY XIX.

### THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO \*\*\*\*

THE actions of our lives, even those we call most important, seem as much subject to trifles as our very lives themselves. We frame very notable projects in imagination, and promise to ourselves an equal term of life. 'Tis, however, in the power of the minutest accident, to shorten the one, and disconcert the other. 'Tis with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whose motion may be stopped in the midst of its ra-

pidity, by the interposition of straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro \*\*\*\* was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. 'Twas his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods, and to in-

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Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity. On this account, the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagonist, as a race-horse, carrying a small weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modesty, like the weight to which I allude, not suffering it's owner to exert his real strength; which effrontery is allowed to do, without let or impediment.

It may be urged, and justly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modest man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any restraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But, indeed, this can only happen where it meets with the most ingenuous judges. Otherwise, a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant side is generally best accommodated.

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but must have seen instruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to such perfection as even to delude the very species. The cuckow has been mimicked with no less accuracy. Would it not then be an easy matter to represent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itself something artificial; and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the person that bears it, it's dimensions should be so contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not seem feasible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to answer every purpose of that noise which it resembles? If there be occasion for an expletive, let the owner seek it in his fob; as his antagonist would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good sounding cadence at the close of a common period, it may not be amiss to harmonize a sentence by what may be called a finishing stroke. This instrument is so contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your subject, nor the wit or humour of a repartee, but by the disposition of the company, and the proper minute for such an interlude. But to become a master of the said machine, let the candidate for applause frequent the company of vociferous disputants; among whom he may soon learn how to perform a conversation.

One or two of these instruments I have already finished, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may soon arrive. A gentleman visited me the other day, who has the justest claim that can be to the use of them; having nothing in his character that can obscure the greatest merit, but the greatest modesty. I communicated my invention, desiring him to make trial of it on the first occasion. He did so; and when I saw him next, gave me leave to publish the following account of it's efficacy in my next advertisement. 'The first time I employed it,' said my friend, 'was in a sort of controversy with a beau; who had contrived means, by the use



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I observed in what he most employed, and suddenly resorted to an emphatic and significant discovery, which was not discovered, by my antagonist; having in a dark corner, my lions were not discovered, that as he found me pressed, he grew tedious in his application; much as an end is forced to throw away his distress. I edged gradually less and less speaking; and for all. I played only a part to the argument at hand, and, after a while, I was in this part as in my own cause was just a very long pursuit, with turnings and evolutions of it, I sounded my horn as much alacrity as a horn on the death

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pidity, by the interposition of straw in a particular part of them.

The following translation from the original Spanish will sufficiently illustrate the foregoing assertion. Don Pedro \*\*\*\* was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a disposition remarkably contemplative. 'Tis his custom, on this account, to retire from the world at stated periods; and

dulge himself in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened, as he one day sat in his study, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring spider. The most trivial object (if any natural object can be termed so) served him frequently for the foundation of some moral and sublime reflection. He surveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was lost in the excursions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanship of this unregarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He observed the deficiency of human skill, and that no cunning could have contrived her so proper an habitation. He found that no violence could affect the extrinsecities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He observed the road by which she sallied forth, served to convey intelligence from without, at the same time that it added strength and stability to the work within. He was at once surprised and pleased with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the same light, or with the same attention. From this instant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification; and he often would declare it was this trivial incident that gave him a relish for that study, which he afterwards pursued with such application and success.

He spent, in short, so much time upon the attainment of this science, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as speculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice, to complete the force of his abilities. That, in short, was his next pursuit. He became desirous of experiencing, what had been so successful in imagination, and to make those mural filices, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by testimony of his friends, his qualifications for the post he sought; and, on the first delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundest tranquillity: little agreed to a person eager of glory, furnished with skill, and conscious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he

was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and subtle passion is often most predominant when it is least perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we find our reason grow subversive, and, instead of checking or contradicting, it stoops to flatter and to authorize it. Instead of undeceiving, she confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and smooths the obstructions, which it is her natural province to interpose. This was the case of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taste increased his sensibility; and his sensibility made him more a slave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more visible impressions. The purest spirits are the fittest apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his passions, seduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable schemes.

He had, in brief, conceived a project, to give his master an universal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmost labour and precision, and intended, within a few days, to present his project to the king.

Spain was then in a state of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raising an invincible one. 'Twere impossible to answer for the possible events that might destroy the hopes of such an enterprise. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the most feasible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the posture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumstances that conspired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to, put in practice, and, without some particular interposition of fortune, been attended with success.—But Fortune did not put herself to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vast designs, was one day walking in his fields. He was promised next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himself for a conversation, which might prove of so much consequence to all mankind; when walking though fully along, and regardless of his path, his foot happened to stumble, and to overturn an ant-mill. He cast his eyes upon the ground, to let



is mistake, where he  
 remains in the most mi-

He had the delicacy  
 e really sorry for what  
 l, putting himself in  
 gan to reflect upon the  
 might be an age, to  
 uld recover their tran-  
 sed them with a sort  
 he anxiety they under-  
 perishable habitations.  
 that his contempt was  
 f his own superiority;  
 ight be some created  
 his own species must

His remark did not  
 nsidered his future en-  
 eve to such a race of  
 nd it must appear to  
 as disadventurous, as  
 vain glory of an ant  
 f. 'How ridiculous,'  
 his republic appear to  
 tern it's a lions, as it  
 many, that are analo-  
 f human nature! Sup-  
 at no variance about  
 a globe of sand. Sup-  
 had acquired a few  
 his portion—his life one  
 , and one of all parties  
 —should think himself  
 annize over his equals,  
 or contented. Consi-  
 account, not contented  
 the numerous legs with

' which nature has supplied him; borne  
 aloft by a couple of slaves within the  
 hollow of an husk of wheat, five or six  
 others, at the same time, attending so-  
 lemnly upon the procession. Suppose,  
 lastly, that among this people, the  
 prime minister should persuade the rest  
 to levy war upon a neighbouring co-  
 lony; and this in order to be stiled the  
 sovereign of two hillocks, instead of  
 one; while perhaps their present con-  
 dition leaves them nothing to wish  
 besides superfluities. At the same  
 time, it is in the power of the most in-  
 considerable among mankind, nay, of  
 any species of animals superior to  
 their own, to destroy at once the mi-  
 nister and people all together: this is  
 doubtless very ridiculous; yet this is  
 doubtless my own case, in respect to  
 many subordinate beings, and very  
 certainly of the Supreme one. Fare-  
 wel, then, ye air built citadels! Fare-  
 wel, visions of unfolid glory! Don  
 Pedro will seek no honour of so equi-  
 vocal an acceptation, as to degrade his  
 character to a superior species, in pro-  
 portion as it exalts him before his  
 own.'

See here a just conclusion! In short,  
 he found it so fairly drawn, as immedi-  
 ately to drop his project, leave the army,  
 and retire; of which whimsical relation  
 it may be well enough observed, That a  
 spider had entwined the world, had not  
 an ant obstructed his design.

## ESSAY XX.

### UPON ENVY.

TO A FRIEND, R. G.

Is it, my friend, that  
 impossible to envy you,  
 der, your qualifications  
 millions do it? For,  
 I confess, that I am  
 perfidious, to wish you  
 by your ambition, than  
 tion enough to make  
 satisfactory.  
 I dare that envy should  
 ce of merit, at the same  
 so naturally attends the  
 s however in some men-  
 an unavoidable (and per-  
 se an useful) passion,  
 roic natures; where, re-  
 tain trainers, it takes

the name of emulation. 'Tis a pain  
 arising in our breasts, on contemplation  
 of the superior advantages of another;  
 and it's tendency is truly good, under  
 some certain regulations.

All honour very evidently depends  
 upon comparison; and consequently, the  
 more numerous are our superiors, the  
 smaller portion of it falls to our share.  
 Considered relatively, we are dwarfs, or  
 pygmies; though, considered absolutely,  
 we are neither. However, the love of  
 this relative grandeur is made a part of  
 our natures; and the use of emulation  
 is to excite our diligence in pursuit of  
 power, for the sake of beneficence. The  
 instances of it's perversion are obvious to  
 every

every one's observation. A vicious mind, instead of it's own emolument, studies the debasement of his superior. A person, to please one of this cast, must needs divest himself of all useful qualities; and in order to be beloved, discover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very safely fix our esteem on those whom we hear some people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the sun itself to the birds of darkness. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men; and suffer his satisfaction to arise in due proportion to their discontent. Their disapprobation will sufficiently influence every generous bosom in his favour; and I would as implicitly give my applause to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worship those that have been devoured by apes.

'Tis another perversion of this passion, though of a less enormous nature, when it merely stimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinsic worth. To equal others in the useless parts of learning; to pursue riches for the sake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal

knowledge of a table; to vie in jockeyship, or cunning at a bett. These, and many other rivalships, answer not the genuine purposes of emulation.

I believe the passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon it's deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our sentiments remain the same after such an examination, all we can justly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate his detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the same time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depress ourselves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

## ESSAY XXI.

### A VISION.

**I**NGENIOUS was the device of those celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, first pretended to divine inspiration. Peace be to their names! May the turf lie lightly on their breast, and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, questionless, that a proceeding of this nature must afford an excuse to their modesty, as well as add a weight to their instructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the histories of the best repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to surprising lies. There was indeed necessary a degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was as necessary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But so it was, that the pleasure rose, in a proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a

pigeon, the pummel of a sword, a bloodied sibil, or a three foot stool.

Of all writers that bear any resemblance to these originals, those who approach the nearest, are such as describe their extraordinary dreams and visions. Of ostentation we may not, peradventure, accuse them, who claim to themselves no other than the merit of spectators. Of want of abilities we must not censure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a white wall has in those various figures which some crafty artist represents thereon.

The first meditation of a solitary, is the behaviour of men in active life. 'Hapless species! I cry'd, 'how very grossly art thou mistaken! How very supine, while youth permits thee to gain the prize of virtue by restraint! How very resolute, when thine age leaves nothing to restrain thee! Thou givest a loose to thine inclinations.

ose their very being; and, overwhelmed with oil, are d by indulgence. What realm of virtue, when there is room for self-denial; or, enemy expires by sickness, the honour of a triumph!—on this subject, I fell into slumber; and the vision it furnished me, shall supply for this essay.

etthought, transported into alley, on each side of whose as my eye could see, were the manner of a picture) all objects either of art or nature: one beyond another, ith trees, or adorned with oken rocks contrasted with foaming rivers poured head-tem; gilded spires enlivened nshine; and lonesome ruins, of wood, gave a solemnity. It would be endless, or offible, to give an idea of riety. It seemed as though whatever inclinations, might with their favourite object.

stood amazed, and even cont to astonish a landskip; n approached towards me, his assistance in alleviating e. ‘You observe,’ says he, ddle path, a train of sprightly grims\*, conducted by a ma-a graver cast. She is habited, may observe, in a robe far ain and simple than that of dlt her followers. It is her to restrain her pupils, that As glittering on each side may ce them to make excursions, ch they scarce ever find their y again. You may not, per-ect the gulphs and precip- lie intermixed amidst a sce-lelightful to the eye. You ed, at a considerable distance, lone of a temple raised on cof the whitest marble. I must you, that within this temple lady†, weaving wreaths of amaranth for that worthy if she exert her authority; their obedience is more or less re has also guards of infec- to recompense the ladies in

‘Your own sagacity,’ added he, ‘will supply the place of farther instructions;’ and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary it’s degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man’s life, which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way-side; and in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamorously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them, that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp § amongst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well meaning governess. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage; and some in another. And the scene before them being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds; inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands;



and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline, softened the language of dissent; and with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had, considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

Another now took the lead; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hoodwinked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement, and confusion. They led their guide along, blind-fold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few\*, who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the tumult of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chase, and a grub or beetle was a fit table companion. But to return to the vagabonds.

The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time, bore the chief rule; and held the rest in a state of servitude†. She seemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not her officers would sometimes still upon some temporary gratification. As they stepped their way to a great city, one‡ would

looll and loiter on a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with § one into the covert. A|| third would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One\*\* intoxicated herself with cordials; another †† went in quest of love and equipage. The †† lady, however, at this time the most enthralling, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discovered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stags, and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary so ver they seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay, she went so far as, in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former competitors, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; inasmuch that with one consent they removed the bondage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to procure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to each closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, respectful, and demissive; the governess, more rigid and impious than ever. The former withered, decrepid, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her a very opposite effect to that it wrought in her competitors. She seemed, indeed, no more remarkably hostile creature, insidious and remote away by the wiles of her competitors. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more vigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those

\* The Virtuoso passion. † Authority. ‡ Indolence.

§ Gallantry. || Avarice. \*\* Eurycty. †† Folly and Vanity.

§§ Ambition.







ie conducted, united to make  
er unlimited authority. Now,  
more limited rule might have  
bedience, and maintained a re-

The ladies were but little  
th the glare of objects on each  
ay. One alone I must except,  
beheld look wishfully, with a  
eye, towards the golden ore  
own by the torrents. The go-  
presented, in the strongest terms,  
materials could not be import-  
he realms they were about to  
hat, were this even the case,  
d be there of no importance.  
she had not extirpated the  
his craving dame, when they  
d the temple to which I for-  
aded.

mple stood upon a lofty hill,  
eled with trees of never-fading  
Between the milk-white co-  
hich were of the Doric order,  
ilt, as also the capitals) a blaze  
fined, of such superior lustre,  
beside the governess was able  
ch it. She, indeed, with a de-  
nenance, drew near unto the  
who gently waved her hand  
y of salutation.

atron seemed less dazzled, than  
with her excessive beauty. She  
er with reverence, and with  
idence began to mention their  
to her favour. 'She must own,  
been too remiss in the begin-

ning of her government; she hoped  
' it would be attributed to inexperience  
' in the subtle wiles of her fellow-tra-  
' vellers. She flattered herself, that her  
' severity towards the conclusion of her  
' journey might in some sort make atone-  
' ment for her misbehaviour in the be-  
' ginning. Lastly, that she sometimes  
' found it impossible to hear the dictates  
' of the goddess amid the clamours of  
' her pupils, and the din of their per-  
' suasions.'

To this the goddess made reply—  
' You have heard,' said she, ' no  
' doubt, that the favours I bestow, are  
' by no means consistent with a state of  
' inactivity. The only time when you  
' were allowed an opportunity to de-  
' serve them, was the time when your  
' pupils were the most refractory and  
' perverse. The honours you expect in  
' my court are proportioned to the diffi-  
' culty of a good undertaking. May  
' you, hereafter, partake them, in re-  
' ward of your more vigorous conduct:  
' for the present, you are little entitled  
' to any recompence from me. As to  
' your pupils, I observe, they have  
' passed sentence upon themselves.'

At this instant of time the bell rung  
for supper, and awaked me: I found  
the gardener by my side, prepared to  
plant a parcel of trees; and that I had  
slumbered away the hours, in which I  
should have given him suitable direc-  
tions.

## ESSAY XXII.

### UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

ENING may be divided into  
e species—kitchen-gardening  
-gardening—and landskip, or  
e-gardening: which latter is the  
ended in the following pages.  
in pleasing the imagination by  
grandeur, beauty, or variety.  
icemerely has no share here, any  
n as it pleases the imagination.  
the division of the pleasures  
ation, according as they are  
the great, the various, and the  
may be accurate enough for  
t purpose: why each of them  
with pleasure may be traced in

other authors. See Burke, Hutchin-  
son, Gerard, the Theory of agreeable  
Sensations, &c\*.

There seem however to be some ob-  
jects, which afford a pleasure not redu-  
cible to either of the foregoing heads.  
A ruin, for instance, may be neither  
new to us, nor majestic, nor beautiful,  
yet afford that pleasing melancholy which  
proceeds from a reflection on decayed  
magnificence. For this reason, an able  
gardener should avail himself of objects,  
perhaps, not very striking; if they serve  
to connect ideas, that convey reflections  
of the pleasing kind.

n-scenes may perhaps be divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the me-  
pensive; to which last I know not but we may assign a middle place between the  
as being in some sort composed of both. See Burke's Sublime.

Objects should indeed be less calculated to strike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleasure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more disagreeable. It is enough that it produces a superiority betwixt things in other respects equal. It seems, on some occasions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet, when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleasure equal to more shapely scenes? Thus a series of lawn, though ever so beautiful, may satiate and cloy, unless the eye passes to them from wilder scenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of it's effect from novelty; as the eye, passing from one form or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in it's present object, which affords immediate satisfaction.

Variety however, in some instances, may be carried to such excess as to lose it's whole effect. I have observed ceilings so crammed with stucco-ornaments, that, although of the most different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A sufficient quantity of undecorated space is necessary to exhibit such decorations to advantage.

Ground should first be considered with an eye to it's peculiar character; whether it be the grand, the savage, the sprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of these characters prevail, one may somewhat strengthen it's effect, by allowing every part some denomination, and then supporting it's title by suitable appendages. For instance, The lover's walk may have assignation seats, with proper mottoes—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

What an advantage must some Italian seats derive from the circumstance of being situate on ground mentioned in the classics? And even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the scene of any event in history, one would surely avail one's self of that circumstance, to make it more interesting to the imagination. Mottoes should allude to it; columns, &c. record it; verses moralize upon it; and curiosity receive it's share of pleasure,

In designing a house and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a subordination of parts; the house so luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole design. I have sometimes thought that there was room for it to resemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wished than required, that the more striking scenes may succeed those which are less so.

Taste depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer—Hagley to Persfield, and Persfield to the Welsh mountains. These occasions the different preferences that are given to situations. A garden strikes us most, where the grand and the pleasing succeed, not intermingling with, each other.

I believe, however, the sublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I use the words *Landskip* and *Prospect*, the former as expressive of home scenes, the latter of distant images. Prospects should take in the blue distant hills; but never so remotely, that they be not distinguishable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

*Landskip* should contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad test, as I think the *landskip*-painter is the gardener's best designer. The eye requires a sort of balance here; but not so as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a house or obelisk; for exactness would be displeasing. We form our notions from what we have seen; and though, could we comprehend the universe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the positions that we see of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye should always look rather down upon water: customary nature makes this requisite. I know nothing more sensibly displeasing than Mr. T—'s flat ground betwixt his terras and his water.

It is not easy to account for the fondness of former times for straight-lined avenues to their houses; straight-lined walks through their woods; and, in short, every kind of straight line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumstance is one objection. Another, somewhat of the same kind, is the repetition of the same object, tree after tree, for a length



ther. A third is, that this urchased by the loss of that ich the natural country sup- where, in a greater or less o stand still and survey such ay afford some slender satisf- rough the change derived tive; but to move on con- I find no change of scene in :tendent on our change of give actual pain to a person or such an one to be com- pass along the famous vista\* ow to Peterburg, or that

Agra to Lahor in India, disagreable a sentence, as to sed to labour at the galleys.

Some idea of the sensation el, from walking but a few mured, betwixt Lord D—'s yew-hedges; which run ex- el, at the distance of about ad are contrived perfectly to kind of objects whatsoever. building, or other object, has iewed from it's proper point, ould never travel to it by the which the eye has travelled . Lose the object, and draw ueily.

-trees in vistas should be so ed as to afford a probability ew by nature.

I structures appear to derive r of pleasing from the irre- surface, which is VARIETY; itude they afford the imagi- conceive an enlargement of nsions, or to recollect any ircumstances appertaining to e grandeur, so far as con- ideur and solemnity. The hem should be as bold and ossible. If mere beauty be (which however is not their lence) the waving line, with ransitions, will become of portance. Events relating to be simulated by numberless ces; but it is ever to be re- , that high hills and sudden e most suitable to castles; and s, near wood and water, molt of the usual situation for ah- religious houses; large oaks, ar, are essential to these latter; icking arms, and reverend height, m religious light.

A cottage is a pleasing object, partly on account of the variety it may intro- duce; on account of the tranquillity that seems to reign there; and perhaps (I am somewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature:

*Longi alterius spectare laborem.*

In a scene presented to the eye, objects should never lie so much to the right or left, as to give it any uneasiness in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this disadvantage. They should else never be seen beyond a cer- tain angle. The eye must be easy, be- fore it can be pleased.

No mere slope from one side to the other can be agreeable ground: the eye requires a balance, i. e. a degree of uniformity; but this may be otherwise effected, and the rule should be under- stood with some limitation.

—Each alley has it's brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.

Let us examine what may be said in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope exposes. Might he not seemingly as well object to the disposition of an human face, because it has an eye or cheek that is the very picture of it's companion? Or does not Providence, who has observed this regularity in the external structure of our bodies and dis- regarded it within, seem to consider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the several parts of them correspond, but it is not the same case with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is ge- nerally solicitous for a kind of balance in a landskip; and, if I am not mis- taken, the painters generally furnish one: a building for instance on one side, contrasted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a rising hill, on the other. Whence then does this taste proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the shape of ground, the dis- position of trees, and the figure of wa- ter, must be sacred to nature; and no forms must be allowed that make a dis- covery of art.

All trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are in all respects the perfect image of the manly cha- racter: in former times I should have

\* In Montelquieu, on Taste, ...

faul, and in present times I think I am authorised to say, the British one. As a brave man is not suddenly either elated by prosperity or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it, on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches.

A large, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the most venerable of all inanimate objects.

Urns are more solemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if less and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still co-operate with it.

By the way, I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landscapes, were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A statue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a statue. A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landscape; the minuter touches are no more essential to it, than a good landscape-painter would esteem them were he to represent a statue in his picture.

Apparent art, in it's proper province, is almost as important as apparent nature. They contrast agreeably; but their provinces ever should be kept distinct.

Some artificial beauties are so dexterously managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; some natural ones so extremely fortunate, that one is ready to swear they are artificial.

Concerning scenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The shape of ground, the site of trees, and the fall of water, nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treason.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other resemblance to nature than that they afford the *analogies* with which the human mind is delighted.

*Art should never be allowed to set a foot in the province of nature, other-*

wise than clandestinely and by night. Whenever she is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromise the difference—night, gothicisin, confusion, and absolute chaos, are come again.

To see one's urns, obelisks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedness of our beloved mistresses, the Naiads and the Dryads, exposed by that ruffian Winter to universal observation; is a severity scarcely to be supported by the help of blazing hearths, cheerful companions, and a bottle of the most grateful Burgundy.

The works of a person that builds, begin immediately to decay; while those of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promises a more lasting pleasure than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at best begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumstance that suits our taste, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cause our love of life to take root and flourish with them; whereas the very sameness of our structures will, without the help of dilapidation, serve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a custom in some countries to condemn the characters of those (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

The taste of the citizen and of the mere peasant are in all respects the same. The former gilds his balls; paints his stonework and statues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-square or conic; or gives them what he can of the resemblance of birds, or bears, or men; squirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in short, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a surprise because it is unnatural. The peasant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that sublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every scene we see in nature is either tame and insipid, or compounded of those. It often happens that the same ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of sublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this case it remains to be considered in which light they can be rendered most remarkable

remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor should not perhaps be wholly disregarded: for certain complexions of soul will prefer an orange-tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this should not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of shrubbery; or invest a mountain with a garb of roses. This would be like dressing a giant in a farset gown, or a Saracen's head in a Brussels nightcap. Indeed the small circular clumps of firs, which I see planted upon some fine large swells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I say, a gardener should not do this, any more than a poet should attempt to write of the king of Prussia in the style of Philips. On the other side, what would become of Lefbia's sparrow, should it be treated in the same language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three sorts, the landskip gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our first division of gardens.

I have used the word landskip-gardeners; because, in pursuance of our present taste in gardening, every good painter of landskip appears to me the most proper designer. The misfortune of it is, that these painters are apt to regard the execution of their work much more than the choice of subject.

The art of distancing and approximating comes truly within their sphere: the former by the gradual diminution of distinctness, and of size; the latter by the reverse. A straight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with ewe-trees, then firs, then with trees more and more sady, till they end in the almond-willow, or silver chier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be increased, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than those at the end of the avenue: that are more sady.

To distance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different-coloured greens. Ever-greens are best for all such purposes. Suppose the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. the consequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a space betwixt these circles, and another betwixt the house and them; and as the

imagined space is indeterminate, if your building be dim-coloured, it will not appear inconsiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microscopic glass. And on this head, I have known some instances, where, by shewing intermediate ground, the distance has appeared less, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

Hedges, appearing as such, are universally bad. They discover art in nature's province.

Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more sudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in such manner as to mark out the former hedge.

Water should ever appear as an irregular lake, or winding stream.

Islands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but lessen grandeur through variety.

It was the wise remark of some sagacious observer, That familiarity is, for the most part, productive of contempt. Graceless offspring of so amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whose enjoyments must be either checked, or prove destructive of themselves. Our passions are permitted to sip a little pleasure; but are extinguished by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the first impression. Thus, neglect of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-fashioned gardens.

Art, indeed, is often requisite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but should never be suffered to set her mark upon them: I mean, in regard to those articles that are of nature's province; the shaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the disposition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will soon occur, which, however, she is allowed to regulate, somewhat clandestinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the universe at one survey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be censured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the same, as if, in his present



present situation, he strove to find amusement in contriving the fabric of an ant's nest, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a sphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a station, proper to give us an universal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and dispositions of the system. We perceive many breaks and blemishes, several neglected and unvariegated places in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a snail to be satisfied with the beauty of our parterres, slopes, and terrasses; or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries; as that man shall be satisfied, without a single thought that he can improve the spot that falls to his share. But, though art be necessary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reason is she authorized to thwart and to oppose her? Why fantastically endeavour to humanize those vegetables, of which nature, discreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent upon the soil? Here art seems very affectedly to make a display of that industry, which it is her glory to conceal. The stone which represents an asterisk, is valued only on account of it's natural production: nor do we view with pleasure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artists. We view, with much more satisfaction, some plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but less visibly, industrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the shining texture of the silk-worm; but we loath the puny author, when she thinks proper to emerge, and to disgust us with the appearance of so vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the most abject vassal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The case is different where she has the direction of buildings, useful or ornamental: or, perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inscribed. Here then it is her interest to be seen as much as possible: and, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contrast her structures furnish, it is not easy for her

to confer a benefit which aside, will not repay.

A rural scene, to me, is without the addition of sc building: indeed I have known rock-work, in great measure deficiency.

In gardening, it is no sin enforce either grandeur or surprize; for instance, by a tion from their contraries—stress upon surprize only; on the surprize occasioned without including any nob is a symptom of bad taste, a fondness for mere conceit.

Grandeur and beauty are posite, that you often diminish you encrease the other. *Va a-kin to the latter, simplicity.*

Suppose a large hill with large patches of different clumps, scars of rock, cha villages, or farm-houses; y perhaps, a more beautiful much less grand than it was

In many instances, it is to compound your scene of grandeur—Suppose a magn arising out of a well-variegat would be disadvantageous to beauty, by means destructive nificance.

There may possibly, but happens to be any occasion t leys, with trees or otherwise the most part the gardener's remove trees, or aught that low ground; and to give, a ture allows, an artificial emi high.

The hedge-row apple-tree fordshire afford a most beaut at the time they are in blossom prospect would be really consist of simple foliage. For reason, a large oak (or be tumn, is a grander object th in spring. The sprightly g obfuscated.

Smoothness and easy trans small ingredients in the beaut and rectangular breaks have nature of the sublime. Thuspire is, perhaps, a more b ject than a tower, which is

Many of the different op

ference to be given to feats, owing to want of distinction beautiful and the magnificent the former and the latter there are imaginations adapted to the one, and to

man thought an open, uninhabited country, formed the

Somewhat here is to be Large unvariegated, simple the best pretensions to sublimity: mountain, whose sides are

unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then its beauty is proportionably less.

However, I think a plain space near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves; and then the picture, whether you chuse the grand or beautiful, should be held up at its proper distance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and simplicity is essential to grandeur.

Offensive objects, at a proper distance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for instance, stubble fallow ground——

## ESSAY XXIII.

### ON POLITICS.

'S men of the most different parties very frequently; only vary in their phrase

At least, if one examines principles, which very often are a point of prudence, as we are, to consider the rest as independent is a beggar's

reflections are unjust, because good men in all nations, are equal wars upon much the

ment is inexcusable for emulating ministers; because they are a man's head, though they are not.

proper means of encreasing the bear our native country, no time in a foreign one. of popularity seems little above of being beloved; and is able when a person aims at the love of a people by means in themselves, but in their end perceptive.

is, no doubt, to be heroes as well as butchers; and who is necessary of butchers (immolating the passions with might at first occasion the heroes? Butchers, I believe,

mystery of a courtly being included in the power of all favours appear particu-

remarkable genius may afford a piece of wit, if it happens to abuse. A little genius

is obliged to catch at every witticism indiscriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It seems idle to rail at ambition merely because it is a boundless passion; or rather is not this circumstance an argument in its favour? If one would be employed or amused through life, should we not make choice of a passion that will keep one long in play?

A sportsman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diversion: a fox, that will support the chase till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment.

The submission of Prince Hal to the civil magistrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conquests of Henry the Fifth in France.

The most animated social pleasure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a successful engagement, or in it: I mean, by such commanders as have souls equal to their occupation. This, however, seems paradoxical, and requires some explanation.

Resistance to the reigning powers is justifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconsistent with the good of the subject; that our interposition tends to establish better measures; and this without a probability of occasioning evils that may over-balance them. But these considerations must never be separated.

People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, because they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention——

or admiration: likewise, because one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumstances, I believe the largest cities are the most vicious of all others.

Laws are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-sized are alone entangled in.

Though I have no sort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make some distinction between the immorality of it's abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-speech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worst of crimes. And in regard to civil societies, I believe there are none but madmen will dispute it. But surely, with regard to conscience, erroneous judgments, and ill-grounded convictions, may render it some people's duty. Sin does not consist in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend upon the understanding, but the will. Now, if it appears that a man's opinion has happened to misplace his duty; and this opinion has

not been owing to any vicious defect of indulging his appetites—in short, if his own reason, liable to err, have biased his will, rather than his will any way contributed to bias and deprave his reason, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none beside an earthly tribunal.

A person's right to resist depends upon a conviction that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will administer it better: that he, by his resistance, can introduce a change to it's advantage, and this without any consequential evils that will bear proportion to the said advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the case of Balmerino, I will not presume to say: how conceived, or from what delusion sprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honest man, in other respects, one may guess his behaviour was rather owing to the misrepresentations of his reason, than to any depravity, perverseness, or dissingenuity of his will.

If a person ought heartily to stickle for any cause, it should be that of moderation. Moderation should be his party.

## ESSAY XXIV.

EGOTISM.

FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I.

I Hate maritime expressions, smiles, and allusions; my dislike, I suppose, proceeds from the unnaturalness of shipping; and the great share which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

May I always have an heart superior, with economy suitable, to my fortune!

IV.

Inaninates, toys, utensils, seem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various vicissitudes. I have often viewed my watch, snuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendship, which there are *some men who do not deserve:*

*Midst many faithless only faithful found!*

V.

I loved Mr. Somerville, because he knew so perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pification of money.

VI.

It is with me in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those that walk upon it's surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along; but I intemperately chuse to sit where I cannot see two yards before me.

VII.

I begin, too soon in life, to slight the world more than is consistent with making a figure in it. The *ven est tanti* of Ovid grows upon me so fast that in a few years I shall have no passion.

VIII.

I am obliged to the person that speaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who speaks well of

absence also. Should I be her I chose to have a person of me when absent or present, answer the latter; for were all so, the former would be insignificant.

IX.

In avarice of social pleasure, duces only mortification. I town or city in a map, but I myself many agreeable persons whom I could wish to be acquainted with.

X.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of one's time, and yet restrainments from making a profit. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of admiral Hosier.

XI.

It is a miserable thing to love where and yet it is not inconsistent.

XII.

The modern world considers it as aiteness, to drop the mention in all addresses to relations. No doubt, that it puts our appearance upon a less partial think, where I value a friend, and suffer my relation to be obnoxious to the twentieth generation: connect us closer. Wherever I am, I would abdicate my first-

XIII.

Decoratory, philosophical obsecration to me the most nauseous of all I say it takes away the wit, and leaves you nothing mortal. Shall I say, rather—*in an envelope of fine* which only raises expectations any be allowed to talk without a grace, it were downright lousy, who use an unaffected but even among these, as they it partakes again of affectation.

XIV.

The loss of liberty to resolve on fore-hand.

XV.

There is a sort of people to whom I allot good wishes and perform duties: but they are sometimes whom one would by no means time.

XVI.

Have all men elevated to as

great an height, as they can discover a lustre to the naked eye.

XVII.

I am surely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a false disdain, than an unreal esteem.

XVIII.

Yet why repine? I have seen mansions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-house into an Hampton-court, and where they speak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by comparison.

XIX.

I do not so much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being so: the generality of mankind being seldom in good-humour but whilst they are imposing upon you in some shape or other.

XX.

I cannot avoid comparing the ease and freedom I enjoy, to the case of an old shoe; where a certain degree of shabbiness is joined with the convenience.

XXI.

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chinese language, seems half so difficult to me, as the language of refusal.

XXII.

I actually dreamt that somebody told me I must not print my pieces separate. That certain stars would, if single, be hardly conspicuous; which, united in a narrow compass, form a very splendid constellation.

XXIII.

The ways of ballad-singers, and the cries of halfpenny pamphlets, appeared so extremely humorous, from my lodgings in Fleet Street, that it gave me pain to observe them without a companion to partake. For, alas! laughter is by no means a solitary entertainment.

XXIV.

Had I a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make myself a neighbourhood. I would first build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of some branch of trade that was suitable to the country round. I would then, at proper distances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thousand pounds a-piece, and amuse myself with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taste. These would I people with a select number of well-chosen

friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant.—How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

## XXV.

I think, I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. *Male facta gratia necu quam citi, & rescinditur.* A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion, and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

## XXVI.

There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere piston of rank and fortune. It is *crumbe bis cocta*. The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit.

## XXVII.

What pleasure it is to pay one's debts! I remember to have heard Sir F. Lyttelton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection: it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound econo-

my. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

## XXVIII.

It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies, by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed as the distribution of vacant ribbons, upon the death of knights of the garter.

## XXIX.

It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

## XXX.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: birth itself does but little. Kings in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet it is probable, from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are however some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ESSAY XXV.

ON DRESS.

I. like writing, should never the effect of too much study on. On this account, I ts of dress, in themselves useful, which at the same the wearer to the character s and affectation.

II. refs in the former part of ther tend to set off his per-xpress riches, rank or dig-latter, the reverse.

III. elegance in liveries, I mean preft by the more languid altogether absurd. They ather gawdy than genteel; erreason, yet for this, that more strongly distinguish e of the gentleman.

IV. it out of doubt with me, es are most properly the men's dress, and the men ladies.

V. ll thirty, or with some a people should dress in a most likely to procure the pposite sex.

VI. nany modes of dress, which ems handsome, which are calculated to shew the hu- advantage.

VII. be founded upon nature appearance of it—For this ver a peruke may tend to man features, it can very amends for the mixture of it discovers.

VIII. ess adds but little to the person. It may possibly nce, but that is rather an :

*veniant nec in una sede morantur amor.* OVID.

IX. can scarce be carried too it be not so singular as to

excite a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress: though splendor be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty: the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress for beauty of person.

X. A person's manner is never easy, whilst he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country-fellow, considered in some lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dressed on Sundays, with a large nose-gay in his bosom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel.

XI. When a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness in his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's and reader's imagination.

XII. Methinks, apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay: it otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat unsubstantial: in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure.

XIII. Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may encrease their own beauty.

XIV. I cannot see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine cloaths, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds, flowers.

flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to seek amusement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himself. It appears to me, that a person may love splendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taste but when a person demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceases to be taste, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this essential distinction.

XV.

The first instance an officer gives you of his courage, consists in wearing cloaths infinitely superior to his rank.

XVI.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious; and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit; and it was from

hence, I presume, that Quin asserted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

There are certain shapes and physiognomies, of so entirely vulgar a cast, that they could scarce win respect even in the country, though they were embellished with a dress as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

XVIII.

A large retinue upon a small income, like a large cascade upon a small stream, tends to discover it's tenuity.

XIX.

Why are perfumes so much decayed? When a person on his approach diffuses them, does he not revive the idea which the ancients ever entertained concerning the descent of superior beings, 'veiled in a cloud of fragrance?'

XX.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.

## ESSAY XXVI.

### ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

I.

**F**INE writing is generally the effect of spontaneous thoughts and a laboured style.

II.

Long sentences in a short composition are like large rooms in a little house.

III.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

Instead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their mistresses, if poets would address the same to their Muse, they would act more agreeably to nature and to truth.

V.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface.

VI.

*'Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equum & Furius.'*

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that should

have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable,

VII.

There is no word in the Latin language, that signifies a female friend. 'Amica' means a mistress; and perhaps there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, stems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phrase, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

IX.

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he sleeps; and, induced by this circumstance, aspire to measure height with him.

X.

The national opinion of a book of worth

is not always right—'est ubi  
—Milton's Paradise Lost is one

I mean, the cold reception it  
at first.

XI.

is, an acquaintance with men  
is rather reputable than satis-

It is as unaccountable, as it  
is, that fancy heightens sensibi-  
lity strengthens passion; and  
takes people humourists.

person of genius is often ex-  
shew more discretion than an-  
; and this on account of that  
city, which is his greatest im-  
This happens for want of  
thing betwixt the fanciful tal-  
the dry mathematical opera-  
the judgment, each of which  
inately give the denomination  
of genius.

XII.

For never gained a reputation  
; a bad play, nor a musician by  
on a bad instrument.

XIII.

seem to have fame, in lieu of  
moral advantages. They are  
formed for business, to be re-  
too often feared or envied, to  
ed.

XIV.

ever seemed an instance to me,  
a man devoid of courage may  
ited writer.

XV.

would rather be a stump of lau-  
the stump of a church-yard

XVI.

were more feræ.\* Virg. Van-  
seems to have had this of Virgil  
ye, when he introduces Mithras  
envying the liberty of a grey-  
itch.

XVII.

is a certain simziness of poetry,  
ems expedient in a song.

XVIII.

as well as Desdemona†, seems  
een a mighty admirer of strange  
sents;

'*Hec! quibus illa  
satis quæ bella exausa canebat!*  
non, &c.

they shew that Virgil, Shakespeare,

\* To lead the life of a beast.

and Shaftesbury, agreed in the same  
opinion.

XIX.

It is often observed of wits, that they  
will lose their best friends for the sake  
of a joke. Candour may discover, that  
it is their greater degree of the love of  
fame, not the leis degree of their bene-  
volence, which is the cause.

XX.

People in high or in distinguished life  
ought to have a greater circumspection  
in regard to their most trivial actions.  
For instance, I saw Mr. Pope—and  
what was he doing when you saw him?  
—why, to the best of my memory, he  
was picking his nose.

XXI.

Even Joe Miller in his jests has an eye  
to poetical justice; generally gives the  
victory or turns the laugh on the side of  
merit. No small compliment to man-  
kind!

XXII.

To say a person writes a good style,  
is originally as pedantic an expression  
as to say he plays a good fiddle.

XXIII.

The first line of Virgil seems to patter  
like an hail-storm—'*Tityre, tu patulae*,  
&c.

XXIV.

The vanity and extreme self-love of  
the French is no where more observable  
than in their authors; and among these,  
in none more than Boileau; who, besides  
his rhodomontades, preserves every the  
most insipid reading in his notes, though  
he have removed it from the text for the  
sake of one ever so much better.

XXV.

The writer who gives us the best idea  
of what may be called the genteel in style  
and manner of writing, is, in my opi-  
nion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr.  
Addison and Dr. Swift,

A plain narrative of any remarkable  
fact, emphatically related, has a more  
striking effect without the author's com-  
ment.

XXVI.

Long periods and short seem analo-  
gous to Gothic and modern stair-cases;  
the former were of such a size as our  
heads and legs could barely command;  
the latter such, that they might com-  
mand half a dozen.

† Lord Shaftesbury.



I think nothing truly poetic, at least no poetry worth composing, that does not strongly affect one's passions: and this is but slenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies:

*'Incredulus edi.'*

Hon.

XXVII.

A preface very frequently contains such a piece of criticism, as tends to countenance and establish the peculiarities of the piece.

XXVIII.

I hate a style, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that slides along like an eel, and never rises to what one can call an inequality.

XXIX.

It is obvious to discover that imperfections of one kind have a visible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily disadvantages must incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foresaw that he must have languished in obscurity. The advantages of person are a good deal essential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but also of the ladies.

XXX.

Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior; though Prior speaks so handsomely of Pope in his *Alma*. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for such numberless beauties, should have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to some modification of selfishness.

XXXI.

Virgil never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

XXXII.

Pope seems to me the most correct writer since Virgil; the greatest genius only, since Dryden.

XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical subjects.

XXXIV.

Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condensation of thoughts. I think, no other English poet ever brought so much

sense into the same number of lines with equal smoothness, ease, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruse his *Essay on Man* with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not easily have swerved: perhaps, he could not have sufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that fineness which is required in a ballad or love-song. His *Moniter of Ragusa* and his *Translations from Chaucer* have some little tendency to invalidate this observation.

XXXV.

I durst not have censured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you say. True. A writer surrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and slippers.

XXXVI.

Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his descriptive talents, as it is no doubt embellished with the most pompous scenes and ostentatious imagery: for instance,

*'When from the center clouds of,' &c.*

XXXVII.

Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

*'Die and endow a college or a cat,' &c. &c.*

It is an easy kind of beauty. Dryden seems to have borrowed it from Spenser.

XXXVIII.

Pope has published fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

It is no doubt extremely possible to form an English prosody; but to a good ear it were almost superfluous, and to a bad one useless; this last being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with sound judgment; but is surely never united with taste, which is the life and soul of poetry.

XL.

Rhymes, in elegant poetry, should consist of syllables that are long in pronunciation; such as *'are, ear, ire, ore, your,'* in which a nice ear will find more agreeableness than in these *'guit, ne', knit, knot, nut.'*

XLI.

There is a vast beauty (to me) in using a word of a particular nature in the eighth

ninth syllables of an English mean what is virtually a dactyl—

the tyrants of the watry plains.  
erson of an ear substitute 'li-  
instead of 'watry,' and he will  
advantage. Mr. Pope (who  
ved our versification through  
is disposition of the pause)  
enough aware of this beauty.

XLII.

he frequent use of alliteration,  
bably had it's day.

XLIII.

ver a good effect when the stress  
ught is laid upon that word  
voice most naturally pro-  
with an emphasis.

*'versus-tecum meditare,'* &c. HOR.

*Non athere in alto*

*pauperum,* &c. VIRG.

*ati, quorum jam mania,* &c.

VIRG.

*gravi jamdudum,\** &c. VIRG.

hose very metre appears to af-  
passions, was a matter of this

XLIV.

are numbers in the world, who  
ant sense, to make a figure; to  
an opinion of their own abili-  
out them upon recording their  
ms, and allowing them the  
erance which they do to those  
ers print.

XLV.

dwriter cannot with the utmost  
duce some thoughts, which  
from a bad one with ease and  
ion. The reverse is also true.  
riter, &c.

XLVI.

t wits have short memories,' is  
; and as such has undoubtedly  
adation in nature. The case  
oe, that men of genius forget  
common concern, unimport-  
and circumstances, which make  
impression in every-day minds.  
it will be found that all wit de-  
memory; i. e. on the recollec-  
passages, either to illustrate or

contrast with any present occasion. It  
is probably the fate of a common under-  
standing to forget the very things which  
the man of wit remembers. But an ob-  
lition of those things which almost every  
one remembers, renders his case the more  
remarkable, and thus explains the mys-  
tery.

XLVII.

Prudes allow no quarter to such la-  
dies as have fallen a sacrifice to the gen-  
tle passions; either because themselves,  
being borne away by the malignant ones,  
perhaps never felt the other so powerful  
as to occasion them any difficulty; or  
because no one has tempted them to  
transgress that way themselves. It is  
the same case with some critics, with re-  
gard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

It seems with wit and good-nature,  
'*Utrum borum major accipe.*' Taste  
and good-nature are universally con-  
nected.

XLIX.

Voiture's compliments to ladies are  
honest on account of their excess.

L.

Poetry and consumptions are the most  
flattering of diseases.

LI.

Every person insensibly fixes upon  
some degree of refinement in his dis-  
course, some measure of thought which  
he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise  
to fix this pretty high, although it oc-  
casions one to talk the less.

LII.

Some men use no other means to ac-  
quire respect, than by insisting on it;  
and it sometimes answers their purpose,  
as it does an highwayman's in regard  
to money.

LIII.

There is nothing exerts a genius so  
much as writing plays: the reason is,  
that the writer puts himself in the place  
of every person that speaks.

LIV.

Perfect characters in a poem make  
but little better figure than regular hills,  
perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and  
level sheets of water, in the formation  
of a landscape. The reason is, they are  
not natural, and moreover want variety.

has given numberless instances of the beauties here pointed out by our author.  
em will suffice, in this place, to illustrate the assertion.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line do labour, and the words move slow.

## LV.

Trifles discover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a person is off his guard, and thinks it not material to use disguise. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the discovery of a man's character, to say he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his sleeve.

## LVI.

A grammarian speaks of first and second person: a poet of Celia and Corydon; a mathematician of A and B; a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quintessence of pedantry!

## LVII.

Shakespeare makes his very bombast answer his purpose, by the persons he chooses to utter it.

## LVIII.

A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can see no other good than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to discover some other.

## LIX.

The plan of Spenser's *Fairy Queen* appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extensive, is yet somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one considers the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though, in many respects, exceptionable. His good-nature is visible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Christian scheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting simultaneously) wholly inexcusable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt whether the perusal of his inoffensive descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenser, to be sure, expands the last; but then he expands it beyond its due limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his *Fairy Queen*, which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.

## LX.

A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

## LXI.

People of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of established writers, not

so much upon account of the social pleasure, as the credit of it: the former would induce them to chuse persons of less capacities, and tempers more conformable.

## LXII.

Language is to the understanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a person may be superior to another in understanding, that has not an equal dignity of expression; and a man may boast a handsomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

## LXIII.

The words 'no more' have a singular pathos; reminding us at once of past pleasure and the future exclusion of it.

## LXIV.

Every single observation that is published by a man of genius, be it ever so trivial, should be esteemed of importance; because he speaks from his own impressions: whereas common men publish common things, which they have perhaps gleaned from frivolous writers.

## LXV.

It is providential that our affection diminishes in proportion as our friends power encreases. Affection is of less importance whenever a person can support himself. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the same law throughout the animal creation.

## LXVI.

The time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the season when judgment decides best, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, in respect of their disposition, younger than other persons: a circumstance that gives the latter part of their lives some inconsistency. The cool phlegmatic tribe discover it in the former.

## LXVII.

One sometimes meets with instances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance (after Falstaff's disappointment in serving Shallow at court)

'Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.'

SHAKESPEARE.

When Pandolph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England,

d, but to sheath the sword he had at the Pope's own instigation:

as it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pound in preparations.

For the detail of King John's abjuration to the Pope's legate:

John was hated and despised before.\*

perhaps, the strongest of all may be drawn from the Scripture, (conclusion of a chapter in St. John)

Now Barabbas was a robber.\*

LXVIII.

yet hurts himself by writing prose; as-horse hurts his motions by consulting to draw in a team.

LXIX.

superior politeness of the French nothing more discernible than in cases used by them and us to excite an affair being in agitation. The says, 'Sur la tapis;' the latter, on the anvil.' Does it not shew a sincerity and serious face with which we enter upon business, and the smart and jaunty air with which they run even the most important?

LXX.

there are two qualities adherent to most ingenious authors: I do not without exception. A decent pride will admit of no servility, and a bashfulness that keeps their conceals: the '*superbia quaesita* is,' and the '*malus pudor*,' of Horace.

The one will not suffer them to advance to the great; the other is that merit for which the great seek out them. Add to these frequent indolence of speculative writers.

LXXI.

poetical genius seems the most elegant youthful accomplishments; but naturally a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, sprightliness of dress, and a blooming aspect, are very amicable to their mutual inclination; but the poetic talent has more to do with age, than it would in the Grace of Canterbury to have a taste for country dances, or a genius for catch.

LXXII.

most obsequious Muses, like the

fondlest and most willing courtezans, seldom leave us any reason to boast much of their favours.

LXXIII.

If you write an original piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the best of subjects before you; if a translation, of the best authors.

LXXIV.

The ancient poets seem to value themselves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their contemporaries. Indeed the circumstance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying some of their vain-glorious prophecies. Otherwise, the historians appear more equal to the task of conferring immortality. An history will live, though written ever so indifferently, and is generally less suspected, than the rhetoric of the Muses.

LXXV.

I wonder authors do not discover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory address, than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the sake of an F.R.S. or an LL.D. at the end of it.

LXXVI.

It should seem, the many lies, discernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the English, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey a strange idea of the English understanding.

LXXVII.

Might not the poem on the Seasons have been rendered more 'unified,' by giving out the design of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards considering all the varieties of season as means aiming at one end?

LXXVIII.

Critics must excuse me, if I compare them to certain animals called asses; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

LXXIX.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverse will not hold.

LXXX.

We want a word to express the *Hopes* or *Hospitala* of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the most respectable of

\* *Missionaries* clap a tail to every Indian nation that dislikes them.

all characters; yet with us translated 'Host,' which we apply also to an Inn-keeper. Neither have we any word to express *Amicus*, as if we thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend.

LXXXI.

I know not where any Latin author uses *ignotus* otherwise than as 'obscure persons,' as the modern phrase implies, 'whom nobody knows;' yet it is used differently on Mrs. L——'s monument.

LXXXII.

The philosopher, who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it.

LXXXIII.

Orators and stage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments, and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cause and their coaches with rhetoric and flower-pots.

LXXXIV.

It is idle to be much assiduous in the perusal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taste in composition; and a person's own imagination should be able to supply the rest.

In the same manner, it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition, includes more than all the results from more trivial performances. I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive.

Very few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief.

Every thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the scriptural writers describe their heroes using only some such phrase as this: 'Alas! my brother!' 'O Absalom, my son! my son!' &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuse, but at the same time entirely simple.

Angling is literally described by Martial—

—*Tremulâ piscem deducere scâ.*

From *Num sardus* seems to come the English phrase and custom of striking a bargain.

I like Ovid's *Amours* better than his *Epistles*. There seems a greater variety of natural thoughts; whereas, when one has read the subject of one of his epistles,

one foresees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

The plan of his *Elegies*, for the most part well designed. The answers of Sabinus, nothing.

Necessity may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical.

If a person suspects his phrase to be somewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse; but let him be much upon his guard against Ancient Pistol's phraseology.

Providence seems altogether impartial in the dispensation which bestows riches upon one and a contempt of riches upon another.

Respect is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly desired. When one is possessed of the end, through any one of these means, is it not wholly unphilosophical to covet the remainder?

Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management of some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. He discovers an eloignement from vulgar phrases much becoming a person of quality. His sketches should be studied, like those of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality.

The question is, whether you distinguish me, because you have better sense than other people; or whether you seem to have better sense than other people, because you distinguish me.

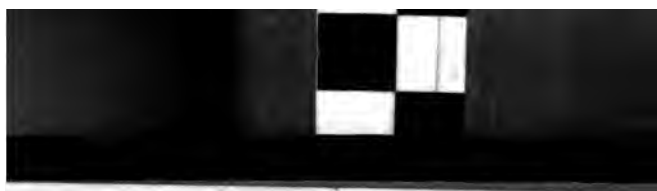
One feels the same kind of disgust in reading Roman history, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too seldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conspicuous than in their answers to ambassadors.

There is an important omission in most of our grammar-schools, through which what we read, either of fabulous or real history, leaves either faint or confused impressions. I mean the neglect of old geographic maps. Were maps of ancient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in use there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the case.

A person of a pedantic turn will spend five years in translating, and contending for the beauties of a worse poem than he might write in five weeks himself. There

See



he authors who wish to sacrifice sole character of genius to that ing.

nu has endeavoured to prove, in his admirable satires, that man nanner of pretence to prefer his : before those of the brute crea- Oldham has translated him: my chester has imitated him: and r. Pope declares—

afon raise o'er instinct how you can,  
tis God directs; in that 'tis man.

ed, the Essay on Man abounds liustrations of this maxim; is amazing to find how many e reasons may be urged to sup-

It seems evident that our itch ning, and spirit of curiosity, pre- nore happiness than it can pos- vance. What numbers of dis- e entirely artificial things, far e ability of a brute to contrive; elish and deny ourselves cheap ural gratifications, through spe- prefcienccs and doubts about e. We cannot discover the de- our Creator. We should learn brutes to be easy under our ig-, and happy in those objects that ended, obviously, for our hap- not overlook the flowers of the and foolishly perplex our selves intricacies of the labyrinth.

a but two editions of all books ver. One of the simple text, d by a society of able hands: with the various readings, and of the ablest commentators.

leavours, all one's days, to for- minds with learning and philo- s to spend so much in armour has nothing left to defend.

ould think with philosophers, it converse but little with the These, by their very number, e a person into a fondness for ice, a love of money, a desire of and other plebeian passions : which they admire, because they share in, and have not learning y the place of experience.

the most elegant and principal oman historians, was, perhaps, ititious as the most unlearned . We see, he never is destitute rances, accurately described and asserted, to support particular the interpolation of exploded

deities. The puerile attention to chickens feeding in a morning—And then a piece of gravity: *Parva sunt hæc, sed parva ista non contemnenda; majores nostri maximam hanc rem fecerunt.*

It appears from the Roman historians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet 'Felix' seems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am mistaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an opposite manner. Numbers amongst them have been canonized upon the single merit of misfortunes.

How different appears antient and modern dialogue, on account of superficial subjects upon which we now generally converse. Add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which some kings clog and encumber conversation.

The celebrated boldness of an eastern metaphor is, I believe, sometimes allowed it for the inconsiderable similitude it bears to it's subject.

The style of letters, perhaps, should not rise higher than the style of refined conversation.

Love-verses written without real passion, are often the most nauseous of all conceits. Those written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful season of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one such excessive pleasure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the most perfect harmony of metre, with the most pleasing ideas or images:

*Qualem virgineo demissum pollice florem;*

And

*Argentum Paria sue lapsi——*

With a thousand better instances.

Nothing tends so much to produce drunkenness, or even madness, as the frequent use of parentheses in conversation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general seeing his brave army over-matched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to see his ally approach with forces to his assistance. See Shakespeare.

When my dear Percy, when thy heart's dear Harry,

Canst many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers—but he did look in vain

## ESSAY XXVII.

BOOKS, &amp;c.

**S**IMILES, drawn from odd circumstances and effects strangely accidental, bear a near relation to false wit. The best instance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller:

He grasp'd at love, and fill'd his hand with bays.

Virgil discovers less wit, and more taste, than any writer in the world. Some instances.

— *Longumque bibet at amorem.*

What Lucretius says of the *Edita cellvina sapientum templa*—The temples of philosophers—appears in no sense more applicable than to a snug and easy chariot:

*Dispicere unde queas alius, passimque videre Errare, atque viam salantes quaerere vias.*

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-passengers, see them wandering on each side you, and pick their way through the dirt:

— Seriously

From learning's tow'ring height to gaze around,  
And see plebeian spirits range below.

There is a sort of masonry in poetry, wherein the pause represents the joints of building; which ought in every line and course to have their disposition varied.

The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taste is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, so he joins them surprisingly. The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and studies simplicity rather than surprize in his manner of introduction.

It may in some measure account for the difference of taste in the reading of books, to consider the difference of our ears for music. One is not pleased without a perfect melody of style, be the sense what it will: another, of no ear for music, gives to sense it's full weight without any deduction on account of harshness.

Harmony of period and melody of style have greater weight than is general-

ly imagined in the judgment we pass upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of Scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we most remember and quote, either in verse or prose, and we shall find them to be only musical ones.

I wonder the antient mythology never shews Apollo enamoured of Venus; considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose; the most harmonious bird of the fairest and most delightful flower.

Hope is a flatterer: but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

What is termed humour in prose, I conceive, would be considered as burlesque in poetry: of which instances may be given.

Perhaps, burlesque may be divided into such as turns chiefly upon the thought, and such as depends more upon the expression; or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed in language much above or below their dignity.

The Splendid Shilling of Mr. Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhimes. In other respects, to declare my own sentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

Scenes below verse, merely versified, lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift in poetry deserves a place somewhere betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires. I believe, few people discover less humour in Don Quixote than myself. For beside the general sameness of adventure, whereby it is easy to foresee what he will do on most occasions, it is not so easy to raise a laugh from the wild achievements of a madman. The natural passion in that case is pity, with some small portion of

at most. Sancho's character is comic; and, were it removed the romance, would discover how there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

It is a fine stroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, sick of his government, makes no answer to his comforters, but aims directly at his shoes and stockings.

## ESSAY XXVIII.

### OF MEN AND MANNERS.

#### I.

THE arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from mental infirmity, circumstances, and rope of our nature, are extremely gross and insignificant. Man is not as a species, but as an individual; as comparing himself with others, but with his fellow-creatures.

#### II.

We have often thought that people draw from their ideas of agreeableness, in proportion to colour, &c. from their own persons.

#### III.

It is happy enough that the same vices impair one's fortune, frequently our constitution, that the one may arrive the other.

#### IV.

Shyness often shrinks and withers upon the approach of intimacy; a sensitive plant does upon the touch of a finger.

#### V.

The word Folly is, perhaps, the prettiest word in the language. Amusement and Diversion are good well-meaning words; but Pastime is what never should be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say a thing is agreeable, because it is to pass the time away.

#### VI.

Laughing in the rough is one of the natural expressions of joy, and comes with jumping. When it is repressed, it is merely *sum ratiōne in-*

#### VII.

A plain, downright, open-hearted conversation, is as insipid, says humorists, as a play without a plot; it does afford one the amusement of thinking.

#### VIII.

The fortunate have many parasites: the only one that vouchsafes attendance upon the wretched and the unfortunate.

#### IX.

A man of genius mistaking his talent for the advantage of being distinguished; a fool of being undistinguished.

#### X.

Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority: Envy our uneasiness under it.

#### XI.

What some people term Freedom is nothing else than a liberty of saying and doing disagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

#### XII.

I cannot see why people are ashamed to acknowledge their passion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

#### XIII.

The ridicule with which some people affect to triumph over their superiors, is as though the moon under an eclipse should pretend to laugh at the sun.

#### XIV.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing you the grounds of it.

#### XV.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people, in the same light as I do a loaded gun; which may by accident go off and kill one.

#### XVI.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

#### XVII.

Many persons, when exalted, assume an insolent humility, who behaved before with an insolent haughtiness.

#### XVIII.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.



## XIX.

Men of fine parts, they say, are often proud; I answer, dull people are seldom so, and both act upon an appearance of reason.

## XX.

It was observed of a most accomplished lady, that she was withal so very modest, that one sometimes thought she neglected the praises of her wit, because she could depend on those of her beauty; at other times, that she slighted those of her beauty, knowing she might rely on those of her wit.

## XXI.

The only difference betwixt wine and ale seems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

## XXII.

It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableness: I mean, when, seeming to wander from the subject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common instance: 'I wish it was capable of a precise demonstration how much I esteem, love, and honour you, beyond all the rich, the gay, the great, of this sublunary sphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the sublimest and most valuable truths are oftentimes least capable of demonstration.'

## XXIII.

It is a noble piece of policy that is used in some arbitrary governments, (but suitable to none other) to instil it into the minds of the people, that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

## XXIV.

In a heavy oppressive atmosphere, when the spirits sink too low, the best cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

## XXV.

Pride and modesty are sometimes found to unite together in the same character; and the mixture is as salutary as that of wine and water. The worst combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obstructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

## XXVI.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flourishes, put one in mind of a lark's descent to the ground.

## XXVII.

People frequently use this expression, 'I am inclined to think so and so;'

considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

## XXVIII.

The first part of a newspaper which an ill natural man examines, is the list of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

## XXIX.

The chief thing which induces men of sense to use airs of superiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwise run away with the notion of sense's privileges.

## XXX.

To be entirely engrossed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with rust, is a bad compliment to the present age.

## XXXI.

Ask to borrow sixpence of the Muses, and they tell you, at present they are out of cash, but hereafter they will furnish you with five thousand pounds.

## XXXII.

The argument against restraining our passions, because we shall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much stronger for their restraint, than it is for their indulgence.

## XXXIII.

Few men, that would cause respect and distance merely, can say any thing by which their end will be so effectually answered as by silence.

## XXXIV.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

## XXXV.

One may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance for respect upon the road, where respect and convenience so remarkably coincide.

## XXXVI.

Although a man cannot procure himself a title at pleasure, he may vary the appellation he goes by, considerably. As, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Musgrove, to Thomas Musgrove, Esquire. And this by a behaviour of reserve, or familiarity.

## XXXVII.

For a man of genius to condescend in conversation with vulgar people, gives the sensation that a tall man feels on being forced to stoop in a low room.

## XXXVIII.

There is nothing more universally prevalent than flattery. Persons, who

discovers

flatterer, do not always im, because he imagines able enough to deserve his

It is a tacit sort of com- be esteems them to be such his while to flatter:

tell him he hates flattery, es, being then most flattered.'

SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIX.

as sometimes more public nerit. Honorio and his fa- murning for their ancestor; all the world was internal

domestic people, who talk lity and home-felt satisfac- the same breath discover ey envy a shining charac- this consistent?

prejudiced,' says Pedanti- I not take your word, or ster, of that man.'—'But s of my prejudice are the ny accusation.'

nan's intimates are gene- acted to him, than the man humility can pretend his to ason is, the former pays a aliment in his condescen-

ion of a king is so far from olo, as pedants term it; that, ave magnanimity, it is the ow; as he has assuredly the nities of distinguishing me- erring obligations,

XL.

*dominus splendidior est.*

gentleman, evidently ap- onsiderable by seeming to utune, than a citizen and his endeavours to magnify

XLI.

of senic, for the benefit of would be plagued with col- ation!

XLII.

nakes large amends for the the persons who labour un- e prejudice it affords every n in their favour.

XLIII.

ughts often coincide with d are generally the best We first relish nature and then artificial amusements, then become impatient to natry again.

XLIV.

While we labour to subdue our pas- sions, we should take care not to extin- guish them. Subduing our passions, is disengaging ourselves from the world; to which, however, whilst we reside in it, we must always bear relation; and we may detach ourselves to such a degree as, to pass an useless and insipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our existence here is at least one part of a system.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.

XLV.

Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-suits, bleeding; at least, an evacuation. The latter occasions a disipation of money; the former of those fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation.

XLVI.

Were a man of pleasure to arrive at the full extent of his several wishes, he must immediately feel himself miserable; It is one species of despair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happiness.

His following wish must then be to wish he had some fresh object for his wishes. A strong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

XLVII.

I have seen one evil underneath the sun, which gives me particular mortifi- cation.

The reserve or shyness of men of sense generally confines them to a small ac- quaintance; and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the similarity of whose tastes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondest friends.

XLVIII.

A mere relator of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of justice.

XLIX.

If a man be of superior dignity to a woman, a woman is surely as much su- perior to a man that is effeminated. Lilly's rule in the grammar has well enough adjusted this subordination, 'The masculine is more worthy than 'the feminine, and the feminine more 'worthy than the neuter.'

L.

A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his estate is inconsiderable; that he can never make

to much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to shew his riches; says, that he employs so many hands; he keeps his wife in a chaise and one; and talks much of his Chinese ornaments at his paltry cake-house in the country. They both aim at praise, but of a very distinct kind. Now, supposing the Citizen worth as much in money as the other is in land, the Gentleman surely chuses the better method of ostentation, who considers himself as superior to his fortune, than he who seems to look up at his fortune; and consequently sets himself beneath it.

## LI.

The only kind of revenge which a man of sense need take upon a scoundrel, is, by a series of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and esteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animosity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falstaff might say, 'turning even quarrels to commodity.'

## LII.

It is possible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a priest, to unite a man and woman; but of all associations, the most effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former seems so framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may seize and devour him as his proper prey.

## LIII.

The same degree of penetration that shews you another in the wrong, shews him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior: hence the observation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

## LIV.

There is none can baffle men of sense, but fools, on whom they can make no impression.

## LV.

The regard one shews economy, is like that we shew an old aunt who is to leave us something at last. Our behaviour on this account is as much constrained as that

• Of one well-studied in a sad ostent

• To please his granam.' SHAKESP.

## LVI.

*Fashion is a great restraint upon your persons of taste and fancy; who would otherwise, in the most trifling instances,*

be able to distinguish themselves from the vulgar.

## LVII.

A writer who pretends to polish the human understanding, may beg by the side of Rutter's chariot, who sells a powder for the teeth.

## LVIII.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty, seems to be chiefly in the motive. The mere honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

## LIX.

The proverb ought to run—'A fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money.'

## LX.

A man of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it something hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, should have a greater share of wealth and honours; not considering that their own accomplishment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reason that a person worth five thousand pounds, should on that account have a claim to twenty.

## LXI.

A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world; but this preference I think should, in point of politeness, be concealed. The reason is, that it is disgusting to see an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy, by proper management, to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

## LXII.

There are some wounds given to reputation, that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow; where we irritate and enlarge the orifice, while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be completed otherwise.

## LXIII.

Amongst all the vain-glorious professors of humility, you find none that will not discover how much they envy a shining character; and this either by censuring it themselves, or shewing a satisfaction in such as do. Now there is this advantage at least arising from ambition, that it disposes one to disregard a thousand instances of middling grandeur; and reduces one's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient disposition in a country place, where one is encompassed with such as are merely richer, keep five horses, a table, footmen; make a decent

figure as rural esquires; yet, after all, discover no more than an every-day plebeian character. There a person of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extensive one may, in any kind of circumstances, disregard.

LXIV.

It is with some men as with some horses: what is esteemed spirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the source of that seeming spirit discovered by Tully, in regard to his antagonist M. Antony. He knew he must destroy him, or be destroyed himself.

LXV.

The same qualities, joined with virtue, often furnish out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furnish out an Highwayman; I mean, courage and strong passions. And they may both join in the same expression, though with a meaning somewhat varied—

*Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possum  
Tollere humo.*

i. e. 'Be promoted, or be hanged.'

LXVI.

True Honour is to honesty, what the court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons to stand in more awe of him.

LXVIII.

A man sooner finds out his own foibles in a stranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

It is favourable enough on the side of learning, that if an historian mentions a good author, it does not seem absurd to stile him a great man: whereas the same phrase would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

It is less wonderful to see a wretched man commence an hero, than an happy one.

LXXI.

An high-spirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It sometimes operates no otherwise than like the *vis inertiae*; at others, it induces men to bustle and make their part good among their superiors. As Mr. Pope says—

Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns.

It is by no means less forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of those with whom he cannot converse on equal terms; it leads him into solitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at least conceal his inferiority. It is sullen, obstinate, disdainful, haughty, in no less a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and less citizen-like. Sometimes the other succeeds, and then it is esteemed preferable; but, in case it fail, it not only exposes a person's meanness, but his impatience under it; both of which the reserved spirit is able to disguise—but then it stands no chance of removing, *Pudor malus ulcera celat.*

LXXII.

Every single instance of a friend's insincerity encreases our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external respect, when one is disappointed of that which is internal and sincere. This, perhaps, with decaying passions, contributes to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

When physicians write of diseases, the prognostics and the diagnostics, the symptoms and the paroxysms, they give one fatal apprehensions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you seem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In short, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

One should no more trust to the skill of most apothecaries, than one would ask the opinion of their pestle and mortar; yet both are useful in their way.

LXXV.

I believe there was never so reserved a solitary, but felt some degree of pleasure at the first glimpse of an human figure. The soul, however unconscious of it's social bias in a crowd, will in solitude feel some attraction towards the first person that we meet.

LXXVI.

In courts, the motion of the body is easy, and those of the soul constrained: in the country, the gestures of the body are constrained, and those of the soul supine and careless.

LXXVII.

One may easily enough guard against  
ambition

ambition till five-and-twenty. It is not ambition's day.

LXXVIII.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

LXXIX.

Perhaps rustics, boors, and esquires, make a principal figure in the country, as innkeepers are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landscape.

LXXX.

Titles make a greater distinction than is almost tolerable to a British spirit. They almost vary the species; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, seem not so much the reward, as the substitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or sixty years, yet, if estimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick, the moment it is hatched.

LXXXII.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

LXXXIII.

Fools are very often found united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glued together.

LXXXIV.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

LXXXV.

High-spirit in a man, is like a sword; which though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troublesome in a less degree to his friends. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded pistol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

LXXXVI.

A miser, if honest, can be only honest bare-weight.

Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor;

an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

A grasshopper is, perhaps, the best device for coat armour of those who would be thought aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian use of them.

Immoderate assurance is perfect licentiousness.

When a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to wish to get the victory, he ought ever to desist. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

I have sometimes thought the mind so calculated, that a small degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleasure or of pain; beyond which it will not pass, by any imperius whatsoever.

I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate those faults most in others which we are guilty of ourselves.

A man of thorough sense scarce admires even any one; but he must be an idiot that is the admirer of a fool.

It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amusement of the invidious; as a man willing to relinquish his silver to save his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the score of morals, as one would be rather pulled by the hair than stabbed to the heart.

Virtue seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things. Were a planet to fly from it's orbit, it would represent a vicious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwise than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the stupidity of a man than of a horse, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwise.

People say, 'Do not regard what he says, now he is in liquor.' Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded. *Aperit prae cordia Liber.*

Patience is the Panacea, but where does it grow, or who can swallow it?

Wits uniformly exclaim against fools; yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figures themselves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furnishes a better mirror than that of sinful people, who are sure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured side.

he is a man of sense who ac-  
the same truths that we do;  
man of taste who allows the  
us. We consider him as a  
ter sense and finer taste, who  
re truths and more beauties  
on with ourselves; but we  
r appellation to the man who  
us.

out our genuine esteem to  
our affection for those be-  
nd a reluctant sort of respect  
are above us.

laxes often and debilitates  
censure stimulates and con-  
a to an extreme. Simple  
rhaps, the proper medium.  
of new families do well to  
sificent funerals, sumptuous  
remarkable entertainments;  
number of servants in rich  
tious liveries; and to take  
occasion of imprinting on  
habitual notion of their su-  
For so is deference obtained  
quarter:

*in titulis & imaginibus.*

e sees how it is possible for a  
or a country fellow to pre-  
hability. They have neither  
nical pleasure of books, nor  
is pleasure of a table, nor the  
cement of building, plant-  
ing, or designing, to divert  
nation from an object to  
sroom continually to stimu-  
lative illusions. Add to  
th and vigour that are almost  
them.

and, there are many ladies  
exchange the pleasures of in-  
for the pleasure they derive  
e. At least it is no injustice  
so, where a person is extra-  
nordinary.

f judgment and understand-  
divided into two sorts. Those  
ent is so extensive as to com-  
great deal; existences, sys-  
temals; but as there are some  
stituted as to take in distant  
be excelled by others in re-  
sits minute or near, so there  
nderstandings better calcu-  
examination of particular

it is at first an open field  
tions or enclosures. To  
to most account, it is very

proper to divide and enclose. In other  
words, to sort our observations.

Some men are called sagacious, merely  
on account of their avarice: whereas a  
child can clench it's fist the moment it is  
born.

It is a point of prudence, when you  
converse with your inferior, to consider  
yourself as conversing with his inferior,  
with whom no doubt he may have the  
same connection that you have with  
him: and to be upon your guard accord-  
ingly.

How deplorable then is a person's  
condition, when his mind can only be  
supported by flattery, and his constitu-  
tion but by cordials! when the relief of  
his present complaint undermines it's  
own efficacy, yet increases the occasion  
for which it is used! Short is then the  
duration of our tranquillity, or of our  
lives.

A man is not esteemed ill-natured for  
any excess of social affection; or an in-  
discreet profusion of his fortune upon  
his neighbours, companions, or friends;  
although the true measure of his affec-  
tions is as much impaired by this, as  
by selfishness.

If any one's curse can effect damna-  
tion, it is not that of the pope, but that  
of the poor.

People of the finest and most lively  
genius have the greatest sensibility, of  
consequence the most lively passions; the  
violence of which puts their conduct  
upon a footing with that of fools. Fools  
discern the weaknesses which they have  
in common with themselves; but are not  
sensible of their excellencies, to which  
they have no pretensions; of course, al-  
ways inclined to dispute the superiority.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judg-  
ment.

Virtue should be considered as a part  
of taste, (and perhaps it is so more in  
this age, than in any preceding one)  
and should as much avoid deceit or  
sinister meanings in discourse, as they  
would do puns, bad language, or false  
grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any  
one, what would probably become your  
sentiments should he die during the dis-  
pute.

The man of a towering ambition, or  
a well regulated taste, has fewer objects  
to envy or to covet than the groveller.

Refined sense, to a person that is to  
converse alone with bores, is a manifest  
inconvenience.

inconvenience. As Falstaff says, (with some little variation)

Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me.

If envious people were universally to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied, (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will presume the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

*Quid statis? nolite—atqui licet esse beatis.*

If this rule were applied, as it surely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an universal cure for envy:

*Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,  
A Diis plura feret—Self-denial.*

A person, elevated one degree above the populace, assumes more airs of superiority than one that is raised ten. The reason is somewhat obvious. His superiority is more contestable.

The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man, seems more easily attainable by a person of no great parts or passions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no mismanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the best he can do to render himself inoffensive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the person who has talents for discourse, and a passionate desire to enliven conversation, ought to have many unproprietaries excused, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country esquire, who, through zeal to serve her with a glass of claret, should involve his spurs in her Brussels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in some sense use the words of Horace—

*Quod verum atque durum curo et rogo et  
———cuius in hoc juri)*

would be entitled to no pardon for such unaccountable misconduct.

Man, in general, may be considered as a mechanic, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment: virtue, his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his

materials: in proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials, excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The silly censorious are the very *ful natura*, 'the most bitter of all bitter things;' from the hyssop that grows upon the wall, to the satyrifist that pills against it.

I have known a sensible man of opinion that one should not be solicitous about a wife's understanding. A woman's sense was with him a phrase to express a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a husband's happiness. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our sex, so fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If so, after honesty of heart, what is there we should so much require? A wife's beauty will soon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality first, or in our own opinion. Either of these is sufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to seek for something that will retain it's novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change it's shape when her person palls by it's identity. Fancy and genius bid fairest for this, which have as many shapes, as there can happen occasions to exert them. Good-nature, I always suppose. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preserve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known some attorneys of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I scarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the Christian, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer: they are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pests of all mankind.

Reconciliation is the tenderest part either of friendship or of love; the latter more especially, in which the soul is more remarkably softened. Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress, it were, perhaps, his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Virtue may be considered as the only means



of dispensing happiness in proportions to every moment of our

judge whether one has sufficient to render the continuation of life desirable, it is not enough to say, 'Would you die?' Take away first the prospect of better scenes in this life, the prospect of worse in another, and the bodily dying.

Fear of death seems as natural an aversion of lust or of hunger: the desire of lust, for the preservation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the species.

It seems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happiness of the individual of the system he created. But the happiness of the whole, or, in its degree, is as requisite as for I am myself a part of that as well as another. The difficulty of ascertaining what is virtue, proportioning the degrees of self-interest to social. *Proximus jun ego sum Tunica pallio propior.* 'Charity begins at home.' It is so. It is to be so; nor is there any inconsistency arises to the public because it is so. Were this away, the individual must soon perish, and consequently the whole body. A man has no moment occasion to exert his self-interest for the sake of self-preservation; evidently this ought to be stronger, rather to keep him upon his guard. Individual's attention should be greater at that of a soldier on a review.

Social, though alike constant, is really intense; because the selfish, universal, renders the social less kind to the well-being of one's own. In short, the self-love and all ought to bear such proportion and they generally do. If the passion of the rest preponderate, it will be self-destructive in a few instants to be over-socially disposed. Social one prevails generally, to markable selfishness must obstruct the good of society.

They feel a superfluous uneasiness of due attention to the following.

There are oftentimes in suspense betwixt the advice of different parties. We are at last doubtfully, and with an unceasing hankering after the other. And the scheme, which we have chosen, answer our expectation but in-

differently. Most worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happiness in the paths which we decline; and this heightens our uneasiness. We might at least escape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable we had not been less so, had we made a different decision. This, however, relates to schemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious.

'Happy dogs,' says a certain splenetic, 'our footmen and the populace!' 'Farewell,' says Esop, in Vanbrugh, 'whom I both envy and despise!' The servant meets with hundreds whose conversation can amuse him, for one that is the least qualified to be a companion for his master.

'A person cannot eat his cake and have it,' is, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, a proper answer to many splenetic people. But what imports it to be in the possession of a cake that you do not eat? 'If then the cake be made to be eaten,' says Lady L——, 'better eat it when you are most hungry.' Poor woman! she seems to have acted by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for the cake she had eaten.

You should calculate your appearance for the place where you reside. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than His honour Mr. Such-a-one.

The most consummate selfishness would incline a person, at his death, to dispose of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may secure an interest in the world to which he is going.

A justice and his clerk is now little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the comparison. The principal part of the similitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean, that the justice is as much dependent on his clerk for superior insight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a string. Add to this, that the offer of a suit will seduce the conductors of either to drag their matters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different persons, under the same circumstances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had so contrived as to reduce their finances to a single six-pence



pence each. The one, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black-shoe-boy, who wished his honour a thousand blessings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an instance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forbore to curse him to his face.

A glass or two of wine extraordinary only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection, which had naturally been his lot in a better state of health.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

Be cautious not to consider a person as your superior, merely because he is your superior in the point of assurance. This has often depressed the spirit of a person of desert and diffidence.

A proper assurance, and competent fortune, are essential to liberty.

Taste is pursued at a less expence than fashion.

Our time in towns seems short to pass, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverse.

Deference, before company, is the genteelst kind of flattery. The flattery of epistles affects one less, as they cannot be shewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is gross. In short, applause is of too coarse a nature to be swallowed in the gross, though the extract or tincture be ever so agreeable.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please; but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than Tokay.

Though punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendship of some persons that regard them. Indeed, it is almost an universal practice to rail at punctilio; and it seems in some measure a consequence of our attachment to French fashions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never carried half the quarrels that have risen from the freedom of behaviour, which is its opposite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the use of ceremony would be superfluous: but as the case is, it at least fixes some bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people,

who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

There seem near as many people that want passion as want reason.

The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship. But money engrosses all our deference; and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of our lives.

The state of man is not unlike that of a fish hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and sport, and vary our situation: but when we would extend our schemes, we discover our confinement, checked and limited by a superior hand, who drags us from our element whenever he pleases.

The vulgar trace your faults; those you have in common with themselves: but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretensions.

A person is something taller by holding up his head.

A man of sense can be adequately esteemed by none other than a man of sense: a fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued, upon any ambitious project, on a winter's night; and observe the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at rest in their beds. 'Some of them,' says W—, 'as wretched as princes, for aught we know to the contrary.'

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one so disgusted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of standing sentinels in our own defence.

To behave with complaisance, where one foresees one must needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

Some persons may with justice boast, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: and that their present knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the smaller ones in envelopes.

It is possible to discover in some faces the features Nature intended, had she not been somehow thwarted in her operations. Is it not easy to remark the same distortion in some minds? There is a phreze pretty frequent amongst the vulgar,



conquered. At Agincourt, it is said, were ten thousand, and fourteen thousand massacred. Livy's accounts of this sort are so astonishing, that one is apt to disbelieve the historian. All the explanation one can find, is, that the gross slaughter is made when one side takes to flight.

A person that is disposed to throw off all reserve before an inferior, should reflect, that he has also his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

It is impossible for a man of sense to guard against the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters; because he cannot foresee them. A wit-would cannot afford to discard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or willfully blunder upon such hints as must discompose you.

A man that is solicitous about his health, or apprehensive of some acute disorder, should write a journal of his constitution, for the better instruction of his physician.

Ghosts have no more connection with darkness, than the mystery of a barber with that of a surgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, because he has kept her company long after his affection is estranged. Does he not rather encrease the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worst of all thoughts. First and third very often coincide. Indeed, second thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of shewing

penetration, of distinguishing ourselves from the mob, and have consequently less of simplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taste and fancy. Third thoughts, at least, are here very proper mediators.

'Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride,' is a common proverb and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and consequently must purchase finery before he knows the emptiness of it experimentally. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verses, when a person is ill and indisposed, is perfectly ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and distinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, less weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or sinister; the chief, the canton, or the chevron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length discovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preserve the distinction, and is poor. France (by their dispute about trading nobility) seems inclined to shake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is sure to purchase distinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleases. It is so; perhaps it ought to be so. All honours should lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: and as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits, so they, in return, should obtain a share in the others' honours. One would, however, wish the acquisition of learning was as sure a road to dignity as that of riches.

## ESSAY XXIX.

### OF BOOKS AND WRITERS.

IT is often asserted, by pretenders to singular penetration, that the assistance fancy is supposed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chimerical; that all which the poets have urged on this head is absolute rant and enthusiasm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwise. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the noblest cordial. But persons of a phlegmatic constitution have

those excellencies often suppressed, of which their imagination is truly capable, by reason of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raises low spirits to a pitch necessary for the exertion of fancy. It confutes the *non est tanti*, so frequently a maxim with speculative persons. It quickens that ambition, or that social bias, which makes a person wish to shine, or to please. Ask what translation says of Mr. Addison's conversation



tances in point of conversation within every one's observance. then, may it not be allowed to e the same effects in writing?

affected phrases I hate most, are in which your half-wits found putation. Such as, Pretty trifler, aintiff, Lovely architect, &c.

or Young has a surprising knack ging thoughts from a distance, air lurking-places, in a moment's

re is nothing so disagreeable in of humour as an insipid, unsup- vivacity; the very hulks of drol- otitled small-beer; a man out- his horse; lewdness and impo- siery actor in a phlegmatic scene; rate and stupid preacher discourt- on Urim and Thummim, and the pulpit-cushion in such a

, s though he would make the d the truth fly out of it at once. ditor, or a translator, collects the of different writers; and, forming a wreath, bestows it on his au- omh. The thunder of Demost- the weight of Tully, the judg- Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, limity of Homer, the majesty of the wit of Ovid, the propriety of , the accuracy of Terence, the of Phædrus, and the poignancy nal, (with every name of note he sibly recall to mind) are given to aient scribbler, in whom affecta- and the love of novelty, disposes find out beauties.

our and Vanbrugh against Wit ngreve.

vacant skull of a pedant gene- nishes out a throne and temple ity.

not the custom of scraping when , he derived from the ancient cus- throwing their shoes backwards, feet?

bird in the air shall carry the tale, at which hath wings shall tell utter." Such is also the present - "A little bird told it me," says

preference which some give to before Homer, is often owing to tion: some are more formed to e grand; and others, the beauti- as for invention and sublimity, it thining qualities of imagina- ere is surely no comparison be- can. Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

Agreeable ideas rise, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reason why the sound is some- times an echo to the sense, is, that the pleasantest objects have often the most harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative cast will read poetry as prose; will only regard the quantum it contains of solid reasoning: just as a clown attacks a desert, considering it as so much victuals, and regardless of those lively or emblematical decorations which the cook, for many sleepless nights, has endeavoured to bestow upon it.

Notwithstanding all that Rousseau has advanced so very ingeniously upon plays and players, their profession is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whose means are pleasure, and whose end is virtue. They both alike, for a subsistence, submit themselves to public opinion: and the dishonour that has attended the last profession, seems not easily accountable.

As there are evidently words in English poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inserted, have no small beauty on that account, it seems absurd to contract, or print them other- wise than at length.

'The loose wall tottering o'er the trembling shade.' *Ogilby's Day of Judgment.*

'Trembling' has also the force of a dactyle in a less degree—but cannot be written otherwise.

I have sometimes thought Virgil so remarkably musical, that were his lines read to a musician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a person of capacity to give each word it's proper accent, he would not fail to distinguish in it all the graces of harmony.

I think, I can observe a peculiar beauty in the addition of a short syllable, at the end of a blank verse: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as sure to flatten; which may be discerned in Prior's translation of Callimachus, viz. 'The holy victim—' Dictæan, heart thōu—Birth, Great 'Rheā—Inferior Repile—' &c. &c. for the translation abounds with them; and is rendered by that means prosaic.

The case is only, prose being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it should be lifted some degrees higher.

But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the least out of sight; and especially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this syllable occasions. Let me produce a few instances from Otways tragedy of the Unhappy Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader substitute a word of equal import, but of a syllable less, in the place of the instances I produce. (Some instances are numberless, where they familiarize and give an ease to dialogue.)

—Sure my ill fate's upon me.

—Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,  
With my poor parents, and at rest as they  
Are?

—I never see you now—you have been kinder.

—Why was I made with all my sex's softness.  
Yet want the cunning to conceal it's follies?  
I'll see Castallo—tax him with his falsehood.

—Should you charge rough,  
I should but weep, and answer you with sob-  
bing.

—When thou art from me, every place is  
desert.

—Surely Paradise is round me,  
And every sense is full of thy perfection.  
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's  
frenzy,

"Till, by attention, he forgot his sorrows.

—"Till good men wish him dead—or I of-  
fend him.

—And hang upon you, like a drowning  
creature.

—Crop'd this fair rose, and risk'd all it's  
sweetness.

—Give me Chamont, and let the world for-  
sake me.

—I've drank an healing draught  
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong  
thee.

—When I'm laid low in the cold grave for-  
gotten,

May you be happy in a fairer bride,  
But none can ever love you, like Monimia.

I should imagine, that, in some or most of these examples, a particular degree of tenderness is owing to the supernumerary syllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the disposition of it (for it must not be universal;) and, with this, may

give at once an harmonious fl-  
tural ease, an energy, tender  
variety to the language.

A man of dry sound judg-  
tends to the truth of the pro-  
a man of ear and sensibility to  
of the versification. A man of  
gulated taste finds the former o-  
ly imprinted on him, by the  
management of the latter.

It seems to me, that what  
notes at the bottom of pages (in  
parentheses in writing) might  
rally avoided, without injuring  
of a discourse. It is true, it  
quire some address to interwe-  
gracefully into the text; but I  
more agreeable would be the e-  
to interrupt the reader by such  
avocations? How much more  
to play a tune upon one sett of  
varied stops, than to seek the  
riety, by an awkward motion  
sett to another?

It bears a little hard upon  
dour, that 'to take to pieces'  
language, signifies the same a  
'pose;' and 'to expose,' has  
cation, which good nature can  
allow, as can the laws of etym

The ordinary letters from  
friend seem capable of receiv-  
turn, than mere compliment,  
intelligence, or professions of  
continually repeated. The e-  
maxim, to correspond with cal-  
most excluded every useful sub-  
may not excess of negligence  
afflictation, as well as it's op-  
treme? There are many degre-  
intermediate solidity betwixt a V-  
ham and a whipt syllabus.

I am astonished to remark  
of ear, which some tolerably ha-  
poets discover in their Alexan-  
seems wonderful, that an error  
ous, and so very disgusting to a  
should occur so frequently as this  
ing:

'What seraph e'er could pre-  
'So choise a lecture as his won-  
'true's lore?'

The pause being after the sixth  
it is plain the whole emphasis  
nunciation is thrown upon the  
as. It seems most amazing to  
this should be so common a bl-

*Simplex munditiis* has been  
universally to be a phrase at-

• Dr. Lancaster being asked hastily his idea of this expression, answered, &

of very difficult inter-  
ast, not very capable to  
without circumlocution.  
can we make to that  
legant,' which excludes  
multiplicity of ornaments  
much as it does dirt and  
other?

use the word 'naïve,'  
is to be explained by no  
unless we will submit to  
is in the application of  
mental.' It means the  
ion, or the heart, in op-  
language of reflection and

requent mistake that is  
be that of the means for  
ches for happiness, and  
r sense. The former of  
bservable; and as to the  
, this age affords fre-  
ing instances.

concern, that I observe  
true poetical genius en-  
uench their native fire,  
hibit learning without  
it. Nor is it uncommon  
translate a book, when

with half the pains he could write a bet-  
ter; but the translation favours more of  
learning; and gives room for notes,  
which exhibit more.

Learning, like money, may be of so  
bale a coin, as to be utterly void of use;  
or, if sterling, may require good manage-  
ment, to make it serve the purposes of  
sense or happiness.

When a nobleman has once conferred  
any great favour on his inferior, he  
ought thenceforth to consider, that his  
requests, his advice, and even his intima-  
tions, become commands; and to pro-  
pose matters with the utmost tenderness.  
The person whom he obliges has other-  
wise lost his freedom.

*Hæc ego si compellar imagine, cuncta refugos  
Nec sumum plebis laudo satur altitium; nec  
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.*

The amiable and the severe, Mr.  
Burke's sublime and beautiful, by dif-  
ferent proportions, are mixed in every  
character. Accordingly, as either is pre-  
dominant, men imprint the passions of  
love or fear. The best punch depends  
on a proper mixture of sugar and le-  
mon.

## ESSAY XXX.

### ON MEN AND MANNERS.

many persons acquire  
es a character of insin-  
at is in truth mere in-  
d there are persons of  
zeable passions, perhaps  
any in the very instant  
sion, but the very least  
a through the short du-  
tremes. It has often  
is account, to ascertain  
ady Laxborough\*; yet  
er principles, I esteem  
ke's to have been the  
ed, in all respects, the  
ingbroke.

if not the only, dif-  
honesty and honour,  
their different motives:  
latter being reputation;  
r, duty.

st comfort to the poor,  
often inclines them to  
envy, that the rich must  
emelves.

ingbroke. With her the

The common people call wit, mirth;  
and fancy, folly; fanciful and sollisful,  
they use indiscriminately. It seems to  
flow from hence, that they consider mo-  
ney as of more importance than the per-  
sons who possess it; and that no conduct  
is wise, beside what has a tendency to  
enrich us.

One should not destroy an insect, one  
should not quarrel with a dog, without a  
reason sufficient to vindicate one through  
all the courts of morality.

The trouble occasioned by want of a  
servant, is so much less than the plague  
of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean  
a pair of shoes than undergo an excess  
of anger.

The fund of sensible discourse is li-  
mited; that of jest and badinerie is infi-  
nite. In many companies, then, where  
nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps,  
better to get upon the familiar footings  
to give and take in the way of raillery.

When a wife or mistress lives as in a

ingbroke. With her the author had enjoyed a literary correspondence.

jail, the person that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There seems some analogy betwixt a person's manner in every action of his life.

Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was at the same time delicate and masculine. Her features, her air, her understanding, her motions, and her sentiments, were the same. Mr. W—, in the same respects, delicate, but not masculine. Mr. G—, rather more delicate than masculine. Mr. J—, rather more masculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three last, extends to their drawing, versification, &c. &c.

Riches deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwise.

To consume one's time and fortune at once, without pleasure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or less fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a symptom less expressive of future judgment and solidity. It seems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but also delicacy of sentiment. Neither does it seem any way consistent with a sensibility of pleasure, notwithstanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a wairren, that runs at all truths, and at all sorts of pleasure; but does not allow itself time to be successful in securing any. It is a busy bee, whose whole time passes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without resting upon any a sufficient time to gather honey.

The queen of Sweden declared, She did not love men as men; but merely because they were not women. What a spirited piece of satire!

In mixed conversation, or amongst persons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's self in discourse that is neither ingenious nor significant. Vapid frivolous chit-chat serves to pass away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted strength, spirit, and flavour.

The making presents to a lady one address, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

He that lies a-bed all a summer's

morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration.

The regard men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes rewarded—in the manner it deserves.

Methinks, all men should meet with a respect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of a ruby.

Mankind suffers more by the conflict of contrary passions, than that of passion and reason: yet, perhaps, the truest way to quench one passion is to kindle up another.

Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, of an animal that may convey him with ease, credit, and safety, the little journeys he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may, with the same credit, ease, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing satisfied with the inconsiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship, and the intelligence received, most forcibly co-operate.

The philosophers and antient sages, who declaimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

The person who has a superiority in wit, is enabled by the means of it to see his superiority; hence a deference ex-

No room for those deep im-  
, which are made alone by the  
of an idea; and are quite re-  
any strong sensation, either of  
or of pain. The bee to collect  
or the spider to gather poison,  
de some time upon the weed or  
They whose fluids are mere  
le, seem rather cheerful than

Efficiency of appearance, and an excessive attention to the minutest parts of dress, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, esteemed a symptom of irresolution. But, yet, instances are seen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an instance equal to a thousand. A snuff-box rings, rendered



invisible, was an object on which his happiness appeared to turn; which, however, might be clouded by a speck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his stocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was shewn beyond all contradiction. What shall we say then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a poetical vein fraught with the noblest and sublimest images, and of a mind remarkably well stored with the more masculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we must remain in suspense. For though taste does not imply manners, so neither does it preclude them: or what hinders, that a man should feel that same delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dress?

If beneficence be not in a person's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever so much in his power? And yet we see how much more regard is generally paid to a worthless man of fortune, than to the most benevolent beggar that ever uttered an ineffectual blessing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's thesis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the most beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A person that is not merely stupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute passions, or the flow. The principle of revenge is meant for the security of the individual; and supposing a person has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly strives to make himself remarkable for the perseverance of his resentment. Both these have the same motive, to impress a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: and though the world be more inclined to favour the rash than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to say which of the two has given rise to more distasteful consequences. The reason of this partiality may be deduced from the same original, as the preference that is given to downright impudence before hypocrisy. To be cheated into an ill-placed esteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, discovers a contempt for our understanding, and lessens the idea we entertain of it ourselves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undisguised impudence.

King James the First, willing to involve the regal power in mystery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it pre-

sumption for a subject to say, 'what a king might do in the fullness of his power.' This was absurd; but it seems presumption in a man of the world, to say what means a man of genius may think instrumental to his happiness. W—— used to say, it was presumption for him to make conjectures on the occasion. A person of refinement seems to have his pleasures distinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world esteems frivolous, seems essential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and sometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in some measure dissipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a sort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the grave solemnity of the hearse, plumes, and escutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminish that of simple grief.

There are some people whom you cannot regard though they seem desirous to oblige you; nay, even though they do you actual services. This is the case wherever their sentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a person truly avaricious can never make himself truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and sciences. A person of exquisite sensibility and tenderness can never be truly pleased with another of no feelings; who can see the most intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. These, properly speaking, can be said to feel nothing but the point of a sword; and one could more easily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philosophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different one should never attempt any close connection:

*Lupis & agnis quanta sortito obigit,  
Tantum mihi discordia est.*

Yet it may be a point of prudence to shew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propensities. To converse much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own disposition: and to aim at obtaining their

applause.

, would only make your character inconsistent.

There are some people who find a kind of pleasure in glouting, could hardly be increased by the notion of having their wishes gratified. This is, seemingly, a bad character and yet often connected with a sense of honour, of conscious merit, ardent gratitude, great sincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

There is a degree of understanding in the mind with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased. Some could not, in them, require the same noble abyss.

The worst consequence of gratifying passions, in regard to objects of an artificial nature, is, that it causes them to be pursued with greater violence towards other objects; and so *ad infinitum*.

I wish, for my pocket, an elegant ring; and gold to remove the pain of the tooth, and partake the pleasure of the hunt. I would part with the purloined money, for which I have less satisfaction, but the gratification of this wish will generate fifty others, that would soon oppress me. See Epictetus; who, therefore, advises to resist the first.

Love and agreeableness are, I fear, often separated; that is, externals and captivate the fancy, where the true worth is wanting to engage and improve one's reason—A most perplexing circumstance; and no where more remarkable, than when we see a wife man enslaved by the beauty of a person of inferior talents.

Know not whether increasing years cause one to esteem fewer people, or bear with more.

Whether friendship for the sex tends to lessen the sensual appetite; or *versâ*.

Frank, I never knew an instance of wickedness of parts being joined

with great solidity. The most rapid rivers are seldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

There are persons who slide insensibly into an habit of contradiction. Their first endeavour, upon hearing aught asserted, is to discover wherein it may be plausibly disputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great sagacity; and if they can mingle a jest with contradiction, think they display great superiority. One should be cautious against the advances of this kind of propensity, which loses us friends, in a matter generally of no consequence.

The solicitude of peers to preserve, or to exalt their rank, is esteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the same subject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only seems the best calculated for the circumstances and situation of mortal man: the farther property in an estate increases the difficulty of disengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a system from which we must be entirely separated.

'I trust that sinking fund, my life.'

Forz.

Surprise quickens enjoyment, and expectation banishes surprise; this is the simple reason, why few pleasures, that have engrossed our attention previously, ever answer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and causes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object. Thus expectation does not only destroy the advantage of surprise, and so flattens pleasure; but makes us hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of disappointment.

## ESSAY XXXI.

### ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we should not pray God 'to keep us steadfast in any way;' but conditionally, that it be an advantage to us.

When a tree is falling, I have seen oururers, by a trivial jerk with a crowbar, throw it upon the spot where they wish it should lie. Divines, un-

derstanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interposition in the article of death, to regulate a person's everlasting happiness. I fancy, the allusion will hardly countenance their presumption.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion,

we call them judgments: when to those of our own left, we call them trials: when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

In regard to church-music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone-pipe of an organ? In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it leaves a good impression upon the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life.

The rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but, in truth, to his own vain-glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never said. The poor man kneels by his bed-side, and goes to heaven before him.

I should think a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. Against family-pride, might be taken from Juvenal's *Stemmata quid faciunt*. Horace's *Non quia Maccenas*, and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text—'Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?'

2. A sermon upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people: as the chief passion from which they suffer is envy, I believe, misplaced.

3. Another might be calculated for each season of the year; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence. How idle to forego such fair and peacable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the Revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urin and Truismian!

It is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: the article of death

is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smoothes the pillow of a death-bed?

It is a question whether the remaining superstitions among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed: the notion of a ghost's appearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; that 'what is got over the devil's back will be spent under his belly—that 'cards are the devil's books,' &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense; and of consequence, none.

It is not now, 'We have seen his star in the east;' but, 'We have seen the star on his breast, and are come to worship him.'

It is said, and I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? Perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word 'Religio,' amongst the Romans, and the word 'Church,' among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. '*Malus proclit ea religione moti.*' Livy, p. 1150. Vol. II. Here religion seems to mean prodigy—'*Si quis tale sucrum scire duceret, nec se sine religione & piaculo id omittre posse.*' Livy, 1157. Here it seemingly means impiety: *Piaculum* being such an offence as required expiatory sacrifices.

*Tantum religio potuit suadere makrum.*

Here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius.

The pope's wanton excommunications, his capricious pardon of sins, his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, shew that (whatever religions may practise cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty.

The word Church has these different senses:

1. A set of people ordained to assist at divine service.
2. The members of a certain religious profession, including clergy and laity.
3. A large piece of building, dedicated to the service of God, and furnished with proper conveniences for those who meet to worship him.
4. A body of people, who too frequently harass and infect the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a spiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praise to their own abilities, to attribute their success in war to the peculiar favour of a just Providence! Perhaps this construction, as it is often applied, argues more of presumption than gratitude. In the first place, such is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hostile nations may alike rely upon the justice of their cause; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itself discover. In the next, it should be observed, that success by no means demonstrates justice. Again, we must not wholly forget to consider, that success may be no more than a means of destruction. And lastly, supposing success to be really and absolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their desert; and if not individuals, why must we then suppose it to be the uniform recompence of society?

It is often given as a reason why it is incumbent on God Almighty's justice to punish or reward societies in this world, because hereafter they cannot be punished or rewarded on account of their dissolution. It is indeed true, that human vengeance must act frequently in the gross; and whenever a government declares war against a foreign society, or finds it needful to chastise any part of it's own, must of necessity involve some innocent individuals with the guilty. But it does not appear so evident, that an omniscient and omnipotent Being, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and is able to make a distinction in his punishments, will

judge his unhappy creatures by these indiscriminate and imperfect laws.

Societies then are to be considered as the casual or arbitrary assortments of human institution. To suppose that God Almighty will, by means of punishments, often called judgments, destroy them promiscuously, is to suppose that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wisdom. I mean to be understood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, preternatural interpositions of Providence. In a natural way, the constitution of the universe requires, that the good must often suffer with the bad part of society. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies, (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a case which may serve to illustrate the improbability.

Societies, I suppose then, are not divine, but human bundles.

Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of sand and gunpowder; then parcel out the composition into different heaps, and apply fire to them separately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means consume, here and there, a bundle in the gross, but would affect that part of every portion that was combustible.

It may speciously enough be said, what greater injustice is it to punish a society promiscuously, than to involve an innocent son in the punishment due to a sinful father? To this I answer, the natural system (which we need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occasions both the good and bad to suffer many times indiscriminately. But they go much farther. They say God, as it were, interferes, in opposition to the settled course of things, to punish and include societies in one promiscuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary punishments distinct from those which sin entails upon us, he surely would not regulate them by mere human assortments, but would make the juster distinction of good and evil individuals.

Neither do I see why it is so necessary, that societies, either here or hereafter, should be punished as societies. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.'

K

How

How happy may a lord bishop render a peasant at the hour of death, by bestowing on him his blessing, and giving him assurance of salvation? It is the same with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and established to their hearts content, because they assent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, should know. A person of distinguished parts and learning has no such advantages; friendless, wavering, solitary, and, through his very situation, incapable of much assistance: if the rustic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he also appears to approach nearer to their happiness.

You pray for happiness—Consider the situation or disposition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worst part of the road. But in life, how hard is it that every unhappiness seems united towards the close of our journey! Pain, fatigue, and want of spirits; when spirits are more immediately necessary to our support; of which nothing can supply the place beside religion and philosophy! But then the foundation must be laid in meditation and enquiry, at an unmolested season, when our faculties are strong and vigorous; or the tempest will most probably throw down the superstructure.

How is a man said to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not sizes of understandings adapted to the different sorts, and as it were sizes of narrations?

Conscience is adscititious; I mean influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain test of truth: but at most times a very faithful and a very prudent admonitor.

The attraction of bodies and social affection of minds seem in many respects analogous.

Attractions of either kind are less perceptuous, and less perceptible, through a variety of counter-attractions that diminish their effect. Were two persons to meet in Hispania, though quite strangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendship, on the single score of their being Englishmen? Would they not pass a cheerful evening together over rice and sherbett? In like

manner, suppose two or three cotemporaries only to meet on the surface of the globe, amid myriads of persons of all other ages whatsoever, would they not discover a mutual tenderness, even though they had been enemies when living? What then remains, but that we revive the memory of such relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? That we are all countrymen, is a consideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a smaller number also. That we are cotemporaries, and persons whom future history shall unite; who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumstance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, should be brought to mind as much as possible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be just, and requisite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The best notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body:

—*Deus est quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris.*

What is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whose very words are works; and all whose works are wonders!

Prayer is not used to inform, for God is omniscient: not to move compassion, for God is without passions: not to show our gratitude, for God knows our hearts. May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man, though he be silent?

'To honour God,' is to conceive 'right notions of him,' says some ancient that I have forgot.

I know not how Mr. Pope's assertion is consistent with the scheme of a particular Providence:

—The Almighty cause  
Acts not by partial, but by general laws.

What one understands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they pursue their original course, without deviating into such eccentric motions as must immediately tend to the destruction of it. Thus a philosopher is enabled to foretell eclipses with precision;



and a stone thrown upward drops only to the ground. Thus an in-awakes resentment; and a good endears to us our benefactor. And is no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to suppose he at first uttered a system, that stood in no either of his counteracting or su- the first laws of motion. , after all, the mind remains;

and can we shew it to be either impos- sible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Be- ing occasions a ruin to fall miraculously; or in direct opposition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres; or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whose centre of gravity is unsupported, makes no material differ- ence.

## ESSAY XXXII.

### ON TASTE.

lieve that, generally speaking, per- is eminent in one branch of taste, he principles of the rest; and to s, I have often solicited a stranger in a tune, and have seldom failed cels. This, however, does not to talents beyond the sphere of and Handel was evidently wrong, ne fancied himself born to coin- a troop of horse.

akind, in general, may be divided sions of understanding and per- f genius; each of which will ad- many suborlinate degrees. By s of understanding, I mean per- f sound judgment; formed for natical deductions and clear ar- tation. By persons of genius, I characterize those in whom free- quine fancy predominates; and hether assisted or not by cultiva-

. There is hardly any thing so un- common as a true native taste improved by education.

The object of taste is corporeal beau- ty; for though there is manifestly a *pulchrum*, an *honestum*, and *decorum*, in moral actions; and although a man of taste that is not virtuous com- mits a greater violence upon his senti- ments than any other person; yet, in the ordinary course of speaking, a person is not termed a man of taste, merely be- cause he is a man of virtue.

All beauty may be divided into ab- solute and relative, and what is com- pounded of both.

It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote insist upon the superiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, de- mand that of others in favour of her accomplishments. Those of grave and sober sense cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth supported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix some measure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the subject.

Every thing seems to derive it's pre- tensions to beauty, on account of it's col- our, smoothness, variety, uniformity, partial resemblance to something else, proportion, or suitableness to the end proposed, some connection of ideas, or a mixture of all these.

As to the beauty of colours, their pre- sent effect seems in proportion to their impulse; and scarlet, were it not for ha- bit, would affect an Indian before all other colours.

ve thought that genius and judg- ay, in some respects, be represented quid and a solid. The former is, lly speaking, remarkable for it's ty, but then loses it's impression the latter is less susceptible of ion, but retains it longer. ding the world into an hundred I am apt to believe the calcula- ight be thus adjusted.

s	-	-	-	-	15
s of common sense	-	-	-	-	40
-	-	-	-	-	15
-	-	-	-	-	15
s of a wild uncultivated taste	10	-	-	-	
s of original taste, improved	-	-	-	-	
rt	-	-	-	-	5

Resemblances wrought by art; pictures, bustos, statues, please.

Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we suppose homogeneous materials; it is otherwise, in case we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, seems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppose the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requisite in point of respiration, would not the present make of mouths have subjected a man to the name of Bocha chica?

It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

We may see daily the strange effects of habit, in respect of fashion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

Conceit is false taste; and very widely different from no taste at all.

Beauty of person should, perhaps, be estimated according to the proportion it bears to such a make and features as are most likely to produce the love of the opposite sex. The look of dignity, the look of wisdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, seen in some measure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of sensibility may be one ingredient; and that of health, another. At least, a cadaverous countenance is the most disgusting in the world.

I know not, if one reason of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to self-love. People are apt to form some criterion from their own persons, or possessions. A tall person approves the look of a folio or octavo: a square thick-set man is more delighted with a quarto. This instance, at least, may serve to explain what I intend.

I believe, it sometimes happens that a person may have what the artists call an ear and an eye, without taste: for instance, a man may sometimes have a quickness in distinguishing the similitude or difference of lines and sounds, without any skill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

Taste produces different effects upon different complexions. It consists, as I have often observed, in the appetite and the discernment; then most properly so

called, when they are united in equal proportions.

Where the discernment is predominant, a person is pleased with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he sees. Where the appetite prevails, he is so much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifested. I frankly own myself to be of this latter class: I love painting and statuary so well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

The reason people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the resemblance it bears to the original, seems no other than that they lay stress on different features in the original; and this different stress is owing to different complexions of mind.

People of little or no taste commend a person for it's corpulency. I cannot see why an excrescence of belly, cheek, or chin, should be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connection of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

There seems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the senses. Some tunes, some tastes, some visible objects, please at first, and that only; others only by degrees, and then long—(Raspberry-jelly—Green-tea—Alley Cracker—Air in Ariadne—a Baron's Robe—and a Bishop's Lawn.) Perhaps, some of these instances may be ill enough chosen; but the thing is true.

Tunes with words, please me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are assigned. Scotch tunes often end high; their language does the same.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I presume, the most regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features, is at the same time the most healthful one; the fittest to perform the functions and operations of the body. If so, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form—Health is beauty, and the most perfect health is the most perfect beauty. To have recourse to experience: the most sickly and cadaverous countenance is the least provocative to love; or rather the most inconsistent with it. A florid look, to ap-

pear

it, must be the bloom of  
or the glow of a fever.

A connection may be traced  
and physical beauty; the  
stry and the love of virtue;  
le and perfect honesty. We  
t, rise from the love of na-  
of moral beauty; such is  
of Plato, and of my Lord

there is a want of taste, we  
serve a love of money, and  
whenever taste prevails, a  
error, and an utter disregard

(a just relish of beauty) seems  
us from the brute creation,  
intellect, or reason. We do  
brutes have any sensation of  
a bull is goaded by the love  
eral, without the least ap-  
any distinction in favour of  
autiful individual. Ac-  
en devoid of taste are in a  
e indifferent as to make,  
feature; and find a differ-  
sufficient to excite their pas-  
sion's fervour. It is not thus  
a taste for beauty, either  
eroneous. The person of a  
quires real beauty in the ob-  
ssion; and the person of bad  
something which he sub-  
place of beauty.

taste, it has been asserted,  
best qualified to distinguish,  
prone to admire moral vir-  
s it invalidate this maxim,  
advice does not correspond.  
f acting virtuously depends  
ease upon withstanding a  
perhaps sensual, gratifica-  
take of a more distant and  
atisfaction. Now, as per-  
aste are men of the strongest  
ires, it happens that in ba-  
ent and future, they are apt  
low an unreasonable advan-  
rmer. On the other hand,  
matic character may, with  
dis-denial, allow the future

But let us wave the merely

sensual indulgences; and let us consider  
the man of taste in regard to points of  
meum and tum; in regard to the virtues  
of forgiveness; in regard to charity,  
compassion, munificence, and magnani-  
mity; and we cannot fail to vote his taste  
the glorious triumph which it deserves.

There is a kind of counter-taste,  
founded on surprise and curiosity, which  
maintains a sort of rivalry with the  
true; and may be expressed by the name  
Concetto. Such is the fondness of some  
persons for a knife-haft made from the  
royal oak, or a tobacco-stopper from a  
mulberry-tree of Shakespeare's own  
planting. It gratifies an empty curio-  
sity. Such is the casual resemblance of  
Apollo and the nine Muses in a piece of  
agate; a dog expressed in feathers, or a  
wood-cock in mohair. They serve to  
give surprise. But a just fancy will do  
more esteem a picture because it proves  
to be produced by shells, than a writer  
would prefer a pen because a person made  
it with his toes. In all such cases, dif-  
ficulty should not be allowed to give a  
casting weight; nor a needle be consid-  
ered as a painter's instrument, when he  
is so much better furnished with a pen-  
cil.

Perhaps no print, or even painting, is  
capable of producing a figure answer-  
able to the idea which poetry or history  
has given us of great men: a Cicero, for  
instance, an Homer, a Cato, or an Alex-  
ander. The same, perhaps, is true of the  
grandeur of some ancient buildings—  
And the reason is, that the effects of a  
pencil are distinct and limited, whereas  
the descriptions of the pen leave the ima-  
gination room to expatiate; and Burke  
has made it extremely obvious, that in-  
distinctness of out-line is one source of  
the sublime.

What an absurdity is it, in the fram-  
ing even prints, to suffer a margin of  
white paper to appear beyond the ground;  
destroying half the relieve the lights are  
intended to produce! Frames ought to  
contrast with paintings; or to appear as  
distinct as possible: for which reason,  
frames of wood inlaid, or otherwise va-

Ketel, born at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; settled at Am-  
took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers instead of  
whim took—His success increased—His fingers appearing too easy tools, he  
k to paint with his feet. See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

reigned



mingled with colours, are less suitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the best contrast with colour.

The peculiar expression in some portraits is owing to the greater or less manifestation of the soul in some of the features.

There is, perhaps, a sublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, exclusive of any particular expression of the soul; or, at least, not expressive of any other than a tame dispassionate one. We see often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almost totally unanimated by any discovery of the temper or understanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the strong expression of sagacity and generosity, concur in one face, the features are irresistible.

But even here it is to be observed, that a sort of sympathy has a prodigious bias. Thus a pensive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a spectator of the pensive cast; and so of the rest.

The soul appears to me to discover herself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.

Is a portrait, supposing it as like as can be to the person for whom it is drawn, a more or less beautiful object than the original face? I should think, a perfect face must be much more pleasing than any representation of it; and a set of ugly features, much more ugly than the most exact resemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of shades; but not equal the force of real relieve: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminished; but, surely, never can be the interest of good ones.

Softness of manner seems to be in painting what smoothness of syllables is in language, affecting the sense of sight or hearing, previous to any correspondent passion.

The theory of agreeable sensations sounds them upon the greatest activity or exercise an object occasions to the senses, without proceeding to fatigue.

Violent contrasts are upon the footing of roughness or inequality. Harmony or similitude, on the other hand, are somewhat congenial to smoothness. In other words, these two recommend themselves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of rest. A medium, therefore, may be most agreeable to the generality.

An harmony in colours seems as requisite, as a variety of lines seems necessary to the pleasure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, should be well varied; but yet the opposite sides of any thing should shew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would strive to please a well-constituted taste.

It is evident enough to me, that persons often occur, who may be said to have an ear to music, and an eye for proportions in visible objects, who nevertheless can hardly be said to have a relish or taste for either. I mean, that a person may distinguish notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a discerning choice to what is preferable in music. The same, in objects of sight.

On the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a power of discriminating those notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty so fully depend.

What is said, in a treatise lately published, for beauty's being more common than deformity, (and seemingly with excellent reason) may be also said for virtue's being more common than vice.

Quere, Whether beauty does not as much require an opposition of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

The passion for antiquity, as such, seems in some measure opposite to the taste for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and pusillanimous disposition, looking back and resting with pleasure on the steps by which we have arrived thus far; than the bold and enterprising spirit of a genius, whose ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is described (on another occasion) in the zealous and active character of Horace:

— *Hunc atque hunc superare labast.*  
*Insist equis curiga saus vincentibus; illum*  
*Præteritum temens extremos inter antem.*

Agais,



is, the  
*reputans, si quid referat agendum,*  
is applicable, of any character,  
an antiquarian; who, instead of  
trying to improve or to excel,  
himself, perhaps, with discom-  
fort, the very name of a first inventor;  
tracing back an art that is flou-  
ishing to the very first source of its  
deformity.

It is heard it claimed by adepts in  
that the pleasure it imparts to a  
man, which owes little or nothing  
to nature, is by no means to be  
attributed to what they feel themselves  
most perfect composition. The  
question may be best ex-  
plained by a recourse to objects that are  
new. Is a country-fellow less  
pleased with beauty than a philosopher  
anatomist, who knows how that  
is produced? Surely no. On  
the other hand, an attention to the cause  
may somewhat interfere with the atten-  
tion to the effect—They may, indeed,  
be assured of another sort—The fa-  
cility may obtain some kind of

for what the more sensible fa-  
cility imagination loses  
much inclined to suppose our  
beauty depend greatly upon ha-  
bit—I mean is, upon the fami-  
liar objects which we happen to  
see since we came into the world.  
For uniformity, from what we  
derived in the individual parts of  
a man, a tree, a beast, a bird,  
&c.—our taste for regularity  
at is within our power to ob-  
tain the several perfections of the  
item.

It is, for instance, is always  
; and to use regularity in paint-  
gardening, would make our  
natural and disagreeable. Thus  
beauty to the different, and  
opposite, proportions of all ani-

is, I think, a beauty in some  
dependent of any use to which  
be applied. I know not whe-  
ther it may not be resolved into smooth  
surface; with variety to a cer-  
tain degree, that is comprehensible with-  
out difficulty.

the dignity of colours, Quere,  
those that affect the eye most

forcibly, for instance, scarlet, may not  
claim the first place; allowing their  
beauty to cloy sooner; and other co-  
lours, the next, according to their im-  
pulse; allowing them to produce a more  
durable pleasure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty  
into the absolute and the relative. Ab-  
solute is that above mentioned. Rela-  
tive is that by which an object pleases,  
through the relation it bears to some  
other.

Our taste of beauty is, perhaps, com-  
pounded of all the ideas that have enter-  
ed the imagination from our birth. This  
seems to occasion the different opinions  
that prevail concerning it. For instance,  
a foreign eye esteems those features and  
dresses handsome, which we think de-  
formed.

Is it not then likely that those who  
have seen most objects, throughout the  
universe, *ceteris paribus*, will be the  
most impartial judges; because they will  
judge truest of the general proportion  
which was intended by the Creator; and  
is best?

The beauty of most objects is partly  
of the absolute and partly of the relative  
kind. A Corinthian pillar has some  
beauty dependent on its variety and  
smoothness; which I would call abso-  
lute: it has also a relative beauty, de-  
pendent on its tapering and foliage;  
which, authors say, was first copied from  
the leaves of plants, and the shape of a  
tree.

Uniformity should, perhaps, be added  
as another source of absolute beauty,  
(when it appears in one single object.)  
I do not know any other reason, but  
that it renders the whole more easily  
comprehended. It seems that Nature  
herself considers it as beauty, as the ex-  
ternal parts of the human frame are  
made uniform to please the sight; which  
is rarely the case of the internal, that  
are not seen.

Hutchinson determines absolute beau-  
ty to depend on this, and on variety;  
and says it is in a compound ratio of  
both. Thus an octagon excels a square;  
and a square, a figure of unequal sides;  
but carry variety to an extreme, and it  
loses its effect. For instance, multiply  
the number of angles till the mind loses  
the uniformity of parts, and the figure  
is

is less pleasing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be said to be robbed of it's variety.

But, amidst all these eulogiums of variety, it is proper to observe, that novelty sometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that some degree of familiarity introduces a discovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty. This is, new and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of some tunes, and the flavour of some dishes. In short, it re-

quires some familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

Variety, in the same object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation, (which is the case in foliage, busts, basso-relievos, painting) requires uniformity. For instance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal sides; which is at once various and disagreeable.

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F I N I S.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the specific procedures and protocols that must be followed when recording transactions. This includes details on how data should be collected, stored, and reviewed to ensure its integrity and accuracy.

3. The third part addresses the role of the management team in overseeing the record-keeping process. It stresses the need for regular communication and collaboration between different departments to ensure that all relevant information is captured and analyzed.

4. The fourth part discusses the importance of training and education for staff members involved in the record-keeping process. It highlights the need for ongoing professional development to keep skills up-to-date and ensure compliance with the latest standards and regulations.

5. The fifth part concludes by summarizing the key points discussed and reiterating the commitment to maintaining high standards of record-keeping. It expresses confidence that the implemented measures will lead to improved efficiency and better decision-making within the organization.

HARRISON'S EDITION.



S K E T C H E S;

OR,

E S S A Y S

ON

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

BY

LAUNCELOT TEMPLE, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



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M D C C L X X V I I I.

M 13





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THE

P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Author of the following Papers chuses to call them **SKETCHES**; as the least imperfect amongst them is to a laboured treatise, what the painter's outlines, or his first rude draughts, are to a finished picture. This declaration, he hopes, will be accepted by the proper judges of writing, as a sufficient apology for any thing, either in thought or expression, that may be found careless or incorrect in his **ESSAYS**. He owns he could have given these little loose fragments much bolder strokes, as well as more delicate touches: but as an author's renown depends at present upon the mobility, he dreads the danger of writing too well; and feels the value of his own labour too sensibly, to bestow it where, in all probability, it might only serve to depreciate his performance.

**SKETCHES,**



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the experimental procedures and the statistical analysis performed.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It includes a series of tables and graphs that illustrate the findings of the research. The data shows a clear trend of increasing activity over time.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings. It suggests that the results have significant implications for the field of study and may lead to further research in this area.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes the study. It summarizes the key findings and provides a final statement on the importance of the research.



# KETCHES;

OR,

## ESSAYS

ON

### VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

#### SKETCH I.

##### OF LANGUAGE.

NOT every one that can read, tends to judge of the author's style as it is called: but how few are who really know good language. Even the best judges are divided in their opinions; for it would seem, of a common standard, which the merits of different languages, as well as of different writers, might be compared. If I was to reduce my own idea of the best language to a

definition, I should call it the shortest, clearest, and easiest way of expressing one's thoughts, by the most harmonious arrangement of the best chosen words, both for meaning and sound. The best language is strong and expressive, without stiffness or affectation; short and concise, without being either obscure or ambiguous; and easy and flowing and disengaged, without one undetermined or superfluous word.

#### SKETCH II.

##### OF GENIUS.

RE is a standard of right and wrong in the nature of things, of good and deformity, both in the natural and moral world. And as differences happen to be more or less, the more or less sensibly do we give the various degrees of good and are the more or less susceptible of being charmed with what is

right or beautiful, and disgusted with what is wrong or deformed. It is chiefly this sensibility that constitutes Genius; to which a sound head and a good heart are as essential as a lively imagination. And a man of true Genius must necessarily have as exquisite a feeling of the moral beauties, as of whatever is great or beautiful in the works of nature; or

man's

masterly in the arts which imitate nature, in poetry, painting, statuary, and music.

On the other side, where the heart is very bad, the genius and taste, if there happen to be any pretensions to them, will be found shocking and unnatural. Nero would be nothing less than a poet; but his verses were what one may call most *villainously* bad. His taste of magnificence and luxury was horribly glaring, extravagant, and unnatural, to the last degree.

Caligula's taste was so outrageously wrong, that he detested the works of the sweet Mantuan poet more passionately than ever Mæcenas admired them; and if Virgil had unfortunately lived down o those times in which that monster ap-

peared, he would probably have been tortured to death for no other crime but that he wrote naturally, and like an honest man.

True Genius may be said to consist of a perfect polish of soul, which receives and reflects the images that fall upon it, without warping or distortion. And this fine polish of soul is, I believe, constantly attended with what philosophers call the moral truth.

There are minds which receive objects truly, and feel the impressions they ought naturally to make, in a very lively manner, but want the faculty of reflecting them; as there are people who, I suppose, feel all the charms of poetry without being poets themselves.

### SKETCH III.

#### OF TASTE.

OUR notion of Taste may be easily understood by what has been said upon the subject of genius; for mere good Taste is nothing else but genius without the power of execution.

It must be born; and is to be improved chiefly by being accustomed, and the earlier the better, to the most exquisite objects of Taste in it's various kinds. For the Taste in writing and painting, and in every thing else, is insensibly formed upon what we are accustomed to; as well as Taste in eating and drinking. One who from his youth has been used to drink nothing but heavy dismal Port, will not immediately acquire a relish for Claret or Burgundy.

In the most stupid ages there is more good Taste than one would at first sight imagine. Even the present, abuse it with what contemptuous epithets you please, cannot be totally void of it. As long as there are noble, humane, and generous dispositions, amongst mankind, there must be good Taste. For in general, I do not say always, the Taste will be in proportion to those moral qualities and that sensibility of mind from which they take their rise. And while many, amongst the great and the learned, are allowed to have Taste for no better reason than that it is their own opinion, it is often possessed by those who are not conscious of it, and dream as little of pretending to it as to a star and garter. An honest farmer, or shepherd, who is

acquainted with no language but what is spoken in his own country, may have a much truer relish of the *English* writers than the most dogmatical pedant that ever erected himself into a commentator; and from his *Gothic* chair, with an ill-bred arrogance, dictated false criticism to the gaping multitude.

But even those who are endued with good natural Taste, often judge implicitly and by rote, without ever consulting their own Taste. Instances of this passive indolence, or rather this unconscientiousness of one's own faculties, appear every day; not only in the fine arts, but in cases where the mere *Taste*, according to the original meaning of the word, is alone concerned. For I am positive there are many thousands who, if they were to bring their own palate to a severe examination, would discover that they really find a more delicious flavour in mutton than in venison, in flounder than in turbot, and yet prefer middling or bad venison to the best mutton; that is, what is scarcest and dearest, and consequently what is, from the folly of mankind, the most in vogue, to what is really the most agreeable to their own private taste.

In matters of Taste, the public, for the most part, suffers itself to be led by a few who perhaps are really no judges; but who, under the favour of some advantages of title, place, or fortune, set up for judges, and are im-

owed even by those who have hese washv dictators have learnt to admire such authors as have been possessed of an undisputed but they would never have first to have discovered strokes genius in a cotemporary writer, they had lived at the court of is or of Queen Elizabeth.

distinguishing is our Taste, that it torp, dounce this fruitful age it of, could by some artful im- prepossess the public, that the ipid of all his own bread-sauce ions, to be published next winter,

was a piece of Milton's, or any other celebrated author, recovered from dust and obscurity, it would be received with universal applause; and perhaps be translated into French before the town had heated six weeks upon it. One might venture to say too, that if a work of true spirit and genius was to be introduced into the world, under the name of some writer of low reputation, it would be rejected even by the greatest part of those who pretend to lead the taste. And no wonder, while an eminent vintner has mistaken his own old hock at nine shillings the bottle for that at five.

## SKETCH IV.

### OF TURGID WRITING.

ISE and bluffer is what passes for sublime with the great major-eaders; and there are people who nothing can be strong or solid but ciumley. Yet the genteel dig-

Whitehall, and the elegant simplicity of St. Paul's in Co-arden, may stand as long as that roud wittol the Treasury, or even it solidity of the Horse Guards. tural, forced, exaggerated swell- uthet in sentiments or language, g to false taste and want of true

The Hercules of Goltzius is y sublime in person. It is in- to express the most excessive ro- of figure: but the painter, in uring to represent the human it's utmost degree of strength, ravated the demi-god into a mere d monster; as ridiculous a giant of the brothers at Guildhall.

To take it in another view, that clumsy robustness of manner, which, by the way, does not partake of true vigour, for that always performs it's business without straining, is the same thing to the spirited ease which is necessary to good writing, that the auk-ward efforts of a huge, heavy, ill-shaped dray-horse, and a lame one too, are to the easy actions of the most supple Arabian that ever was dressed by St. Amour.

That writing can never be very good which is not easy; but it does not follow that all easy writing is good. Writing may be very easy, and yet, Heaven knows, very insipid. And when you begin to suspect that your writing is easy indeed, but wants spirit, the wisest thing you can do is to let your pen drop and go to bed.

## SKETCH V.

### OF AFFECTATION OF WIT, AND FLORID WRITING.

is not always so easy to get rid an impertinent companion, as of bock; otherwise, to be for ever at Wit, would be as teasing and able in writing as in conversation. uch even of genuine Wit is cloy- d the vanity of displaying it in- y will fatigue and disgust every whole taste is true. Olives, , anchovies, and Dutch herrings, well in their place; but, in the

name of all the hospitable powers, do not oblige us to dine upon them. Let us first lay a foundation of good plain beef or mutton, if you please; for there is no living upon pickles or sweetmeats alone.

The ground-work of every perform-ance, even of those which admit or require the greatest profusion of orna-ments, ought to be plain and simple. Observe Nature: in the meadow, the

B Sweet

## 8. SKETCHES, BY LAUNCELOT TEMPLE.

sweet green, which never dazzles the sight, is the predominant colour; while the gaudy flowers, red, white, yellow, blue, and purple, are carelessly interspersed. This is infinitely more pleasing and beautiful than that insipid, childish, uncomfortable bauble called a flower-knot; and the wild variety of the woods as far excels the richest plantation of flowering shrubs. I would not be above taking a hint even from the mechanic arts: if a suit of cloaths is overcharged with lace, it becomes tawdry and ungenteel. In every work, the true taste is to dispose the ornaments with ease and propriety, and not to be affectedly or too ostentatiously prodigal of them. By this means you bestow upon your performance an elegant richness, and such a modest dignity as will please every true eye, though it may quite escape the notice of the vulgar, and false critics of all ranks, who delight in nothing but what is glaring, tawdry, and ostentatious.—No, I beg their pardon: for they are sometimes in raptures, or seem to be so, with what is altogether insipid.

Let the ornaments be never so well executed, if they are not easily and naturally introduced, they will have an awkward effect. The most beautiful woman may disgust you by ostentation, and a declared intention to charm. As often as it is possible to contrive it so, the or-

naments should be, or at least appear to be, of some use towards the main design of the work: but when they are bluntly produced, and with too barefaced a purpose to dazzle or entertain, instead of your admiration, they raise your contempt. A masque, a coronation, or a procession upon our stage, is, for the most part, an insipid, tawdry, thing shewn. But if it was really an ornament, to introduce it with propriety and grace, it ought to be contrived as an incident to help on the business of the piece: as in the masque in *Roméo and Juliet*; and the funeral procession, such as it is, in *Richard the Third*; which, notwithstanding some want of *decorum*, as the critics call it, and of probability in the scene, has still some kind of pretence to assist in the business of the fable.

To conclude: the ornamental parts of a work cost the least trouble to a writer who has any luxuriance of imagination. To support the plain parts with an easy dignity, so as they shall neither become flat on the one hand, nor disgustingly stiff on the other, is a much more difficult task. And yet, if you succeed never so well here, you will receive little thanks from the generality of readers; who will be apt to imagine they could easily perform the same kind of work themselves, till they come to try it.

## SKETCH VI.

### OF OBSCURE WRITING.

**A**S the first end of all writing and speaking is to be understood, it seems to follow, that Obscurity must be the greatest fault in either. One would think it needless to insist upon this; yet there are readers so absurd as to admire an author the more for every now and then plunging into the unintelligible: as a dash of mystery procures more reverence from weak minds to any scheme of religion, than it's most virtuous or most rational precepts. Some clumsy scholars too, who must needs be making awkward love to the scornful Muses, and tumbling them with their coarse paws; when they come to an obscure passage in an author, whom they are determined to admire, tell us we must not always expect the same clearness in writers of the first class as in the more inferior ones: Such is their cant even in talking

of dramatic writing, in which Obscurity is more unpardonable than almost in any other kind of production. But the dullest and most shallow of those critics could write obscurely himself; and if he writes much, he must have *ill luck* not to do it sometimes. For to write obscurely requires no other talent or skill than to express one's meaning imperfectly; or if that is not enough, to write without any meaning at all. However, amongst a different kind of critics, perspicuity has always been reckoned an essential quality to good writing; and if sometimes a great author is found deficient in this article, it only shews how difficult it is to express some things with clearness and ease. For one may very safely presume that no good writer, where it was prudent to speak out, ever expressed himself obscurely from choice.

SKETCH

## SKETCH VII.

### OF THE MODERN ART OF SPELLING.

**A**N author seems reduced to great extremities, who flies to new Spelling to distinguish himself.

These innovations are pedantic and conceited trifles; and the best, or rather the only good reason for ever altering a long established Spelling, is, that the writing may come the nearer to the pronunciation. But our reformers in the art of Spelling, who at present chiefly confine themselves to one class of words, to substantive nouns and verbs derived from the Latin, such as *honour, favour, labour*, while they write *honor, favor, labor*, increase the distance between the writing and pronunciation, or rather they produce one where there was none before; for the *u* in all these words, except in a few where it is generally omitted in the common spelling, as *horror, terror*, is at least as much felt in the pronunciation as the retained vowel *o*. Some have, unhappily enough, subjected to the same innovation other words, which contain the diphthong *ou*, though they have no relation at all to the Latin, and write,

*endeavor, neighbor, behavior*. Why don't they proscribe this hated *u* in *adjectives* too; and instead of *invidious, odious, glorious*, write *invidios, odios, glorios*? As they have gone so far, I can see no good reason why they should stop short here.

Trifles betray the character: and it is somewhat strange, if it has escaped the penetration of those philosophers who have employed part of their talents in characterising the age, that there hardly needed any other instance to distinguish the present as an *unmanly* one than this very aversion to the honest vowel *u*; without whose assistance it would be impossible to pronounce some of the most important and most interesting words, to any thing of a man, in the whole English language. And it is not unworthy our observation here, that a late noble Author, whose parts were manly enough in the earlier days of his life, did not begin to *castigate* his Spelling after this manner, till he was considerably advanced in years.

## SKETCH VIII.

### OF NEW WORDS.

**I**T is the easiest thing imaginable to coin words. The most ignorant of the mobility are apt to do it every day, and are laughed at for it. What best can justify the introducing a new Word is necessity, where there is not an established one to express your meaning. But while all the world understands what is meant by the word *pleasure*, which sounds very well too, what occasion can there be for saying *voluptu*?

Nothing can deform a language so much as an inundation of new words and phrases. It is, indeed, the readiest way to demolish it. If there is any need to illustrate the barbarous effects which a mixture of new words must produce, only consider how a discourse, patched all over with sentences in different lan-

guages, would sound; or how oddly it would strike you in a serious conversation to hear, from the same person, a mixture of all the various dialects and tones of the several counties and shires of the three kingdoms: though it is still the same language. To make it sensible to the eye; how greatly would a mixture of Roman, Italick, Greek, and Saxon characters, deform a page? A picture, imitating the style of different masters, which is commonly called a Gallery of Painters, can never be pleasing for the same reasons, want of union and harmony.

The present licentious humour of coining and borrowing words, seems to portend no good to the English language; and it is grievous to think with what ve-

\* See some posthumous works of a right honourable Author, published not many years ago in defence of our holy religion.

lusty two or *postararorencouroac*\* eminent personages have *opiniatred* the *inobation* of such *futile* barbarisms.

In short, the liberty of coining words ought to be used with great modesty. Horace, they say, gave but two, and Virgil only one to the Latin tongue, which was *squeamish* enough not to

swallow those, even from such hands, without some reluctance.

I cannot conclude without putting our writers and speakers in mind of an excellent advice from Mr. Pope, on this subject of new and old words:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside†.

## SKETCH IX.

### OF SUPERANNUATED WORDS.

INSTEAD of creating a parcel of awkward new words, I imagine it would be an improvement to degrade many of the old ones from their peerage. I am but a private man, and without authority; but an absolute prince, if he was of my opinion, would make it capital ever to say *encroach* or *encroachment*, or any thing that belongs to *encroaching*. I would commit *inculcate*, for all it's Latinity, to the care of the pavours; and it should never appear above ground again. If you have the least sympathy with the human ear, never say *purport* while you breathe; nor *betwixt*, except you have first repeated *between* till we are quite tired of it. *Metbinks* strongly resembles the broken language of a German in his first attempts to speak English. *Metbought* lies under the same objection, but it sounds better.

It is full time that *froward* should be turned out of all good company, especially as *perverse* is ready at hand to supply his place. *Vouchsafe* is a very civil gentleman; but as his courtesy is somewhat old-fashioned, we wish he would *deign* or *condescend*, or be *pleased* to retire.

From what rugged road, I wonder, did *swerve* deviate into the English language?—But this *subject matter*!—In the name of every thing that is disgusting and detestable, what is it? Is it one or two ugly words? What is the mean-

ing of it? Confound me if ever I could guess! Yet one dares hardly ever peep into a preface, for fear of being stared in the face with this nasty *subject matter*.

*Wittol* is an old fashioned, ill-sounding word; but as there is frequent occasion for it, and no other word so perfectly expresses it's meaning, we cannot afford to part with it.

But to pick out all the awkward old words, which continue to be as current amongst us as the worn-out sixpences, it would be necessary to peruse the dictionary from A to Z. A most desperate uncomfortable labour! As heart-breaking a task as it would be to wade through half a volume of the *Statutes at Large*; nay, by Heaven! I would almost as soon take it upon me to read the most insipid tragedy that has been brought upon the stage these seven years. But if one could submit to this labour, and should presume to set a mark upon every word one did not relish, there may be people of a different opinion; and no private person has authority enough to prohibit the use of any word, if he finds it ever so intolerable to his own ear. For my part, I shall endeavour to pass through life as inoffensively as possible, both to the world and my own conscience; and hope, and pray, I may never be reduced to the necessity of using

One word, which dying, I would wish to blot†.

\* The word for the number *three*, in one of the American languages; which, to judge by this specimen, cannot be barbarous for want of polysyllables.

† See Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism.

‡ See the Epilogue to Mr. Thomson's *Coriolanus*.

## SKETCH X.

### OF MUSIC.

IF I, I presume, can no further properly called one of the imitations, than as it expresses the Passion in this respect only can be admitted the sister of Poetry and Painting that mere harmony has little to such an alliance; for it is Music than mere versification is

alien compositions, for the most nothing beyond harmonious dare as much inferior to what is pathetic in Music, as a tragedy depends upon noise and a plain passionate one, which a natural and moving picture of the human mind. A face, even such a one as the celebrated of Vandyke at Wilton; though the drawing is exact, and less easy and natural, the figures aping and unemployed; is a same performance when compared to a grand history by Raphael, or the same Vandyke himself, every thing is expressive, warm, and interesting.

and not even mere harmony; if execution is the sublime, at the greatest part of our modern music; as if it required the least her to compose or execute difficult. While these are the objects of

amongst our composers and the opera is likely to continue a fishing entertainment.

mad, or rather foolish, after the music; while we have much of our own. Most of the modern compositions only trifle with the

Velvet, the Scotch, the Irish chimes the heart. The producers present Italian masters are loved for a season, because they had forgot for ever afterwards, when you have heard them twenty times find them still as insipid as the music, which charmed these

islands long before the boasted revival of this art in Italy, or rather in Flanders, is as established as the ancient classics; and those compositions, short and simple as they are, never become thread-bare, but give delight and rapture every time they are heard.

There is a certain resemblance of air between the music of the ancient Britons, the Irish, and the Scotch; and yet they are all very distinguishable from one another. There is a remarkable difference of character even between the music of the north and the south of Scotland. The northern is generally martial, for the most part melancholy, and bears a strong resemblance to the Irish: the southern is pastoral and amorous, with such an air of tender melancholy, as love and solitude, in a wild romantic country, are apt to inspire. Each of them has a wildness peculiar to itself. The wild spirit of the south breathes a sweeter air of rural solitude; that of the north is more solemn, and sometimes what one might almost call dreadful. Besides, the gay sprightly airs which each of them has produced, are in as different styles as the genius and manners of the people in the two extremities of Scotland, or the face of the countries they inhabit; both of which are wild, but I believe, with a very different air.

The British poetry is universally allowed, by the best judges of both, to be much superior to the Italian; and why should you wonder to find the music of the one country brought into competition with that of the other? The music of these islands seems to agree in character with that of the ancients; which, from the accounts we have of it, excelled in simplicity and passion. How simple the music must have been that delighted Greece in the days of Alcæus, Sappho, Pindar, and Anacreon, seems to appear from the very make of their capital instrument the Lyre.



## SKETCH XI.

## OF ENGLISH VERSE.

**R**HYME, we have often been told, is a modern invention; though, if that was a crime, it might perhaps be proved to be not so very modern either. It is reckoned a barbarous one by some pedants; who finding, I suppose, from the opinion of better judges than themselves, that it is abominable in Greek and Latin, conclude that it must not be less so in French and in English. The contrary is evident to every one that has ears, and dares think for himself: for in English, rhyme is capable of much harmony; and the French can have no versification without it. But some people, who ought to know better, seem to make no allowance for the original deference between one language and another; and are ready to quarrel with the English as a barbarous language, because it is not Latin or Greek. They do not consider that every language has powers and graces peculiar to itself; and that what is becoming in one would be quite ridiculous in another. Of this it is sufficient to produce one obvious example; the transposition of words, which gives such a grace and spirit to the Greek and Latin languages, and without which they would become detestably flat and insipid, does not at all suit the genius of the English; except sometimes in poetry: and, by the way, I am afraid there are too many ungraceful transpositions current amongst our English poets.

But it is not only a few obscure pedants who are thus dissatisfied with their mother-tongue; and would be glad for it's improvement to torture it from it's native shape, some into Latin, and others into French: for attempts of this nature have been actually made by men of superior note. Sir Philip Sidney, who, notwithstanding his affected manner, must be allowed to have possessed a great share of genius, would every now and then spur up his gallant English into a most unbecomingly ridiculous trot after the Greek and Latin hexameters. It is extremely impossible to introduce the Greek and Latin measures into English poetry with any success; yet Sir Philip was fond of this project, and pursued it with a strange obstinacy. He recom-

mended it to Spenser; but Spenser had too true an ear to relish such awkward unnatural versification, or countenance it by his example. At least there is nothing remains of him to show that he ever practised it. There have been attempts made since to the same purpose by Milton and some later authors. But there never was any thing seen so ungraceful, or so despicably pedantic, as all essays of that kind which have hitherto appeared. I do not know that it has ever yet been tried, except by Milton in some parts of his Samson; but of all the Greek or Latin measures, the Lucan seems the most capable of being adapted into the English poetry.

I have either read or heard that a poet of the last century, whom I shall not name, because I am not perfectly sure of the fact, pretended to some secret in versification, which he did not chuse to communicate. If it was so, it showed a jealousy unworthy of so great a master of numbers: he might safely enough, for his own superiority, have published those secrets, whatever they were; for it is impossible they could ever be of much use. He could easily advise you to vary your pauses, and tell you which are the most graceful: but these and all such precepts are nothing to the purpose; a good ear will naturally produce harmony without the least regard or attention to rules; and there is no cure for a bad one. The only way to improve the ear, whether good or bad, is to accustom it to the most harmonious writing.

Blank verse admits of a greater variety of pauses than rhyme, and is partly for that reason the fittest for works of any considerable length. But in English poetry I question whether it is possible, with any success, to write odes, epistles, elegies, pastorals, or satires, without rhyme. And it happens luckily, that in these short pieces the ear has not time to be tired with the return of the chime: which, in my humble opinion, had better sometimes play a little false to one another than be for ever scrupulously exact; provided such licence never shock the ear.

It does not require a very exquisite

no smooth or even har-  
running: yet in rhyme,  
s always very careful to  
plet, may pass with the  
a great master in versifi-  
as long as his harmony  
thin such narrow bounds,  
like a school-boy, who  
line only with the help of

and Mr. Pope took offence,  
know why, at the triplet,  
ly condescended to admit  
verse. It is true, it had  
nauseous excess by some  
rs; and Mr. Pope's own

Rocheſter might juſtly  
him a diſguſt to the triplet  
life. Yet it contributes  
the grace of Dryden's ver-  
I can ſee no reaſon why  
prohibited now; as it gives  
the numbers, which in  
ſufficiently limited to require  
reſides, it may often be in  
y it's means, to compr'eſs  
lines what muſt otherwiſe  
our, and of courſe become  
ſhortleſs.

the ſoul of verſification;  
of the lines ought to be  
ſubject. The meaſure is  
ith; but had Horace wrote  
ſatires in the ſame kind of  
Virgil's *Æneid*, it would  
onſtrous impropriety; like  
ix or hare on a war-horſe,  
page of a general at a re-  
day of battle. He knew  
in familiar writing, dig-  
ation would be quite ridi-  
ordingly in thoſe parts his  
ooſe, rambling, and often  
. But in his moſt careleſs  
periods he ſeldom or never  
and as often as there is  
it in his ſentiment, his ex-  
umbers riſe in proportion,  
mſelves with a native un-  
y; till without falling he  
uſy and dextrous wings to  
gain.

ſeem quite foreign to the  
to take ſome notice of a  
author, who, after having  
opinion, that Mr. Pope is

*the moſt harmonious of all the Engliſh poets*,  
adds, with a very plausible aſſurance,  
that *he has reduced the ſharp biſſings of  
the Engliſh trumpet to the ſweet ſounds  
of the flute* \*. It is no great wonder,  
that one who is apt to write much at  
random, ſhould preſume to talk ſo con-  
temptuouſly of a manly, an elegant,  
and harmonious language, with which  
he plainly appears to have but a very  
ſuperficial acquaintance. But who ever  
talked before of the *biſſings of a trumpet*  
—or of *ſharp biſſings*? We have all  
heard of the *hoarſe trumpet*, but the  
*biſſing trumpet* is an inſtrument with  
which we are not yet acquainted. How-  
ever, to paſs theſe little improprieties,  
this compliment to Mr. Pope ſhews how  
well this critic is qualified to pronounce  
ſentence upon the Engliſh poets. No one  
is more ſenſible than I am of Mr. Pope's  
merit; but his blindeſt admirer might  
ſtartle at the preference beſtowed upon  
him here. For, not to mention the  
great names of Spenſer, Shakeſpeare,  
and Milton, upon ſuch an occaſion; let  
us only compare Mr. Pope in this point  
of view with a writer upon whom, as  
they ſay, he formed himſelf, and whom  
not only in his own opinion, but in  
that of many others, he is thought to  
have excelled in the art of verſifying.  
It is almoſt needleſs, after this, to ſay  
that I mean Dryden; whoſe verſification  
I take to be the moſt muſical that has  
yet appeared in rhyme. Round, ſweet,  
pompous, ſpirited, and various; it flows  
with ſuch a happy volubility, ſuch an ani-  
mated and maſterly negligence, as I am  
afraid will not ſoon be excelled. From  
the fineneſs of his ear, his proſe too is  
perhaps the ſweeteſt, the moſt mellow  
and generous, that the Engliſh language  
has yet produced.

Had Mr. Voltaire known as much of  
the Engliſh poets as he pretends to do,  
he might have found ſomething like the  
*ſweet ſound of the flute* in Mr. Waller;  
who wrote before Mr. Pope was born.  
Mr. Voltaire, before he preſumed to  
compare the Engliſh poets, ſhould have  
known, that before Mr. Waller ap-  
peared, there was one Edmund Spenſer  
a poet, whoſe verſe was not merely in-  
dolently ſmooth, but ſpirited alſo and  
harmonious. And if Mr. Voltaire was

—Eſt, je crois, le poete le plus elegant, le plus correct, et ce qui eſt enco-  
re harmonieux qu'il ait en l'Angleterre. Il a reduit les ſiffemens aigres de la  
tête au ſons doux de la flute. VOLTAIRE—Lettres ſur les Anglois.

## 14 SKETCHES, BY LAUNCELOT TEMPLE.

a perfect and a candid judge in this case, he would own, that there was more harmony in many of the English poets—much more than the French language

can attain to, or an ear debauched by the French versification is capable of relishing.

### SKETCH XII.

#### OF THE VERSIFICATION OF ENGLISH TRAGEDY.

**T**HE greatest part of our modern writers of Tragedy seem to think it enough to write mere blank verse; no matter however hard it be, however void of swelling and harmony. Even those of them who write the best numbers, study to be solemn and pompous throughout, and affect a monotony of heroic Versification, from the first appearance of the heroine with her confidante, to her last fatal exit; without the least regard to the variety of passions, which express themselves in quick or slow, flowing or interrupted, in languishing or impetuous movements.

The proper Versification of English Tragedy is most certainly blank verse; but as different from the solemn and majestic movement of heroic poetry as the Iambic is from the Hexameter. What a monstrous production would a Greek or Latin tragedy in hexameter verse appear! The ancients found the grave Iambic their proper measure for tragedy; as it is at the same time capable of all the dignity which that kind of poem requires, and descends with the greatest ease to the level of prose and conversation. Such as is the Iambic in Latin, is blank verse in English: but by no means the blank verse of Paradise Lost.

The numbers ought to be accommodated to the passion: and though in some parts of tragedy it is proper they should be slow, or solemn, or languishing, they ought for the most part to run somewhat rambling and irregular; and often rapid and subsidiary, so as to imitate the natural cadence and quick turns of conversation.

Shakespeare, who I will venture to say had the most musical ear of all the English poets, is abundantly irregular in his Versification: but his wildest licences seldom hurt the ear; on the contrary, they give his verse a spirit and variety, which prevents it's ever cloying. Our modern tragedy-writers, instead of using the advantages of their

own language, seem in general to imitate the monotony of the French Versification: and the only licence they ever venture upon, is that poor tame one, the supernumerary syllable at the end of a line; which they are apt to manage in such a manner as to give their verse a most ungraceful halt. But it is not want of ear alone which makes our common manufacturers of tragedy so intipidly solemn and so void of harmony: it is want of feeling. For let the ear be what it will, if the passions are warmly felt, they will naturally express themselves in their proper tones.

Tragedy requires a greater variety of numbers than any other poetical productions; as it is the most agitated with different passions. The march of every poem of any considerable length, but chiefly of tragedy, ought to resemble the course of a river through a large extent of country diversified with plains, hills, and mountains. The stream, according as the ground lies through which it flows, is either slow, smooth, and solemn; or brisk and sportful; or rapid, impetuous, and precipitate. Such and so various ought to be the Versification of tragedy; instead of that stiff affected importance of movement, which is now absurdly and awkwardly supported through the whole course of these sublime performances.

But besides this studied dignity; this inflexible gravity of pace; this unvaried exactness of measure without spirit or harmony; this immoveable hardness and want of fluctuation in the lines; there is no language so unnatural as that you meet with in most of our modern tragedies. The characters they represent are too heroic, it would seem, and too much exalted above common life, to speak *after the manner of men*. The misfortune is, most of our tragedy-writers labour with all their might, and keep themselves perpetually upon the rack, to say every thing poetically, for

it never enters into their head, that the most natural is the most poetical way of saying common things; except sometimes where you can properly raise your expression by an easy metaphor. Let the sentiments be such as best suit the character and situation, and they cannot be expressed with too much plainness and simplicity, provided all vulgarisms are as much as possible avoided.

As to the Characters; if it was not for a very few exceptions, one would think the art of drawing them was lost amongst our dramatic writers. Those that appear in most of our modern plays,

tragedies call them, or comedies, are like bad portraits; which indeed represent the human features, but without life or meaning; or those distinguishing strokes which, in the incomparable Hogarth, and in every great history painter, make you imagine you have seen such persons as appear in the picture. In short, those mechanical performances are as imperfect as unnatural representations of human life, of the manners and passions of mankind, as the Gothic knights which lie along in armour in the Temple church are of the human figure.

### SKETCH XIII.

#### OF IMITATION.

**T**HE humble vanity, as one may call it, of imitating another person's manner, is one great source of affectation; which is generally ridiculous, and always disagreeable. A person whose natural turn is genteel, if he keeps good company, will insensibly acquire as much of their manner as becomes him; but if he sets up any one as a pattern to be exactly imitated, his behaviour will grow constrained, stiff, and affected. Such will be the constant success of so absurd an attempt to confine the variety of nature; which plainly intends that mankind should be distinguishable one from another by their air, voice, and manner, no less than by their faces.

A poet, a painter, or a player, that imitates closely, will never excel; and this will hold good in every thing else that belongs to genius. It is true, that education and study are necessary to the improvement of genius: but to this purpose it is sufficient to be familiarly ac-

quainted with the greatest masters; and the earlier in life the better. By this means, if you delight in them, and have any similarity with them, you will catch their graces without affecting it; and your own original characteristic manner will still distinguish itself. But if you study to form yourself upon them, you become only a copy of a copy. The greatest of them excel by their happy skill in copying nature: and if you content yourself with servilely copying them, without drawing immediately from the common subject *nature*; you will always be inferior to your original, and have no chance ever to produce any thing great or striking.

In the mean time, I do not imagine that true genius was ever much hurt by imitating. For though it is natural for young people to imitate a favourite author at first, it is not probable that true genius will submit to be so fettered long.

### SKETCH XIV.

#### OF WRITING TO THE TASTE OF THE AGE.

**W**HATEVER some have pretended, one may reasonably enough doubt whether ever an author wrote much below himself from any cause but the necessity of writing too fast. When this happens to a writer

who, with the advantages of leisure and easy circumstances, is capable of producing such works as might charm succeeding ages, it is a disgrace to the nation and the times wherein such a genius had the misfortune to appear.

It belongs to true genius to indulge its own humour; to give a loose to its own sallies; and to be curbed, restrained, and directed, by that sound judgment alone which necessarily attends it. It belongs to it to improve and correct the public taste; not to humour or meanly prostitute itself to the gross or low taste which it finds. And you may depend upon it, that whatever author labours to accommodate himself to the taste of his age—suppose it, if you please, this present age—the sickly wane, the impotent decline of the eighteenth century; which from a hopeful boy became a most insignificant man; and, for any thing that appears at present, will die a very fat drowsy blockhead, and be damned to eternal infamy and contempt: every such author, I say, though he may thrive as far as an author can in the present age, will by degrees languish into obscurity in the next. For though naked and bare-faced vanity; though an active exertion of little arts, and the most unremitting perseverance in them; though party, cabal, and intrigue; though accidental advantages, and even whimsical circumstances; may conspire to make a very moderate genius the idol of the implicit multitude: works that lean upon such fickle props, that stand upon such a false foundation, will not be long able to support themselves against the injuries of time. Such buildings begin to totter almost as soon as their scaffolding is struck.

But if you find it necessary to comply with the humour of your age, the writing best calculated to please a false taste, is what has something of the air of good writing, without being really so. For to the vulgar eye the specious is more striking than the genuine. The best writing is apt to be too plain, too simple, too unaffected, and too delicate, to stir the callous organs of the generality of critics, who see nothing but the tawdry glare of tinsel; and are deaf to every thing but what is shockingly noisy to a true ear. They are struck with the fierce glaring colours of Old Frank; with attitudes and expressions violent, distorted, and unnatural: while the true, just and easy, the graceful, the moving, the sublime representations of Raphael, have not the least power to attract them.

The bullying, noisy march in Judas Macchabeus, has perhaps more sincere admirers than that most pathetic one in Saul: and in conversation pertness and mere vivacity is more felt by the general run of company than easy unaffected wit; as flashy, bouncing, stately cyder, boasts of more spirit than the still vigour of reserved Madeira.

But the easiest, as well as the most effectual, way of writing to the bad taste of your age, is to let out while your genius is yet upon a level with it. Accordingly, if you have a son who begins to display a hopeful bloom of imagination, be sure to publish, with all the advantages that can be procured, the very first essays of his genius. They will hardly be too good to please; and, besides, they have a chance to be received with particular favour and admiration, as the productions of a young muse. When he has thus taken possession of the public ear, he may venture, as his genius ripens, to do his best; he may write as well as he can, perhaps without much danger of sinking in reputation. The renown of his first crude essays will be sufficient to prejudice the mobility, great and small, in favour of the most exquisite pieces he can produce afterwards. But if he must live by his wit, the best thing you can do for him is to transplant him, as early as possible, to Paris; where, in the worst of days, in the most Gothic muse-detesting age, there is still some shelter afforded to the most delicate as well as the most uncommon flower that blossoms in the human mind. In that gay, serene, and genial climate, the Muses are still more or less cultivated, though not with the same ardour and passion in every age; as appears from the following passage translated from a French author\*, who wrote about the beginning of the present century. 'Almost all the arts have in their turns experienced that disgust and love of change which is natural to mankind. But I don't know that any one of them has felt it more than Poetry; which in some ages has been exalted to a triumphal height, in others neglected, discouraged, and despised. About sixty years ago, under the administration of one of the greatest geniuses that ever

\* *Defence de la Poësie*; par M. l'Abbé Melleu. *Mémoires de Littérature*, Tome 2de.

France

\* France produced, poetry found itself  
 \* amongst us at it's highest pitch of  
 \* glory. Those who cultivated the  
 \* Muses were regarded with particular  
 \* favour: this art was the road to for-  
 \* tune and dignified stations. But in  
 \* these days this ardour seems to be  
 \* considerably abated. We do not ap-  
 \* pear to be extremely sensible to poeti-  
 \* cal merit, &c.'

## SKETCH XV.

OF PHYSIOGNOMY, OR THE SIMILITUDE BETWEEN THE PERSON AND  
 THE MIND.

**T**HAT the face is a false glass, is a vulgar error, and seems to have taken it's rise from a few exceptions: for all mankind are so much physiognomists, that whoever happens to find himself mistaken, though but for once, joins the cry of the proverb. All are not alike skilled in faces, any more than in unravelling of characters; even the most penetrating eye may be mistaken: yet I will presume to say, that the face is seldom a false glass; and when it proves so, it is generally the fault of the beholder. Perhaps indeed Nature has made some cheats, some to appear worse, many much better, than they are. This is of a piece with her usual variety, and was perhaps partly intended to check the presumption of mankind in judging too rashly of one another. Yet still the face is not a false glass. On the contrary, where the qualities of the mind are eminent, it generally shews them. For the features of the mind commonly follow those of the face; as the figure of most animals, whose characters are strong, is expressive of their nature. Though you had never heard of a lion, a tiger, a serpent, or an alligator, it is natural to think you would at the first sight be afraid of them rather than of a hare, or even a horse, whose appearance might prove formidable, but more from his size than his make.

The mind is for the most part visible in the person. Thus, a bearish figure is almost certainly the rhind or husk of a rude rough soul, never to be polished by any cultivation. If you find any sweetness in the kernel of such a rugged shell, it is more than you ought to expect; for, a man is one thing, and a chestnut another. The voice too is in general harsh or sweet, conformably to the features; and where faces resemble one another, you will perceive a remarkable *similitude in the voice.*

*Sense and virtue are often to be found*

under a plain face and clumsy figure; but elegance and delicacy of mind generally appear in the person. Where a false and specious elegance appears in the face, you may expect the same in the mind; and the herd of mankind will admire them more than the true. Sometimes you meet with a delicate and elegant mind under a face that cannot properly be called handsome; but then you will generally observe a spirit and expression in such a face that pleases a true eye much more than mere regular beauty; for the best part of beauty is air, meaning, and expression.

The ancient Greeks; besides their being the most ingenious and elegant, were the most beautiful race of mortals that ever appeared in the world. The modern Greeks preserve the fine mould of their ancestors; and, if they were blest with liberty, would probably in a short time exceed all their neighbours in every excellence that human nature can boast of, whether ornamental or solid. Exquisite organs are, I believe, for the most part, beautiful too; and it is better to have a handsome ear than a very large one; though the latter is by the laws of the animal economy more favourably contrived for the over-hearing of a whisper.

It is a common observation, that the painter constantly draws the finest *hands* whose own is of an elegant make. This is universally ascribed to a cause which is perhaps more obvious and plausible than true: for the painter often draws a hand in attitudes in which he never sees his own. It was probably more owing to something within themselves, than to the different styles of nature to which they were accustomed, that Rubens and Raphael are so different in their ideas of beauty, and their representations of the human form. Vandyke studied under Rubens; and as he lived in the same country, was accustomed to the same

kind of objects with his master: yet their works are as different as their persons were; the one robust, but rather clumsy; the other handsome and gen-

teel. In short, the productions of the genius seem to be a kind of propagation, and bear a family resemblance to the parent.

## SKETCH XVI.

### OF PREJUDICES, POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, OR NATIONAL.

**T**HIS ungenerous spirit, these ill-natured humours only, are so extremely absurd, that if strong instances of them were not seen every day, it would be impossible for a man of sense to believe them. For my own part, if I am totally free from any of the common weaknesses of mankind, I take it to be this. What is it to me what any man's principles are as to religion or government? He has perhaps as good a right as I, perhaps a better, to keep steady to the principles in which he was educated. My religion may, for want of early instruction, appear as strange to him as his can to me. These things are all merely accidental and the effect of education: for a hot-headed churchman, bred at any Protestant university, or the sourest Christian that ever dissented from the orthodox church of England, would have been as violent a Mahometan, if he had received his system of religion from the Musti at Constantinople. Can it be supposed, that Heaven puts itself at the head of any religious party!—I humbly think it appears plainly enough, that the Almighty, who displays such infinite variety in all his works, no more intended that all mankind should be of the same religion, than that they should all be of one colour, speak the same language, observe the same customs, and wear the same dress: and it is not less reasonable than charitable to believe, that the virtuous of all religions are equally acceptable to the universal Father. For little as we know of Heaven, I hope we may, without any blasphemy, presume that the superior powers are at least as reasonable as the best of us.

It is still not quite out of nature for people in certain humours, whether from the wine or the weather, to grow sour to one another for matters of mere opinion; nay, and proceed to downright quarrelling, either for the glory of God or their own vanity. But the utmost effort of narrow-thinking, and what appears perfectly astonishing, is the aversion

which some people bear in their minds to all those who did not happen to be born on the same spot, in the same little island, or the same corner of an island with themselves. Good God! would you have all the world to have been born in Ireland? In the name of every thing that is whimsical, what does it signify where a man was born? Can it be either a merit or a crime, an honour or a disgrace, to have been born in any particular spot of this globe; were it in St. Giles's, the Old Bailey, or even within the execrable walls of Newgate itself? One would think they must be at a prodigious loss for something to value themselves upon, who are proud of the place of their birth. Most people pretend to laugh at what is called family pride: and yet, though according to nice herald-like ceremony, the son, as the better gentleman, ought to take the wall of the father; this kind of pride is perhaps not quite a proper object of ridicule: for whoever esteems himself upon account of his noble ancestry, must of course emulate their virtues, and be afraid to violate their memory by any action unworthy of them. It is needless, and might be mistaken for flattery, to produce the many shining examples of this generous emulation which adorn the present age. Even without any very distinguishing merit of his own, the son has often some claim to a favourable reception for the sake of his father. But he stands upon a very bleak situation who has nothing to shelter him from contempt but the name of his country. For Heaven's sake, what country is it the most honourable to have been born in? What climate? What latitude? Under the Equator? Or what particular distance from it? I hope it is not in those climates where the weather is the finest, and the seasons the most agreeable. But is there a country, at least in Christendom, where the generality of the people, rough as they run, are not as stupid and as wicked as the arch enemy of mankind would wish to make them? The great bulk

e Irish, I am sorry to say it, ough, very ragged cattle in- in vain to deny it. The ge- of the Scotch, as well as of , Spaniards, and Italians, is extremely little better, thatuzzle the most sagacious con- pronounce which is worst. sh, though for every kind of linable as any nation in Eu- with regard to the great major individuals, just as unhappy t. God preserve us! what imals, what shabby Christi- had the honour to be born in ols of Great Britain!—of re- oit reputable parents too!—in London! and not to talk of or Drury Lane, in the superb ood of Grosvenor Square, mes's itself.

merit or value stamped upon l from the meridian of it's na- ot more fantastical than that ceives from the place of it's

Yet there are thousands who no science is to be learnt but se very walls, whence after residence themselves had come rld with a moderate enough udition. It would be highly le to reflect upon any school, great number of dunces hap- have been bred there: but his narrow way of thinking reproach to their tutors. One ury to see any illiberal jea- amongst our universities for

le dispute, (a yet *tetrior quam vlli causa*) as which of them it the most numerous herd of ckheads. For any blockhead, us leads him to much poring volumes, may become a man: arning in the most illiterate i the most unconsecrated you

But for their own sakes it ped, that those learned bodies to suppress all animosities of ; left in the course of their s it should be discovered, that eminaries of learning, how- ied with the specious titles of

Academies, Colleges, or Universities, are mere artful impositions upon the ignorance of mankind. For there are many instances to prove with what small helps from education good natural parts may shine: and a man may turn out a very considerable blockhead without ever having been taught metaphysics.

As the most hopeful antidote to the poison of this very domestic education, one would prescribe a visit to foreign parts. And if, after a ramble through Europe, the obstinate malignity should still shew itself in fresh eruptions, it might be worth while to try a seven years residence in America: if the patient returns before he is thoroughly cured, I can see no good reason why he should not be transplanted for life.

But a strong obstacle to the cure of this folly, is the advantage which some *honest* people find in fomenting it. For the mob, I mean the great bulk of mankind, in judging of mer, are mere botanists: they distinguish them only by their outward types; the class or tribe they belong to, or *seem* to belong to. For want of being able to penetrate a little deeper into the character, they prefer a man for the cock or no cock of his hat, or the healths he toasts; and are the more obstinate in their attachment to him, the less reason they can give for it: as the votaries of any religion are the more zealous and violent, the further it's principles are removed from common sense.

To conclude, as we begun, with Religion. It is nothing to me in whom or in what any man believes. I have no objection in the world to an honest man, because he believes in Mahomet, as long as he gives himself no impertinent trouble about my faith. Nay, I could live upon good terms even with a Deist; provided he keeps within the bounds of decency, and does not carry with him through life that juvenile vanity, which will not suffer him to be quiet, till he has told all the world that he laughs at those things which they consider as the most sacred and inviolable.



## SKETCH XVII.

## OF MORAL ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

OPERUNT MIRAREM TRISTES, TRISTEMQ; JOCOSE;  
SEDATUM CELERES, AGILEM GNAVUMQ; REMISSI.

HOR.

THE SLOW HATE THE QAY, THE QAY THE SAD,  
THE SLOW THE ACTIVE, AND THE QUICK THE STAD.

THIS was observed by one who knew mankind as thoroughly as most writers. And it is an observation that may justly be extended to all people of opposite dispositions. For every knave naturally hates an honest man; and the dimmest most misty blockhead has penetration enough, except you would rather call it instinct, to discover a man of parts; and cold virulence enough to detect him. The miser abhors the man who generously enjoys his fortune; and hopes to see the prodigal starve. As this is the case, it would require some skill in the doctrine of chances, to calculate how many enemies a man of sense and integrity is likely to have for one friend.

On the other hand, people of similar characters are apt to like one another. There is not a genuine ruffian in Turkey, not even in Christendom, so abandoned to all sense of humanity, so void of all sympathy with the human-kind, that would not take some little pains at least

to favour the escape of the wretch who had just murdered his father. Upon these two principles of aversion and attachment, if they are not rather, in the present view, one and the same, it is probable that the most important of human affairs sometimes depend. It is perhaps more owing to this than to any single cause besides, that one age is so different from another. For a very few individuals in a nation may have influence enough to throw the great weight of its business into such hands as shall render it either glorious or contemptible, either miserable or prosperous.

But it is now full time to conclude: for when the writer is tired, it is highly probable the reader must begin to yawn, if he is not fast asleep already. For which reasons, what I had further to say shall be dispatched in as few words as possible, and without any over-scrupulous attention to method or regularity.

## SKETCH XVIII.

## SENTENCES.

THE sententious manner of writing is apt to be dry, and to give disgust by its circular air, and a dogmatical over-bearing pretension to wisdom. Perhaps it would be better, if its severity was alleviated with a comfortable mixture of human nonsense. For, to be perpetually *wise*, is forbidding, unfocial, and something that does not become human nature, as it does not belong to it. Why should a school-matter, a parson, or an apothecary, affect to be as solemn and sublime the whole year round, as if he was a seraph or an archangel come to dwell amongst us?

The world has been shamefully imposed upon by many an important fool: but no man of sense ever took any pains to appear wise; as no honest man ever used any tricks to display his own integrity.

Most fools, and many sensible people, are conceited; but people of the best sense never are so.

Affectation labours with a diligence that fatigues every spectator, but with infallible success, to defeat its own purpose; for instead of creating love or admiration, it provokes our aversion and contempt. The most amiable people

the least affected. Let us  
 ft of what Nature has done  
 may be improved, but all  
 alter her from her original  
 nly expose us to ridicule.  
 rd beast the dromedary, as  
 as any sense, will never pre-  
 Bajazet or an Othello.

poor gentleman who used to  
 y tormented with violent fits  
 l-ach, because a celebrated  
 ject to that complaint. Such  
 I suppose as Jupiter felt just  
 is delivered of Pallas by the  
 ifery of Vulcan's hammer ;  
 to give a broad hint towards  
 this kind of *Cephalalgia*, as  
 doctors delight to call it.

on is the bane of every thing.  
 plain, downright blockhead,  
 im at the same time good-  
 y not only be an useful but  
 le creature. But when a  
 s seized with the whim of  
 e gentleman or a wit, the  
 mercy upon him—and us,  
 offended at the insipidity of  
 Dotterell's observation, nor  
 unpertinence, because I know  
 e no harm: what provokes  
 he calls it a joke.

who, without a grain of wit  
 , will always be joking, is  
 disagreeable and contemptible  
 but a dangerous one. For  
 d, unwary nonsense, will be  
 re or another to make him  
 o a quarrel; and he may lose  
 or perhaps his life, without  
 tion of having had a good

r bottle wo'nt do—No, nor  
 ogthead neither—You great  
 loggerhead, you must have  
 You must wait a good while

rouse Mr. Truewit's mettle  
 ime indeed!—You must wait  
 vn wit begins to sparkle—I  
 you must wait till you're  
 ere is a secret power in your  
 ough to check every thing  
 al—You are worse than a fog  
 wind—The candles burn dim  
 re here—and the Burgundy  
 flat as Port. Good night.  
 our good repose. May you  
 any porpus!—But hark ye,  
 Van Numb, before you go—  
 : live without wit, it seems—

Bless your fat head! are you sure that  
 you know wit 'when you hear it?—Let  
 me be curs'd if you do, even when you  
 pore over it in print at the rate of an  
 octavo page in an hour.'

It is illiberal, inhuman, and unrea-  
 sonable in the highest degree, to insult  
 any man for his being dull: but when  
 dullness pretends to genius or parts, it  
 becomes a fair object of ridicule.

True satire may be called the rage of  
 probity, and even of good-nature. It  
 is the indignation of virtue and wit  
 against vice, ill-nature, and affectation.

From wit to metaphysics is a despe-  
 rate stride, yet we will venture it rather  
 than defer our opinion of this science  
 to any future occasion. We take me-  
 taphysics, in the degree to which they  
 are carried by certain philosophers, to  
 be *the art of talking grave nonsense upon  
 subjects that lie beyond the reach of the  
 human understanding*. Better talk about  
 the weather still; or blunder through the  
 mist of politics; or retail those insipid  
 daily lies we call *news*.

I have seen people, that were no fools,  
 laugh at the wrong place, and without  
 being tickled, that they might not ap-  
 pear dull at taking a joke. What is  
 worse, I have known people, who were  
 not quite fools neither, affect to be angry  
 without feeling any affront; because they  
 would not be thought to want appre-  
 hension or spirit.

Vanity, besides the secret pleasure it  
 gives one's self, is a very thriving qua-  
 lity; and it is not politic to be at any  
 pains to disguise it, except amongst peo-  
 ple of the best sense. For the genera-  
 lity of the world will have the same opi-  
 nion of you that you seem to have of  
 yourself.

False or middling genius is almost al-  
 ways arrogant and vain. The true may  
 be provoked to do itself justice; but is  
 seldom apt to overvalue itself.

Though vanity and pride are very  
 different things, we may talk here of  
 that kind of pride which hurts your in-  
 ferior, and keeps those at a distance  
 who are never likely to abuse your fa-  
 miliarity. It seems to be the conscious-  
 ness of little minds, who are afraid of  
 being seen too near. It is to be proud  
 only where you may, with the utmost  
 safety, be so; for *those* proud people are  
 almost always mean and servile to such  
 as rank above themselves.

Now

Now that we are talking of unreasoning animals: there is a waspish fellow who must discharge his venom where he dares; and every day uses you like a dog—because he's your *cousin* truly, and may be free with you. When the wind is easterly this *cousin* becomes absolutely intolerable. Perhaps, after all, he intends you no great mischief in the main. But, in my opinion, the best way to manage such a *cousin* is to give him a most inhuman thrashing. He'll bounce, and sting, and raise a cursed outcry; but don't spare him: for with Heaven's blessing it will do him an infinite deal of good; and make him as civil, till he begins to forget it, as the politest enemy you ever had the happiness to converse with. Besides, you'll find a sublime pleasure in the exercise of just vengeance—By all that's imperial, it is a luxury almost too high for a subject!

Superficial people are always the most ostentatious. I suppose you may remember that you used to be the fondest and most vain of the thing you were but just beginning to learn.

Many shallow people make their fortunes by the mere force of gossiping. With some it passes for knowledge of the world; whereas it is only practising an art which, though insupportably tedious and insipid to men of taste and spirit, instead of costing *them* any trouble, is their native element; for they were born gossips.

The blunt sword is the trusty weapon. And there is nothing so infallibly successful in all trades and professions as the parts of a blockhead; plodding, selfishness, cunning, and impudence: which last virtue may be reckoned the chief of *these* cardinal ones; for

*Nullum nomen abest si sit Impudentia.*

The ambition of a man of parts is often disappointed for the want of some common quality, with whose assistance very moderate abilities are capable of making a great figure.

Some people have just parts enough to do their country a great deal of mischief: for if their understanding was the smallest degree lower, it would be too glaringly ridiculous to employ them.

Some have died upon the scaffold for their faithful services to their ungrateful

country. You remember the shocking catastrophe of those great and good men the De Wits.—By all that's stern and horrible! by the black-hung room! by the blood-thirsty saw-dust! you're in the right—The surest way to avoid ingratitude, is never to do one good thing while you live.

Many excellent geniuses have been lost. But we ought not to repine too much at this seeming inattention of Providence to human affairs; as from the same cause perhaps a much greater number of shocking monsters have been smothered and suppressed. For I am afraid there are more Neros and Caligulas than Tituses or Trajans in private life, who want nothing but to be emperors to show themselves. Immortal gods! how many thousand Claudiuses are at this hour asleep between Hyde Park Corner and Wapping!

I am afraid it is easier to corrupt good natural dispositions by education and habit than to subdue bad ones.

There are people that were born liars; who tell you every day very seriously a parcel of insipid unmeaning lyes, and probably believe them. It is a mere odd kind of weakness in them; they cannot help it; perhaps they are not sensible of it. Nay, I do not know whether there is not such an absurd creature as a thief that has little more scheme or meaning than a pilfering jackdaw.

Though there are strange inconsistent mixtures in human nature, there never yet was a very fine understanding where the heart was bad.

There is a parcel of crazy worthless people who set up for wits, and bring the name of Poet under a kind of disgrace with those who do not know that there can be no true genius without a sound understanding and an honest heart.

Some of those people do more indiscreet, irrational, absurd things, than even nature prompts them to: some become fops, and affect every thing that is indecent and shocking, merely that they may pass, good God! for men of genius; and they are admitted as such by the majority of their acquaintance for no other reason.

Oddities and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; when they do, they are it's misfortunes and it's blemishes. The man of true genius will be

be ashamed of them: at least, he never will affect to distinguish himself by whimsical particularities.

In short, good sense is the solid foundation of all genius, and of every thing that is truly ornamental. It is necessary, in some degree, even to a good fiddler: still more so to one who composes music. A blockhead, drunk with mortal Port, might have drawled out such a pitiful strain as *God save our noble King*—or, *To Arms*, and *Britons Strike Home*; but he must have had taste and genius who composed *Joy to great Cæsar*, or even *The Early Horn*.

Except Handel's Oratorio, one seldom goes to a musical entertainment where the great bulk of the pieces is not insipid. They have plenty of good music, but the performers are most provokingly frugal of the best. The reason I plainly take to be this: almost every scraper upon the violin has perhaps composed more or less music himself; and, instead of the works of the great masters, they entertain you with their own. If reading was a public entertainment; if authors were the only readers, and the choice were left to them, I suppose the great writers of former ages would soon be forgotten.

It is a question with me, whether the music of a country is, to be performed, any more than its language pronounced to perfection, but by those that have been young in it; or, what comes nearly to the same thing, have been taught it young by a native of that country.

People of the finest ear very often have not the least turn to mimicry: while, on the contrary, some of the best mimicks are mis-tuned, and have not the least ear to harmony.

It is impossible to make such a definition of wit as shall comprehend every kind of it. But it seems to consist chiefly in a happy faculty of comparing \* distant objects, and surprising you with the discovery of a striking resemblance where you did not dream of finding any.

The wit of some, who have a large share of it, is too much of one kind, and proves cloying for want of variety.

An author, who affects to be fine in every thing he says, and to write above

his subject, is just as ridiculous a coxcomb as he who performs the most indifferent actions with a studied grace. And this affectation is one principal cause of the awkward unnatural language which prevails in most of our modern tragedies.

Mr. Voltaire observes very justly of some authors, that they have done themselves no good by endeavouring to be universal. It is a foolish enough piece of vanity to be sure; for it requires no great genius to write a spiritless ode, an affected epistle, an insipid satire, a flat comedy, a cold tragedy, and even a flimsy, foppish, uninteresting epic poem. Shakespeare perhaps possessed the greatest compass of genius that ever mantled, and could excel in every thing, from the noblest sublime down to the burlesque.

In some ages the few people of genius ought to publish just enough to shew what they could have done in better times: more is not worth their while.

If there wants any thing besides the applause of the best judges to establish the reputation of your performance, it is the dislike of the worst. For false taste, whatever it may pretend, though it may even impose upon itself, at its heart naturally hates true genius.

I have heard talk of an Italian who thought the soldier in Vandyke's Belsharius something quite wonderful from a Flemish painter. It would seem he had never heard of one Rubens, a native of Flanders, who, *take him for all in all*, weigh him in the nicest balance, is perhaps inferior to few painters that Italy has produced. True taste is always candid, and naturally delights in true genius, without ever enquiring from what soil it sprung.

I have been told, that some French Abbé, whose name I forget, pronounced, with a very decisive air, that Shakespeare understood all the passions but *love*.—Good God!—Shakespeare not understand *love*?—Who does then?—Voltaire?

Love, anger, grief, all the passions are contagious.

Love is the cause of more indiscretions in old people perhaps than in young.

Dr. Swift says, that no wife man ever wished himself younger. The dean

\* In some ingenious Essays, which appeared a few years ago in one of the daily papers, wit was called a *tall faculty of the mind*. There is something odd in the expression, but the meaning is good.

## 24. SKETCHES, BY LAUNCELOT TEMPLE.

might perhaps have excepted a man renowned for wisdom, who seems to have been gloomy and unhappy in his latter years merely for want of youth.

*Died by the sting of a snail* would sound oddly in the bills of mortality. Yet I have known a woman of beauty, sense, and spirit, in love with one of the most insipid fellows that ever glared weary stupidity from a large dead eye. Whence it appears, that the infatuation of Queen Mab in the Midsummer Night's Dream, however extravagant it seems, is not quite out of nature.

As there have been many *small* observations made upon *great* classics, I must take the liberty to venture one. Iago enis his description of a good woman with

She was a wight, if ever such there were—

Here he stops, and Desdemona asks, *To do what?* It does not appear what leads her to this question, except you add a little word, which seems to have dropt out of it's place here without being missed.—Suppose it was to be read thus:

She was a wight, if ever such there were,  
To—

Here the buffoon pauses, to draw the lady into the question, which it is now natural for her to make; and to give, what he is ready to add, it's full effect of surprising and disappointing archly.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,  
Had wit at will, and yet was never loud, &c.

— — —

She was a wight, if ever such there were,  
To—

*Desd.* To do what?—

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Why do the players, in the part of Richard the Third, always say—'Give me a horse.' It not only sounds much better, but the meaning is, in my opinion, more warm and spirited as it stands in Shakespeare—

Give me another horse—Bind up my wounds—

As I feel it, there is a kind of tame impropriety, or even absurdity, in that action of Hamlet where he pulls out the two miniatures of his father and uncle. It seems more natural to suppose, that Hamlet was struck with the comparison he makes between the two brothers, upon casting his eyes on their pictures, as they hang up in the apartment where this conference passes with the queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance, and dignity, in supposing it thus; but it gives occasion to more passionate and more graceful action, and is of consequence likelier to be as Shakespeare's imagination had conceived it.

But I beg pardon for these trifles; and, in hopes that you may not all be so ill-natured as to take me at my word, shall conclude with a scrap of Latin that has, like many others, led a weary life; though it is almost as insipid a thing of the kind as ever came upon the town—

*Nos hac novimus esse nihil.*

Which, in plain English, means no more than that—'I am sensible all these  
' Sketches and Sentences are mere nothing.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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# S K E T C H E S;

OR,

E S S A Y S

ON

V A R I O U S   S U B J E C T S.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

## SKETCH XIX.

OF BUSINESS.

**I** Should take the most natural and agreeable life to consist in a well-proportioned mixture of business, amusement, and pleasure. A life of mere dissipation and pleasure must be exposed to many weary, tedious, insipid hours; and haunted with reflections mortifying to an ingenuous mind. A little business is necessary to keep off the languor which attends idleness, and to prepare you for enjoying the hours of indulgence with a proper quickness of appetite. Unhappy the man who is obliged to live by the business to which he has taken an aversion: though perhaps not more miserable than some independent people, who, having nothing to do, have neither taste nor genius to fill up their time agreeably.

A keen turn to amusement, and to the common drudging business of the world, I believe seldom meet in the same person. A strong disposition to selfish industry, obtuse sensations, (which are seldom unattended with a proper share of confidence) and a moderate degree of discretion and judgment, are sufficient, with the help of a very slight education, to qualify almost any man to succeed in any business. And it is evident, from numberless instances, that a man may arrive at the highest station in some of the most ingenious professions, by just the same kind of talents and arts as make an eminent taylor or a stay-maker.

## SKETCH XX.

OF LUCK.

**T**HAT sensible, or at least that plausible, old saying, *Quisquis suae fortunae faber est*, which in plain English means that every man is the carpenter

or bricklayer of his own fortune, is not to be admitted without a great many exceptions; for luck, good or bad, will every now and then be meddling, in  
D 2

what regards the prosperity of such *republics*, such *vile worms*, as some humble philosophers are pleased to reckon the race of human kind.

*Fortuna favet fortibus*—‘Fortune favours the brave,’ says another. A third says, *Fortuna favet fatuis*—‘Fortune favours fools.’ This last observation seems to have more examples in

its favour than both the other two; for fools and weak people, they say, are generally remarkable for good luck. But though fortune interferes ever so evidently in their favour, few of them have the generosity or gratitude to own it; ascribing, or what ought rather to be called imputing, their success entirely to their own superior merit.

## SKETCH XXI.

### OF LARGE SOCIETIES.

WHEN a great number of weak heads and bad hearts are collected into a mass, they must naturally improve in vice and folly; and very fast too, if they are not kept in order by a wise discipline. It was probably from this consideration, amongst others, that in former times, a prince celebrated for wisdom thought it an object of the utmost consequence to a whole kingdom, to put a stop at once to the further growth of its capital. In a very populous and over-grown city, especially if it happens to be the seat of an extensive commerce, great multitudes of people, without either education or good natural sense, must grow rich. These, in all popular dissensions, will generally throw their weight into the wrong scale; will join the clamour against the most salutary measures; raving for things unreasonable, impracticable, and what, with better eyes, they would often see detrimental and pernicious to themselves. Yet such heads as these lead the rest of the nation, who consider them as their true and incorrupted source of political intelligence; their vigilant guardians, their safe protectors; the soundest, ablest, and most disinterested judges of whatever belongs to the management of national affairs. God knows to what a contemptible degree they are mistaken! For there is nothing more true, than that the inhabitants of a certain metropolis are, in general, not only the most brutal, indecent, and immoral, but the most stupid and ignorant, of the whole people throughout the kingdom.

Oh!—to any one who feels for the

honour and dignity of England, what a subject of shame and mortification it must be, that the bad manners of those who inhabit the capital, expose the whole nation to the contempt of all foreigners!—Oh! good God! to the contempt of all Europe; who must naturally form an unjust opinion of the more civilized and more sensible people in all the most distant corners of the kingdom, from what passes *here*. Where the master of the house is a clown, the whole family partakes in his disgrace; and is even apt to be infected by him. Pray don’t call the people of this town Englishmen—for the honour of England, call them Londoners for ever—the yesty dregs of Great Britain and Ireland, the frothy scum of every nation in Europe, of every province in America, fermenting with the *Gowk-spittle* of Jamaica\*, is their composition. Such Englishmen as these Londoners, good Heaven! are the only real enemies of England; which never can be ruined, but by their stupidity, their absurdity, their madness, and villainy. In this blessed meridian of Liberty, the French Protestants too; whose fathers, within the memory of some that are yet alive, fled hither for shelter from an inhuman persecution; are become, of a most humble colony of suppliants, a gang of profligate ruffians, that madly and ungratefully rebel against a government, to which they owed their protection then, and do to this day. In their own original country, the wheel, instead of the gallows, would long ago have put an end to *their* turbulence.

\* This is the name by which the country people in Scotland call the white frothy substance, the nest, in which the guinea eggs are hatched amongst the branches of the sorrel and other plants. *Gowk* is their common word for the Cuckoo.

## SKETCH XXII.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

**T**HIS sentence must have been first roared out by an impudent leader of some villainous faction: and it is surprising that even the implicit indolence of sensible people should, to this day, have permitted it to pass without the least examination. What?—*The cry of the stupid, ignorant, profane populace, who constitute the great majority of mankind, the voice of God!*—Heaven preserve us! But this horrible blasphemy has been so long familiar to our ears, that we hear it without shuddering, and even acquiesce in it. If those blind gentry are ever in the right, it must be by chance, and they have only stumbled upon it. The tools of knaves must always be in the wrong; and, even when left to themselves, the multitude hardly ever fail to be mistaken.

For instance: of all those who have, in almost every various denomination, from time to time, become favourites with the vulgar here, great and small, within this

present century, how few will be remembered in the next, except with contempt and infamy! Of those idols, from the most exalted stations downward to the meanest; from the monarch's palace down to the tradesman's kitchen, how few have not already survived their false renown, rotted alive, and discovered their deformities naked enough to be perceived by the blindest populace that ever disgraced human nature! who, at the same time, are never by any experience, any disappointments, or the most flagrant discoveries, to be cured of their natural propensity to this absurd and fatal idolatry. This stupid idolatry is indeed the only religion that now remains to them. Yet, void as they are both of religion and morals, any cunning impudent knave might so operate upon their stupidity and ignorance, as to throw them all into a holy ferment again, by screaming out that *the church is in danger*.

## SKETCH XXIII.

OF THE PRESS.

**T**HE *Liberty of the Press* is gone, was not long ago wantonly bawled out every night and morning from the lurking holes of Grub Street, from the Fleet, the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and perhaps from Newgate itself, by a parcel of factious scribblers; who, at the same time, were weekly and daily flinging about such indecent abuse, and such impudent pernicious lies, as no wise government, except the present, in any country, or in any age, would, for its own dignity, or the peace, harmony, and happiness of society, have suffered. That the Liberty of the Press is gone, was, indeed, too true, at the time when this impudent disingenuous complaint was the most clamorous—But how? and in what sense? The daily and weekly conveyers of political

intelligence, had, for a long time, almost universally, as I am told, shut up their *channels* to truth and common sense; at least, they seldom suffered any thing of that kind to pass. They conveyed nothing almost but impudent lyes, nonsense, and villainy; which indeed is too much the case to this day.

I have for a long time, in sad earnest, considered the art of printing as a most pernicious invention. It puts it in the power of every blockhead and scoundrel to propagate stupidity, brutality, bad morals, deceit, and imposture, throughout the land. In short, the present indecency and licentiousness of the Press, most evidently tends to the abolishing of its Liberty, and that of the whole nation.



## SKETCH XXIV.

## OF THE POOR.

**I**N any country, opulent or not, it is a disgrace to government, that any one, who dares to claim it's protection, should ever perish for want of necessities. There ought to be no distress from want. Employ the Poor that are able to work; supply the infirm and superannuated with a comfortable subsistence. The greatest miseries of life are often not to be cured, not even to be soothed, by all the advantages of wealth. And what a shameful inhuman crime it is to neglect those to which a wise police could always apply an infallible remedy!

I say again, there ought to be no distress from want. Employ your Poor that are able to work. But we cannot oblige a *free-born Briton* to work, if he is ever to poor—God forbid!—But why? You can confine this son of freedom in a nasty gaol for a trifling debt; you can send him to Tyburn for a pitiful theft; and yet you cannot oblige him to make himself happy, by earning a comfortable livelihood in the way of honest industry. Very true; for, as a *free Briton*, the poorest man is still his own master.—You mean, he

has a right to make himself extremely miserable? But what right has he to recline himself an useless burden upon society? You'll say that society may leave him to starve; as it often does. But what's the good of that? The miserable wretch goes to the dogs; and society loses a hand that might have been of some use. Pray, why do you send your boys to school?—Why, surely, to learn to read and write, and qualify themselves for business, in one shape or another.—Would not they rather pass their time in play, d'ye think?—I suppose they would; but their masters won't suffer them to be idle.—Well, those idle fools we talk of are always children; and ought to be submitted to any authority, that kindly obliges them to be busy for their own happiness.

In a neighbouring country, whose plan of police is, perhaps, the most perfect that ever human wisdom contrived, and the best executed, the poorest creature that can work is not suffered to be idle; the poorest creature that cannot work is not left to starve.

## SKETCH XXV.

## AN ANECDOTE.

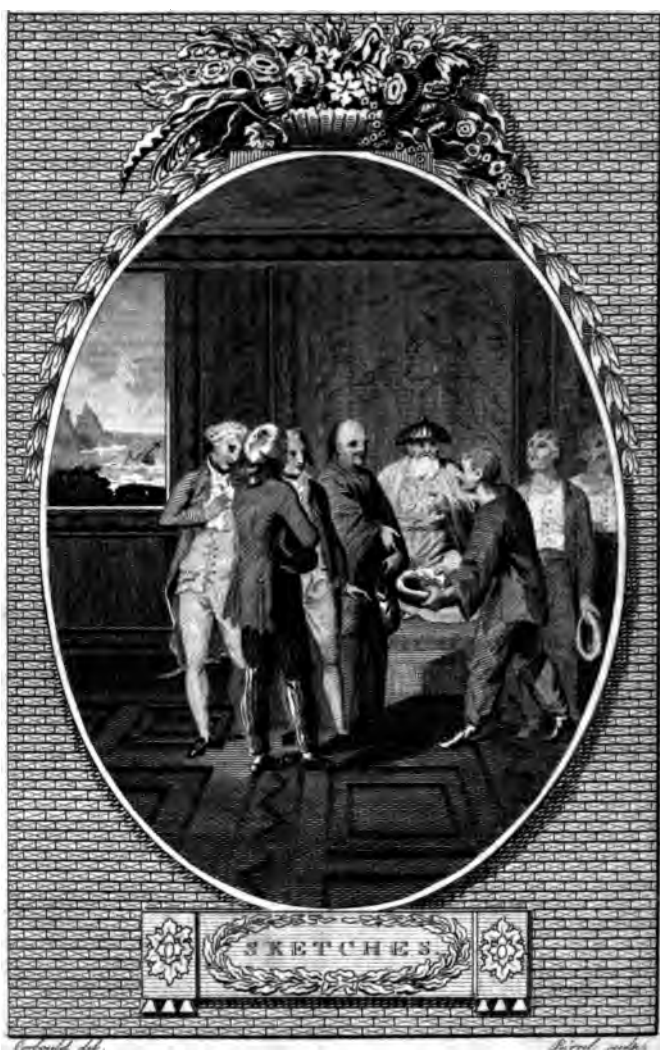
**I**Am naturally fond of strangers; and, where all other circumstances are equal, should find myself disposed to pay them more or less attention in proportion to their distance from home. Where all things else are equal, in performing any little duties of benevolence within my power, I should prefer a German to a Hollander or a Frenchman; a Greek, a Russian, or a Turk, to a German; a Persian to a Turk; and so on to the utmost limits of the East.—Of all the people upon earth, the Asiatics appear to me the most amiable, noble, and generous: they seem the most possessed with that virtuous heroic enthusiasm, which exalts human nature to it's highest degree of sublimity. One late

well-attested instance of their generous humanity may perhaps not be too tiresome to the impatient reader. The gentleman is but lately dead who favoured me with the following relation of a fact which deserves to be more generally known; and I give it in his own words.

'In the year 1730, the Prince George, Captain Cross, from Bengal and Surat to Canton, was drove into Juncum Bay, on the coast of China, in a hard gale of wind, of such force as to make the supercargoes, Messrs. Stephenson and Harrison, with Mr. Alex. Wedderburn, purser, go ashore in the pinnace, in order to get a pilot, and such other help as their distress then required. The wind



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all that night blowing fiercer, morning they were told the ship lost, which they soon perceived too true. The Mandarin of that immediately ordered, that the mentioned gentlemen, with Mr. , fourth mate, who then acted as in of the pinnace, and the Las- should be provided with lodgings and proper accommodations; and every part of the wreck, and all the that could be saved, should be ly gathered together, and put into e place for them; all which was lly performed. The generous ine's humanity d'd not end here; ordered a present of 350 tale\* to phenion, 300 to Mr. Harrison, Mr. Wedderburn, 200 to Mr. , and to each Lascar as much as ckoned equal to their full wages, s voyage been performed in the imes and, at their departure, gave a order from the court of Pekin riages, lodgings, and provisions, h every district in their way to .

ie would be glad to know, upon Christian shore any shipwrecked ould have met with such humane enerous treatment. What still re heightens the merit of this behaviour, it is well known that these are not at all fond of trading e Europeans; and it is probable , that some other Eastern nations n time, become as shy of them, xperience, as the sagacious Chi-

nese have always been from theory and speculation.

'As generous deeds do not appear every day, even in the most sensible, the most virtuous, and most magnificent of all possible ages; there is room here to pay some proper respect to a late act of humanity in the present Emperor of Morocco; which the following extract from his letter to the Grand Master of Malta will explain :

"In the name of God, the sole Almighty. To the Prince of Malta, Grand Master of the Religion of St. John, and to all his Council, the Emperor of Morocco, Fez, Mequinez, &c. wishes health and prosperity. In compassion of several Tuscan slaves, who have long been in my possession, and have never yet been demanded of me, I send them all to be presented to you by my secretary Ahladi Salciti : by this means, procuring myself at once the double satisfaction of making you a present, and of restoring liberty to those unfortunate people. If you had no captives of ours in your possession, I should desire nothing of you in return; but as I know you have, I shall with great pleasure receive such as you may be pleased to send me."

Along with this letter the Emperor sent thirty-seven Christian slaves; and that the Grand-Master of Malta returned exactly the same number of Mahometan captives, must have been owing to his having had no more,

## SKETCH XXVI.

### OF FABLE AND HISTORY.

R want of intelligence, or candour, or perhaps of both, there is so great a mixture of fable in history. On the other hand, it is not un- ble to suppose, that there is more iftory amongst the fables of the poets than we generally imagine. o compare the historian with the e latter seems not only the most ining, but the most instructive, ft ingenuous, and most honest of s; as he does not even expect your of every great and wonderful r action he relates. The mixture

of evident undisguised improbabilities, and what the critics I think call the *marvellous* in Homer, has, in too great a measure, weakened his credit as an historian. Though even in this capacity he has, perhaps, shewn himself much superior, in candour and impartiality, to many at least of our modern history-writers. In support of this observation, I can hardly think it necessary to take notice, that he has in general represented more worthy, amiable, and heroic characters, amongst the Trojan heroes, than in those of his own country.

\* Three Tale are equal in value to one pound Sterling.

His commentators, I am told, have here and there been struck with some glimpses of true history in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. And indeed I should imagine, that his narration in each of those poems was built upon solid facts; enlivened with fable only to make it the more entertaining and wonderful; and, with the heightening of every ornament, to exalt an history into a poem. One particular circumstance, which I don't know that any of those commentators has observed in this light, seems strongly to favour such a conjecture. The hero of the *Odyssey*, after having, with great bravery and address, demolished

the profligate suitors, puts the poor female attendants, who might have been passively concerned in the riots of his house, upon the shocking office of removing the bodies of their slaughtered lovers: and as soon as they have, by his orders, swabbed the bloody hall, he hangs them all up in a string against the wall of the court. Homer could never have made the hero of his poem guilty of such an indecent unmanly piece of cruelty; but found himself obliged, by his attachment to true history, to record it as a real achievement of the *hard-hearted Ulysses*.

## SKETCH XXVII.

### THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

**HISTORY** is, in general, an uncomfortable fatiguing journey through a flat insipid country; a tale too long for human patience. And after all, for want of intelligence and candour in the writers of history, you can seldom trust to its veracity. What different accounts are given of events that have happened even in our own times! For my part, I find myself much disposed to be an infidel as to many disputed points of history. A battle is an *affair* of such confusion, that few, even of those who have been concerned in it, can explain its circumstances, or fairly recollect them. It is sometimes as much as you can do to discover which army gained the victory. But what is yet more surprising, it has happened, that some very conspicuous characters in history have been so falsely represented, that the most worthless and contemptible continue to be regarded with admiration; while the best and the most amiable are considered with detestation and abhorrence.

A lively spirited relation of a formidable conspiracy, an important revolution, or any other interesting event, may afford a very agreeable entertainment. But human life is too short; and it requires all the phlegmatic patience of a well-fed lawyer, to attend to a long, drawling, insipid story, if it was ever so true. Livy is far from be-

ing a heavy, loitering, dozing, story-teller. His subject is enriched with a great variety of entertaining events. Notwithstanding his extravagant profusion of coxcomical ornaments, in very good speeches made by himself for people who never spoke them, he dispatches the affairs of a prodigious empire, throughout a whole century of perpetual action, in much less than half the number of pages than one insignificant reign of a king of France or of England has cost to some laborious compilers. And yet, for all the spirit, elegance, and dignity of his narration, perhaps there are not many now alive who have had perseverance enough to attend the great Latin historian to the end of his tale; even shortened as it is by the injuries of chance and time.

So much for history as an amusement. As to its use towards qualifying a statesman for the management of public affairs, I take it to be very inconsiderable. A general acquaintance with the history of his own country is perhaps enough for a *prime minister*; and some, I am told, have made a tolerable shift to stumble on for many years without even that. With a proper share of sagacity, resolution, activity, and address, an honest statesman might, in the most troublesome times, do great things for his country; though he had never turned over one leaf of either

Livy, Tacitus, or Sallust. Mean time, allusions and references to antient history have long been successfully employed to give some credit, with an air of consequence and dignity, to the

delusive lucubrations of your state empiricks, and their venal journeymen. And this seems to be the only advantage which our statesmen have ever yet drawn from the study of history.

## SKETCH XXVIII.

### OF FAME.

**T**HERE is as much variety of taste in this capital article of happiness, as in any thing else. For there are multitudes who would be ashamed of a virtuous renown, and proud of what they would think a glorious villainy. An inhuman, dissolute, abandoned villain, will naturally admire the character of a Tiberius, a Nero, or a Domitian; and perhaps, without much affectation, despise that of a Titus or a Trajan.

If you are not perfectly indifferent as to the good opinion of the mob, you are one of them yourself. *Their* opinion, as far as all politick views are out of the question, is much below the consideration of every man who has any tolerable share of understanding. But he who is above the opinion of the better and more sensible part of mankind; he who does not regard it with the utmost reverence; is most certainly capable of every thing that is base and villainous.

## SKETCH XXIX.

### OF REVENGE.

**T**HE gratification of this passion in the hands of a sensible man, a person of moderation and humanity, will hardly ever, in cold blood, exceed the bounds of an exact retaliation. So far I should reckon it just, and a proper supplement to the laws; which afford no redress in many cases of the most insupportable injustice, I could perhaps forgive an act of villainy which is not cognizable by the laws—but I don't chuse it; it is against my principles; it is weak, impolitick, and absurd.

In such cases, you have nothing but the fearful apprehensions of your own resentment, to keep rascals in awe.

Every act of just vengeance is a *terror to evil doers*; and contributes somewhat to the safety of honest and inoffensive people: perhaps it might even to the stability of government; if it should ever become so despicably weak, so tottering and paralytick, as tamely to bear the insults of an abandoned, stupid, cowardly populace.

## SKETCH XXX.

### OF BLASPHEMY.

**T**HERE is a set of vain crazy mortals, I was going to say half-witted fellows, but that would be too great a compliment: fools, that attempt to shine by talking blasphemy. Good God! it would be a small triumph to outshine all those geniuses in that stile. I fear the thunder at least as little as any of those indecent reprobates; but I cannot be so stupidly ungrateful, as to insult the adorable Author of my being, and all the pleasures of my life. There

surely needs very little wit to ridicule the ideal God of the vulgar; who conceive the stupendous Creator of the universe; the Almighty Spirit, who has produced every thing that is good, great, and beautiful; to be a testy, ill-natured old man, with a long beard.

After all, to give the devil his due; a knave, who is always at bottom a fool, as indeed most of us are, is of all animals the least unpardonable for complaining of his Maker.

E SKETCH

## SKETCH XXXI.

## THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

**W**HAT we call Evil, as well as every thing that is good, most certainly sprung from the great Fountain of all existence. Heaven, which gave us corn, wine, and oil, sent us also war, famine, and pestilence. The most pernicious things have their uses; and the rankett poisons, skilfully managed, prove the most powerful medicines.

In moral life, a perfect character would be a monster; at least I should hardly chuse the society of a man who was above all human weaknesses. The amiable medium of virtue, to the best of my apprehension, lies between a rigid, severe, minute, exact, over scrupulous sanctity, and a dissolute profligacy. It avoids the one, as disagreeable, uncomfortable, and forbidding; the other, as indecent, shocking, and contemptible.

I humbly conceive, that there cannot be much pleasure in a state that is not, in one shape or another, obnoxious to pain; and that none but the Almighty himself can enjoy an uninterrupted and immutable happiness. The heathen elysium has nothing to recommend it but ease and tranquillity; green fields and serene weather; which one would wish sometimes to change for a storm. The happy heroes there are a parcel of mere loungers; inipid murderers of time; or rather, useless trifling wasters of eternity. It is difficult to imagine any thing so tiresome as their condition. The Mahometan paradise is flattering indeed as to one article of pleasure; but that is hardly enough—for even love itself may, once in forty or fifty years, sigh for a truce of a few hours; at least for a little variety. Without variety, life is insipid in this world: and the happiest situation in the next may possibly enough be somewhat exposed to disagreeable rubs; that it may not sink into a state of insipid dissipation, or supine inactivity. You all know what horrible riots and combustions broke out in heaven at the time that Old Satan, or his Sulphureous Highness, (according to the title with which he has lately been dignified by a pulpit orator) lost his wife, and rebelled against almighty power. What squabbles may

have happened there since, Heaven only knows; as all historical intelligence from thence has been shut up ever since the cessation of inspired writing.

In short, the Christian Hades, with a tolerable mixture of variety, would be a more eligible situation, than either the heathen Elysium, or the Paradise of Mahomet. To fry for ever under the dog-days must be horrible. But with a reasonable variety of cool air, fresh spring-water, iced cream, plenty of good Rhenish, Old Hock, Moselle, Cyder, Burgundy, and some other comfortable things, one might make a tolerable shift there; or even in Jamaica itself.

But to be very serious; without a certain mixture of what we call Evil, the beautiful and entertaining variety which the Almighty Creator exhibits both in the natural and moral world, must have been imperfect. If this mixture was not necessary to the beauty and perfection of nature, it must have been unavoidable. For it is beyond the power of God himself to perform things naturally impossible. There are numberless things, both in the natural and moral world, which no more depend upon the will of God, than that two and two make four; or that a sphere is more capacious than any other figure under the same extent of surface. A proportionable sensibility of pain, must, I suppose, unavoidably attend that of pleasure. God Almighty has given you sense enough to take care of yourself; but, to be perfectly secured from burning or drowning, you must have a world without either fire or water.

To conclude; if *the ways of God to man* needed any *vindication*, why may we not presume that, supposing a mixture of real evil to be unavoidable, the Almighty should chuse to admit some evil, rather than that there should be no good; to expose his creatures to some chance of pain and misery, rather than that there should be no creation; rather than that infinite space, the scene of his stupendously magnificent and most beautiful works, should for ever remain waste, empty, and desolate?

SKETCH

## SKETCH XXXII.

### OF FASCINATION.

language of the eyes is so expressive, as to be understood at the distance. But the art by which the serpent, and others of the serpent kind, beguile a hare into their fowler's net, or,

in the midst of heaven the ill-poised

deserve some consideration. Some sensible naturalists appear confident of the fact. For my part, though I have yet seen it, strange as it is, I am not right to say it is impossible. I conceive a man in such a state of circumstances, as to find himself impelled to do the very thing that he shudders at with the utmost horror. That unhappy madman Caligula, they often tell Cæsonia, of whom he was passionately fond, *How easily she was won off this charming head of*

left, upon this occasion, some poet, who of all mankind had the most intimate acquaintance with hurricanes—

tempt you towards the flood, my

dreadful summit of the cliff,  
less o'er its base to the sea—

place puts *Teys* of desperation  
as a motive into every brain,

That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

If I remember right, Montaigne, who does not seem to have been of a melancholy complexion, somewhere says, that when he found himself upon the top of some hideous precipice in his mountainous neighbourhood, he had often felt an impulse to leap down. The shocking fate of a young lady, who, according to report, within these two or three years, while she was observing the dreadful figure of a large shark, slipped out of the cabin-window into the sea, might possibly enough have been owing to some desperate impulse of this kind.

As one would do any thing reasonable to rescue the memory of a great man from unjust reproach, I think it impossible that Empedocles could have been so very weak, as by a silly slip out of this world, either to hope or wish to pass for one of the immortal gods. The hollow surface might have failed him; he might have slipped by the mere chance of an unlucky step; he might have been suffocated by the sulphureous steam; or, on the brink of the burning gulph, he might naturally enough have grown giddy; or have been seized with such *Teys of desperation*, as Shakespeare talks of. But neither envy, malice, nor jealousy, have the least acquaintance with generosity or candour.

## SKETCH XXXIII.

### THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON GENIUS.

There are people so bigoted to one particular theory, to false and prejudicial, as indolently to receive even their own sensations to the contrary. There are in this island some persons absurd enough to tell you, that Britain lies at too great a distance from the sun to produce any Genius. It is paying too much attention to celestial, ignorant, superficial considerations, to ask them, what country in what climate the nearest to the sun has displayed a richer bloom of Ge-

nius, in almost any department, than has spontaneously sprung up in this foggy island; without even any kind softening influences from the superior powers—excepting those alone of Heaven and Nature. In what kind of Genius is this island inferior to any nation under the sun? How many Geniuses has the happy climate of Italy produced in any shape, since the days of Augustus? The genial fruitful latitude of Greece has now lain quite fallow for near two thousand years. Spain should be ashamed



to boast of, or even to own her noble, generous, her delightful Cervantes, whom she pitifully suffered to starve. But what great Geniuses has ever the warm climate of Africa produced? from the coast of Barbary to that of Guinea? from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good-Hope?

There are perhaps only two arts in which this island yields to any climate, however near the sun. It appears that the vainest Romans did not pretend to vie with the Greeks in statuary. Yet, what artists in that way has modern Italy produced superior, or even equal to those of old Rome?—Very few, I believe, and if it was not for Michael Angelo, perhaps one might venture to say none; though Italy, I suppose, lies as near the sun as it did eighteen hundred years ago. If the English have not hitherto excelled in painting, it may be imputed to circumstances that need no explanation. But, notwithstanding all the obstacles to true Genius in this island, it has, within these few years, lost a painter of singular excellence; as natural and expressive, I'll venture to say it, in the comic and familiarly moral style, as Raphael was in the serious and sublime. And you may wait many centuries before such another flower blows in *any* climate. I reckon that still, *even in this age*, our island may boast of several geniuses, who, for instance, in portrait perhaps excel every painter in Europe since the days of Vandyke: to whom unprejudiced posterity may find them at least equal; some perhaps superior. We

have some too who are admirable in landscape.—But these geniuses are still alive; and some of them may be seen at a coffee-house, where they look much like other people. A hundred years hence, a connoisseur may probably enough wish to make a journey of a thousand miles to see them; and would be gloriously happy, on his return home, to tell his neighbours he had shook them by the hand. As to history itself, besides some promising specimens of it at home, perhaps even this barren age has produced a genius, not indeed of British growth; unpatronized, and at present almost unknown; who may live to astonish, to terrify, and delight all Europe. But true genius is such an uncommon production of nature, and is so much superior to all quackish arts of recommending itself, that when it does appear, it is no wonder that a generation of people without taste do not know it.

Genius may shoot up in a land quite inhospitable to it; it may perhaps even blossom in the most ungenial season. But the rose-bush that displays its blushing honours in the face of the surly uncomfortable east wind, must have sprung from a root of no small vigour. In a certain island, the fostering indulgences and kind attention which the narcissus, the gilly-flower, the tuberose, the Cape jessamin, and all the delicate flowers that adorn the garden, deserve and require; are most absurdly and perniciously bestowed upon ragwort, jack of the hedge, priest's what d'ye call it, bishops weed, bearsfoot, nightshade, and henbane.

## SKETCH XXXIV.

### THE TASTE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

**A**MONGST many other distinguishing marks of a stupid age, a bad crop of men, I have been told that the taste in writing was never so false as at present. If it is really so, it may perhaps be owing to a prodigious swarm of insipid trashy writers: amongst whom there are some who pretend to dictate to the public as critics, though they hardly ever fail to be mistaken. But their dogmatic impudence, and something like a scientific air of talking the most palpable *nonsense*, imposes upon great numbers of people, who really possess a consider-

able share of natural Taste; of which at the same time they are so little conscious, as to suffer themselves passively to be misled by those blundering guides.

A Taste worth cultivating is to be improved and preserved by reading *only* the best writers. But whoever, after perusing a satire of Horace, even in the dullest English translation, can relish the stupid abuse of a blackguard rhymster, may as well indulge the natural depravity of his Taste, and riot for life upon distiller's grains.

But the Taste in writing is not, can-



wife, than it is in music, as well theatrical entertainments. In ire, indeed, there are some magnificent works arising, at a proper time, to restore the nation credit with it's neighbours in ease; after it's having been excluded repeated disgraces by a trifling awkward clumsy piles, that ashamed to shew their stupid the neighbourhood of White-one more, that ought to be added, if it was for no other reason to restore the view of an elegant which has now for many years died alive behind the Mansion

indeed, some comfort, that while Genius happen to be very false tent in most of the fine arts, not so in all. The arts of garrulity particularly, and the elegant farin, have of late years distinguished themselves in a few spots to advantage in England, than perhaps in any part of Europe. indeed, very far from being ; and some gardens, admired rated still, are so smoothly regular-planted, and so crowded with impertinent, ridiculous ornaments, ruins, pyramids, obelisks, and a thousand other contrivances, that a continuation of ground, in it's rude natural infinitely more delightful. You can have seen fine situations with costly pretences to improve the most noble and romantic of any gardens I have seen, is

near Chesham; and the gentleman who possesses that delightful spot, has shewn great judgment and a true taste, in meddling so little with Nature, where she wanted so little help.

This is one happy instance of an admirable situation, where nature is modestly and judiciously improved, not hurt, by art. An opposite instance of what art, skill, and taste, may produce, without any particular advantages of ground or situation, is most agreeably displayed in the royal gardens at Kew. There you find an extent of flat ground, so easily, agreeably, and unaffectedly broken, that you would think it impossible to alter it but to the worse. To pass without any notice the agreeable and the elegant pieces of architecture, which without crowding adorn those delightful gardens, perhaps there is not a physic-garden in Europe where any botanist can be more agreeably entertained; as to the variety of curious plants. But there is something new, as far as I know, and particularly ingenious here, in the disposition and management of them. Those that naturally delight in the rocks, and the dry hungry soil, are here planted upon ridges of artificial rock-work; where they shew all the luxuriance of vegetation that they could amongst the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Andes. While a very different tribe, the Aquatics, display themselves in a large cistern, where they are constantly supplied with their best and most natural nourishment, the rain-water, conveyed to them from the eves of the richest greenhouse I have ever seen.

## SKETCH XXXV.

### OF THE DRAMATIC UNITIES.

few architects will deny that doors, windows, a roof and, are necessary to a convenient house. In my opinion, a strict adherence to the three Unities, as they are laid upon the firm foundation of sense, is not less necessary in the art of both Tragedy and Comedy; herways, especially as representations on the stage, are irregular, flow-ering, absurd, and improper, and that even we are not shocked daily trespasses against them; is custom and Shakespeare. But

it requires so much art to fill up five acts of a play with the business of one single interesting event; without one scene that is not necessary to forward it; without the least change of place; and without exceeding the time of representation; or even the compass of twelve hours, which is permitted by the courtesy of the critics; that it is no wonder most of our dramatic writers affect to despise rules so difficult to practise.

The three great French dramatic poets, Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, have in this article been much more successful

cessful than the English: amongst whom, if you except Ben Johnson in three or four of his capital pieces, I am afraid we shall find very few who have built upon a regular plan; which is exactly the same thing to a play, as composition is to a history in painting. Shakespeare, indeed, without one perfect plan, has perhaps excelled all other dramatic poets as to detached scenes. But he was a wonder!—His deep knowledge of human nature, his prodigious variety of fancy and invention, and of characters drawn with the strongest, truest, and most exquisite strokes, oblige you to forget his most violent irregularities. However, to compare two stupendous geniuses in different departments; Shakespeare, for this mere disregard of plan, appears less perfect than Raphael; who has heightened the truest and most masterly expressions in his various characters, by

the advantages of a composition the most august and superb imaginable, where it was proper; and always the most elegant, easy, happy, and natural.

The Samson Agonistes of Milton was, it seems, recommended by a celebrated prelate to Mr. Pope, as a performance that he might easily mould into a perfect model of Tragedy.—A most desperate task!—For, besides that the dialogue in Samson is for the greatest part dry, metaphysical, pedantic, and reads like a starched, laborious, slavish translation from Euripides; I cannot help thinking, with all due deference to Milton and the B—— of Rochester, that the Samson Agonistes is no more to a Tragedy, than a long Farce of one act would be to a Comedy. For the stage, if I remember right, is never once cleared of the persons introduced from the first scene to the last.

## SKETCH XXXVI.

### OF TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the opinion of some old critic, that a perfect Tragedy is the noblest production of which the human wit is capable; it has long been a subject of learned dispute, whether a perfect Comedy was not the more difficult undertaking of the two. The great majority of judges, who are not always in the right, have, I believe, still given the preference to Comedy in this respect. They tell you, that as Comedy is a representation of common life, and incidents that are exposed to daily observation, it must be a work of more difficult execution; since most people truly are qualified to judge of what is natural in common life. But are we not equally judges of natural expressions in cases of the most tragical distress? even in the most exalted personages? What should hinder?—Do the passions operate differently in similar situations, according to the different ranks of mankind? A king or an emperor may, upon occasion, be as much enraged as a chafed dray-man; only he'll express his anger with more dignity, and in more decent language.

It is, no doubt, equally the business of Tragedy and Comedy to represent life and characters naturally. And we have as good a right to express true pic-

tures of nature from the one as from the other.

Mean time, I imagine the working up of a good Tragedy to be by many degrees the more difficult and arduous task of the two. Except you think the sublime productions of Raphael required less genius than those of Hogarth; whom I would never be understood to mention but in terms of great esteem and admiration. How many tolerable comedies have we seen for one tragedy, in which the passions are naturally represented, and expressed with propriety and spirit! Nothing, big words, turgid unnatural language, and affected sentiments, are nothing to the purpose; instead of moving the passions, they only create contempt and disgust in people of proper feelings. I would ask, How many very good comic romances have appeared in the European languages for one tolerable epic poem? Let me ask again, How many excellent comedians of both sexes have appeared upon the English stage, within the memory of many now living, for one that has excelled in Tragedy?

As to what Moliere says upon this subject, I think it is in his *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, it amounts to no

this; that it is much easier to  
 id Tragedy than a good Co-  
 ich I suppose will be readily

ll, I believe it must be allowed,  
 d, ranting, declamatory Tra-  
 which nature is perpetually  
 : truncheon's end; with the al-

distance especially of magnificent dresses,  
 changes of amusing scenes, altars, sacri-  
 fices, processions, publick audiences of  
 ambassadors, and such other mechanical  
 ornaments as are easily introduced; is  
 much more likely to impose upon the  
 eyes and ears of the multitude, than a  
 cold insipid Comedy.

### SKETCH XXXVII.

#### OF THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

e Careless Husband, though it  
 not appeared upon the stage  
 nce these thirty years, still pos-  
 sists rank amongst our modern  
 in the opinion of many thou-  
 have never either read it or seen  
 ted; I had some time since the  
 to give it a second perusal; be-  
 en I read it many years ago, I  
 conceive how it came to be so  
 ly admired. And now, it does  
 y means strike me as the best  
 he few modern English come-  
 which I have any acquaint-  
 ir Charles, the hero, the fine  
 of the play, behaves rather  
 and even with a needless, ab-  
 dity, to poor Edging, imperti-  
 ne is. What is still worse; in  
 r scene between him and Lady  
 ere all art and insincerity ought  
 erously thrown aside, he is dis-  
 ously enough to make a merit of  
 ith a mistress he was tired of,  
 whom he had just disengaged

That return of affection to a  
 o was once become indifferent  
 eems hardly natural, to a man  
 f Sir Charles's character; and  
 has no great reason to depend  
 on it. As to L. Betty Modish;  
 ppant coquette does not promise  
 be a happy match for such an  
 ncere innamorato as L. Love-  
 at I hope he will never trust her

too long out of his sight; not even with  
 his friend and officious match-maker,  
 Sir Charles. In short, Sir Charles is  
 no more than a mere man of pleasure,  
 of great indifference and *nonchalance*;  
 much such another as Colley was him-  
 self: for I had the honour to be a  
 little acquainted with Mr. Cibber; who,  
 besides his abilities as a writer, and the  
 singular variety of his powers as an  
 actor, was to the last one of the most  
 agreeable, cheerful, and best-humoured  
 men, you would ever wish to converse  
 with. But to return to Sir Charles; the  
 tenderness he expresses in the foremen-  
 tioned scene, shews a change of charac-  
 ter too sudden and too violent to be na-  
 tural; and is contrived only to serve a  
 purpose in the play.

The sudden change of character in  
 Lady Townly, in the Provoked Hus-  
 band, is not less unnatural than that of  
 Sir Charles Esq. I have good autho-  
 rity for it, that Sir John Vanbrugh, who  
 left the play unfinished, never intended  
 any such reformation. And of all the  
 dramatic poets who have appeared in  
 this century, Vanbrugh seems to have  
 had the truest knowledge of human na-  
 ture: if you except any, it can be none  
 but Fielding; whose admirable Parody  
 upon the modern English Tragedies,  
 might alone be sufficient to procure him  
 a high rank amongst the Comic Poets,

### SKETCH XXXVIII.

#### OF GLOOMY WRITING.

read so little for many years  
 any subject that did not imme-  
 concern the political state of the  
 f which every journeyman wrea-

ver, taylor, barber, every porter, chair-  
 man, coachman, drayman, carman,  
 shoe-cleaner, and chimney-sweeper, in  
 London, ought to make himself master, for

for the good and safety of the whole; that I am grown quite out of acquaintance with the delights of those writers they call the Classics. But, to recollect some juvenile impression, I used to think that in the works of the best poets, there is generally an air of cheerfulness and gaiety, wherever their subject in any degree admits of it. The inferior geniuses are either insipidly serene, or, when they affect the serious and sublime, it is heavy, gloomy, and melancholy.

Virgil is like the sun, bright and full. Lucan is a subterraneous fire; and when he wants to be open air, would be the Stygia a storm, if he could. There is a gloomy solemnity in most of that age, with whom I have any acquaintance, that you would say the sun had always waded through blood in the days of those emperors.

### SKETCH XXXIX.

#### OF A LINE IN LUCRETIVS.

IT cannot be less than thirty years since I have looked into Lucretius; and of the few lines in his elaborate poem that stick to my memory, there is one—

*Nempe alia quoque sunt; nempe hac finis vicini-  
mus ante—*

that if it was not for other lines and one particular anecdote, would almost tempt one to imagine he had never been in love. What consolation, I beseech you, can it give a lover dying of his wounds, to

tell him—‘ There are others as  
‘ she; and you lived happily en-  
‘ fore you ever saw her.’ Very true  
this is mere sophistry, and nothing  
to the purpose. ‘ For,’ says the  
cated lover, ‘ I cannot live with-  
‘ particular sweet creature: of  
‘ sex, she is the only one that c-  
‘ me completely happy.’ He  
after possessing this bewitching  
may wish to get rid of her, is a  
not much to the purpose at pres-

### SKETCH XL.

#### OF THE GOOSE-PHOENIX.

THIS is, perhaps, one of the highest curiosities that has ever appeared even at court, either in bag-wig or tye. But as he is rather out of his place here, and deserves a particular description, I

intend to exhibit him in my History, which I am preparing press, under the article of *Birds*.

### SKETCH XLI.

#### OF SINGING.

TALKING of birds—Pray, how d’ye relish the Italian Singers?—Why really not so much as many pretend to do: a great many, ‘a prodigious multitude of all ranks, who resign their own sensations to other people, and dare neither bear nor see for themselves; who dare not even eat or drink for themselves. For my part, I am sincere enough to own, that the Singers at the opera seldom give me much pleasure; and least of all while

they are warbling out a note to the end of a league. Besides that I am for their throats, I feel a content disgust, and a strange disagreement of shame both for them and audience, who never fail to acknowledge those flourishes with the loud applause. But in almost all Singers cannot help lamenting what I think most material imperfection. A tune, well sung, gives a ravishing

lines, that when you come to em, you are surprized to find how d-insipid they are, and often how fiscal. What I complain of is, w Singers pronounce the words dy-enough to be understood. They almost as well sing *Fal al de ral* r and ever.

ve reason to suspect, that the most te powers in this way, for want rance in those who possess them,

are sometimes lost, and remain quite unknown, except to a few of their most familiar friends. This diffidence is only to be regretted. But I can find no excuse for those volunteers in music, who have got that silly, impertinent, disgusting, provoking habit, of humming a tune to themselves in company, my dear honey; and at piquet, cribbage, or quadrille, even at *whist* itself, sing over their cards.

## SKETCH XLII.

### OF A VULGAR ERROR.

re always considered it as a self-dent absurdity, to imagine that otish tunes were composed by an fidler. But I own that my opinion this subject has begun to totter since it was discovered that the uthor of *Offian's Poems* was one

Sukkubbit, Esq. an idle drunk-low, who some ten or twelve nd years ago, lived by making ending of Jews-harps at the h of Gomorrah, in the coun-Palestine. Good God, how pro-; this is!—Bless your ears! the t part of the Scotch, Welsh, and nes, were composed long before alians, or even the Flemish, ny thing of music. Excepting , Pergolesi, and perhaps one or re distinguishable matters of that ng art, the Italian composers ldom aspired at any thing beyond nechanical harmony; in which e who has a tolerable ear may . But to express the passions is ent affair: it is one of the great-

est powers that belongs to true genius; which happens to be a very uncommon gift of nature.

Handel was in general a noisy over-bearing bully in music; sometimes indeed, but not often, pathetick—yet still charming, as far as mere harmony goes. But it was not in him, still less in David Rizzio, a mere old fidler, who only executed what other people had composed, to have even imitated, with any success, the Scottish tunes; whether melancholy or gay; whether amorous, martial, or pastoral; in a style highly original, and most feelingly expressive of all the passions, from the sweetest to the most terrible. Who was it that threw out those dreadful wild expressions of distraction and melancholy in *Lady Culcres's Dream*? an old composition, now, I am afraid, lost; perhaps because it was almost *too terrible for the ear*. I'll venture to swear that David Rizzio was as innocent as any lamb of all such frantic horrors.

## SKETCH XLIII.

### OF SOME OTHER VULGAR ERRORS.

AE people seem to wonder that *rapidity and Make* should meet.

from being opposite qualities, re, for the most part, husband se. And why should you at- to separate whom the devil has

*of fools afraid*.—Is this a just h? Pray, what animal is so some or dangerous as a fool,

whether he is your enemy or your friend?

Why are *Magnanimity and Meekness, Wit and Wisdom*, supposed such extraordinary combinations?—Good sense is surely the solid foundation of true wit; and the truest magnanimity is above all the little turbulence of passion; which is sometimes affected to disguise fear,

A bad heart is by some people supposed almost inseparable from an able head. It is quite the contrary: for where the heart is false, the head is never sound. A fool may be honest; but the most plausible knave never yet possessed a sound understanding. In a word, the less moral a man is, the nearer he approaches to an ass.

Merely vivacity is every day mistaken for wit: and most people, when you talk of a Wit, suppose it a vain, pert, brisk, impudent, ill-natured creature, that says such things as would be pardonable only to an impertinent child. True wit is seldom or never petulant: it would rather suppress even a good joke, than give the least uneasiness to any person that is not a fair object of satire.

A serious disposition and a relish of pleasure, are reckoned opposite to one another by the generality of fools; who have not reflection enough to observe that the extasies of pleasure are of all things the most serious. This all sensible women know. The fools of the sex, who are sometimes as voluptuous as their betters, seem often to be out of this secret. But pray who is so grave, or shews such a solemn front, as the husband of the herd? The wether is an insipid whiffing fellow to the ram; whose dignified gravity abates, and becomes less distinguishable, as soon as the genial season is over. And I have been told by some ladies of very good sense and considerable experience, that the grave rake is the man.

## SKETCH XLIV.

### OF CIVILITY.

A Few days ago, upon accidentally opening an old book, I found the following reflection: 'Incivility is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of many vices; of ridiculous vanity, of ignorance, idleness, stupidity, giddiness, contempt of others, of ill nature, and jealousy.'

This I take to be a very just and true account of the various ingredients which compose Incivility. As to Civility, if

I am not mistaken, it is an universal duty; all mankind have a natural claim to it from one another, and without it there can be no intercourse in society, but what is disagreeable, shocking, brutish, and dangerous. Every good-natured, generous-spirited person, will practise it for pleasure; every sensible man, whether good-natured or not, for his own convenience and quiet.

## SKETCH XLV.

### SENTENCES, MAXIMS, AND REVERIES.

THERE are many degrees of madness on this side of Bedlam. Those too that stop short of it, are by far the most dangerous kinds of insanity; and it would be much happier for the public, as well as for many individuals, if some people were a little madder than they appear to be.

Most oddities, I apprehend, have a twang of madness in them; though they are often the excess of some good quality.

In education, it is perhaps proper and necessary for young people to be pushed on to many hard and disagree-

able things; especially as they are so often unavoidable in life. Had it depended upon one's own choice, who would have dared to have been born? Good God! to be received into the world by a frightful old woman of either sex! — Hercules himself would have avoided it if he could.

What does a conscience void of all great offences signify to one who torments himself for every little misbehaviour, every inattention, of which absence, hurry, or a hypochondriacal fit of diffidence, may have made him guilty? For one trifling neglect in point of

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manners, may give more pain to a man of much sensibility, the horrible crimes of a most life ever gave to such a profligate as Cæsar Borgia; whom I see the greatest of all moderns. For the present are still out of session.

It was but half a villain—He only with horror. The comic affects you at the same time of joy and contempt.

Whether it is a reflection of the state or some other political writer, the state or empire must go to great hurry, whose affairs are managed by such people as in low life belonged to a gang of thieves, perhaps some figure amongst them.

Characters that historians give to eminent persons are not always

Caligula, for instance, has been censured by most of them as a monster of cruelty. For my part, I only consider him as *the best of his kind*; and have always admired his fidelity to his wish, that the mob had but one neck, and himself might cut it off to let drop upon it. A coarse taste in the *virtu* led him to exercises, would naturally have that every Roman had at least one, that he might never be deficient of *game*. Yet, after all, that this good-natured sentimental might, by some severe be imputed rather to indolence than to humanity: for sometimes, as *Decipimur specie relictâ, imposita upon by false appearance*.

—Caliban turned critic!—Caliban? for they're a number, bless their sweet bodies! and their critics. —'Lord! I mean a verily sea-calf that was found with open mouth upon the beach last spring-tide.' —'O he!—critic to be sure; and, stupid as I think him, he may be of excellent use to a reader who has his cue: for he reads backwards; as the very requisitions will generally, I always, be just and true.' —Our present critics naturally at me in mind of an arch thing that a witty gentleman said upon occasion: *Optat Ephippia bos si heavy ox would gladly be*

*as fine as a horse*. Just as if an awkward, clumsy, dancing bear, should be permitted with the ambition of shining at the Ridotto.

As there are not perhaps, even in this sensible age, above three or four infallible men in all England; and one of them is sometimes inaccessible from cruel fits of the asthma, and some nasty scorbutick complaints: I should think it best, in all doubtful critical decisions, to consult the greatest fool of your acquaintance. And if he advises a voyage to the East Indies, be sure to throw yourself into the first ship that is to sail for Jamaica. I am told that some of the ancients used to pay a religious veneration to a certain kind of people; and they must have had some reason for it.

It would be a capital joke to observe how clever and sensible a fool thinks himself; if it was not so very common a sight as it happens to be.

When there is the least time for deliberation, one should never do any thing in a hurry. A friend of mine, who does not want for a reasonable share of pride, told me some days ago, that he should never forgive himself for having once, in a fit of absence and fluttering spirits, too readily executed what was proposed, by a very impertinent message which came to him from a pair of people, whom he hardly knew further than by name. Though at the same time it happened to be the very thing he had intended to do; for the sake of avoiding such unreasonable and illiberal reflections as in some situations are naturally to be apprehended from malice or ignorance.

'What d'ye mean by saying always *same day, said day*? Can't you say *the same day*, you barbarian? I have often heard you say *lay*, where you ought to say *lie*. Bless your body! Why do you *put always*, instead of *always put*, the adverb after the verb? It has a vile effect: but you may sufficiently flatten your language without it; for it is languid and drawling enough at the best. You have got a despicable habit, too, of saying *neither this or that*. If you understood even the mechanical rules of grammar, you would say *neither this, nor that, nor any thing*. I suppose you'll set about coining new words by and by. But depend upon it you'll never make one that



that will find itself *admissible* to the English language. It will *rescue* every word that is issued from your mint — For my part, as it seems hitherto undetermined whether one should say *never* or *ever*, as in the following instance—*If a patriot was ever so active in attempting the ruin of his country*—till this subtle point is decided, I shall sometimes say *ever*, sometimes *never*, just as it happens to suit my ear.

‘Pray, why don’t you roll about in your carriage again, as you did when you were many years younger, and could not so easily afford it as now?’—‘Why, Sir, I am, thank Heaven, very able to walk: and without a great deal of exercise, I can neither eat nor sleep. Besides, Sir, I always hated that jolting over the stones; and every good day, when I envied all foot passengers, I used to grudge myself the expence that either my own or other peoples vanity cost me in that article. Now, wherever it rains, or the streets are dirty, I can command a coach or a chair for a mere trifle.’—‘But at this rate who will employ you?’—‘None I hope but a few friends, to whom I most devoutly wish perpetual health; and as soon as this life is grown insipid to them, an easy and quick passage to a better; that my tranquillity may never be interrupted by their distresses. Nay, you are welcome to laugh at me as long as you please; but my present scheme is to pass the time as agreeably as I can, and to have no more to do with business than is consistent with that scheme.’—‘Well, thou’rt a strange fellow; a most unhappy mixture of ambition, indolence, love of pleasure, and a kind of delicacy very ill calculated to succeed in the scramble of life.’—‘No, I beg your pardon, I am pretty well cured of my ambition. For when I see what sort of geniuses very commonly make no small noise and bustle—But I would not be thought to envy where I have always despised—*Non equidem invidio, miror magis*. Though, after all, there is but little room here for wonder, considering what kind of people constitute the great majority of all ranks in a certain overgrown town: and how even many of them, that in other common affairs are not fools, to avoid the trouble of judging for themselves, often follow the rest in mat-

ters of the utmost consequence to their own precious lives.’

Impudence, the thriving son of Stupidity, will make very small talents do great things.

That glaring dim-eyed pug is in such vogue, that though I know him to be, in point of understanding, amongst the most vulgar of the human race; I am almost tempted to impose so strangely upon my own judgment, as to imagine there is something in him.

‘Pray, who is that facetious gentleman? He can’t so much as ask how you do without laughing. He must lead a merry life. D’ye know him?’—‘Upon my word, not I. But I have observed that the dullest people generally laugh the most: from a consciousness, perhaps, of their own insipidity, which they endeavour to disguise by the exercise of laughing.’

‘For Heaven’s sake, my dear friend, don’t make a trade of laughing. If your aim is to be witty every hour of the day, you’ll turn out a teasing, disagreeable companion. When the weather or the company is against you, keep yourself quiet; and never be ashamed to be dull amongst blockheads, let them be never so noisy. In conversation, wit should be accidental; otherways you must naturally despise it’s vanity and affectation. Meantime, after mangling a joke that has thrown ten or a dozen sensible people into a hearty fit of laughing, don’t be so cruel as to doubt whether it really was a joke or not; and to conclude, because you cannot recollect all the circumstances, that the mirth it produced must have been owing to the manner of saying it. Besides, that sometimes a very good joke can hardly be repeated without losing it’s spirit; the best jokes, though they are felt immediately by people of proper sensations, are not always easily explained as to the *mode of titillation*, with which they affect the *risible faculty*; except perhaps by some phlegmatic metaphysical connoisseur in wit, who never once felt a good joke in his life.—Pray, what is it that pleases you in the smell of a jonquil, a rose, or a gilly-flower? If you’re resolved not to enjoy their fragrance till that is explained, you may as well shut up your nose for ever.’

I have seen a most unnatural extravagant piece of absurdity received with great

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clausé; while flashes of true  
passed without the least notice.  
so easy to tickle fools with  
y, petulance, and any kind  
nt ribaldry, that these are the  
relics of every crazy im-  
fellow who would pass for a

never meet with any imperti-  
the company of well-bred  
while you are decent and in-  
yourself, you have no dis-  
e behaviour in any shape to  
ad from them. And the more  
man has, you will, almost  
exception, find him the less  
e petulant.

is nothing so provoking as  
ertinent compliments of a fool  
hes you well; who shocks you  
e thinks he is doing you a

opened, as I have been inform-  
several years ago a gentleman,  
ame I cannot at present recol-  
ferred to Mr. T. that Mr.  
ugh he passed for a man of ge-  
as rather a hum-drum compa-  
nd seldom said any thing very  
able. To which Mr. M. told  
t Mr. T. replied—'Aye, but  
ver fails to improve what *you*

This seemed to be perform-  
part of rather a cold back

For I have known Mr. T.  
whole evenings together upon  
in a manner whispered to him  
fore said Mr. B—; while he  
ed to be either too modest or  
olent to pursue them himself.  
man of ticklish sensations may  
impossible to be happy and in  
umour in the company of cer-  
rticular people, whom at the  
me he may perhaps regard for  
ood qualities.

got who told me that Mr. T.  
once upon a time have asked  
certain gentleman, whose name  
pt through my memory, could  
y be a poet, as he had never  
een a hill. Now I apprehend  
Mr. T. must have been misin-  
t here; for I remember to have  
re very gentleman in question  
nday evening, I think it might  
een towards June or July, up-  
utmost summit of *Constitution*

evening, after the rest of the

company were gone, that most delight-  
ful companion Mr. Q. who *should*  
*have died hereafter*, told an acquaint-  
ance of mine, that in case he outlived  
him, he would do a friendly office to  
his memory; and asked him where he  
would chuse to have his bust set up.

'Any where,' replied the other, after  
thanking Mr. Q. for the great honour  
he intended him, 'but in Westmin-  
'ster Abbey.'

To come to an end with anecdotes  
of this kind. One who had published  
some things with tolerable success,  
told me, that his having passed for a  
poet, had done him more mischief  
than any sensible person could easily  
conceive; but at the same time he could  
not help owning, that it had oftener  
than once procured him the honour of  
a bow, in passing along the Strand or  
Fleet Street, from a gentleman with  
whom he never had any further ac-  
quaintance. I have, oftener than once  
heard the same person mention one  
circumstance with particular regret;  
that he had never been able to disco-  
ver or guess amongst all his acquaint-  
ances, to whom he was obliged for an  
elegant present, left at his lodgings  
some years ago by a gentleman who  
did not leave his name; and to whom,  
of course, he could not express his due  
acknowledgments for a favour which  
he highly values.

'Sir,' says one, 'this piece, even  
'if all the parts could be well perform-  
'ed, would hardly succeed here. It  
'might, perhaps, at Paris; where every  
'one that goes to the play, is as seri-  
'ously attentive as the most devout  
'people here are to a sermon. But in  
'some places natural and unexagge-  
'rated representations of life are not  
'felt; the audience must be kept awake  
'with shew, noise, and bustle. Here  
'the genteeler part of the company are  
'indeed merely *spectators*; they go to  
'see, and display themselves to one an-  
'other. And what other reasonable  
'motive can they have—considering  
'what kind of entertainment the stage  
'for the most part exhibits at present?'

'I tell you, Sir,' says another upon  
a different occasion, 'this is stupid,  
'indecent, villainous trash.'—'But  
'have you read it?'—'Yes, above a  
'dozen lines.'—'That's hardly  
'enough; read the whole, and then  
'judge.'—'God forbid!—must I eat  
'a whole

\* a whole saddle of mutton before I have  
 \* a right to say it is vile rotten stuff?

That a writer with very middling, and even contemptible parts, may do a great deal more mischief than those of the first abilities can do good, is too evident. How much more successful have a parcel of indecent, profligate, lying, inflammatory scribblers, been of late years, in stupifying, and brutalizing a whole nation; than those elegant, genteel moral writers, who shone about the beginning of this century, were in refining and polishing it!—But it is much easier to set fire to a palace or a temple, than to white-wash a cottage.

Some of those black guard geniuses are Poets too, God wot!—With crazy, stupid heads, and bad hearts; without one spark of imagination; without either sense, verification, or language, they are Poets; and the fittest indeed to gain the applause of the vulgar, *great and small, high and low*. For they scribble just such trash as any of the rabble would that could scribble at all. Their works are truly *adapted to the meanest capacities*. Their poetry is the dullest prose spurred up into an awkward, hobbling ass-trot. Quite opposite to Orpheus, and those *real* poets; whose moral harmony first humanized the woodland

savages, and tamed them into social life; these nightingales of Newgate, these black swans of Fleet Ditch, these infernal screech owls, sing nothing but songs of discord, and sedition, and treason. But not all the rage and fury of the most rancorous hearts can rouse the poetical impotence of those bards to any thing above the insipidity of flat unmannerly abuse, which they and their admirers call satire. However, they cannot last long. One may venture to prophesy a short life, and an infamous memory, to the stupid duties of all such Poets; and it is an indisputable truth that no Muse ever yet dwelt in the breast of a scoundrel.

Several of these detached Sentences and Reveries were set down as materials for a poetical satire; but as the general run of readers here do not understand verse, except it is so stupid as none but a muse-bit blockhead can possibly write, it is saving some needless pains to send them out in their present shape. So let them go: and if our noble matters the Mobility do not relish them, so much the better. They are the more likely to procure the approbation of those few judges to whose praise alone one would chuse to aspire.

## SKETCH XLVI.

### A PLAN OF A DEDICATION.

THE late Mr. Cibber addressed the Apology for his Life *To a certain Gentleman*; whereas I LAUNCELOT TEMPLE presume to address my SKETCHES

TO, AN UNCERTAIN GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

I Humbly beg leave to lay the following sheets at your noble and magnificent feet. In an age where scarce any thing but false genius, and the most

impudent quackery in every shape, meets with encouragement, I appeal to you, whom I have always deemed *\* the consummate judge of literary merit*; and I fly in a fluttering hurry to your *protection*. It would offend your modesty, Sir, should I give way to the enthusiasm with which I have constantly admired your amiable behaviour in private life; in the various characters of son, father, brother, husband, uncle, cousin, lover, friend, debtor, creditor, master, &c. &c. together with your *† superlative powers* of

\* This compliment was made, several years ago, by a writer of uncommon genius and abilities, in a Dedication to a certain distinguished personage; though some say it has never yet appeared upon what foundation.

† This is one of many news-paper compliments which I am *credibly informed* some *Patriots* from day to day have flily made to themselves, with great success, amongst a parcel of *blind, ignorant, credulous people*, who never will learn to smell a rat, but where there is none.



## SKETCHES, BY LAUNCELOT TEMPLE. 45

*ming in conversation.* But, good with what superior *brilliance* you re \* *Cynosure* of State, to guide a beaten hulk to the port of tranquillity! To your wife, regal, and most strictly œconomic, throughout the opera—f a needless and pernicious war, to be sure you found unavoidable—chiefly owing that your country at present such a figure as all its neighbours. The raging of Vesuvius are a paltry, black-patriotic illumination, compared lustre. You shine, Sir, equally ce. To your noble perseverance sinacy in the cause of liberty and, this island owes the firm, manly, administration of its government, not less wise than virtuous; capital of your country ought larly to thank you for the present it's incomparable police. The discernment too, and the distinguishing taste you have shewn in patronizing Genius in all its variety of—is none of your smallest excellence.—But I beg pardon, Sir; for I e you would never forgive me if d attempt to violate your delicacy by thing so fulsome as bare-faced

Your virtues, Sir, and your alities, are innumerable, and bell expression. I could go further; would be invidious to say, that in most contemptibly weak, and shockingly wic'ed, you stand alone to support the dignity of nature.

as I know, Sir, you despise every hat looks like flattery; and are icate to bear even the justest praise ny degree of patience: to conou, Sir, that, after all this apce of compliment, I am no flatterl to shew you the sincerity of my hip—(begging pardon, my most and sublime Patron, for the faty of the word)—as a sudden of praise may easily overfet a ves-

fel that perhaps carries more fail than ballast; and, to shift from one metaphor to another; as I should be sorry to give you such an over-dose of a sweet poison as might drive you out of your senses, and make you expose yourself stark naked through the whole town, as mad as any king who holds his residence at either of the palaces in Moorfields; I must be so plain as to tell you, Sir, that I do *not* as an author solicit your *protection*—Bless your dear sweet *protection*!—If you have any secret to protect stupid writing from the contempt of good judges, keep up your *protection* for some other occasion. It is not impossible that you may, one time or another, be smit with the vanity of turning author yourself. It might happen next moon, if it was not for *Arthur's* or *Newmarket*.

But shall I at last fairly and honestly present you with a peep of the cloven foot from under the long black gown of dissimulation and hypocrisy!—You shall have it at once, without the least ceremony.—Bless me! did you think me in earnest all this time!—Are you so slow of apprehension, my noble Patron, as not to perceive that the high praises, with which I have at last in a whimsical fit taken it into my head to tickle your ear, are nothing but mere rascally compliments, without the least particle of sincerity?—Is your vanity so irrecoverably blind, as to make it necessary to tell you, that all this is nothing but an exercise in the thriving art of adulation; very fairly practised upon one who has so long fed *me* with the delicious repast of flattery—for which I have been near the eighth part of a century over head and ears in your debt; and now endeavour to pay you my arrears at once in your own counters.—Mean time, I have the *honour* to be, with the most profound respect and esteem, and the most inviolable attachment, Sir, your most faithful and *superlatively* devoted humble servant,

LAUNCELOT TEMPLE.

\* The star called the Dog's Tail.



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HARRISON'S EDITION.



THE  
L O V E R.

WRITTEN

IN IMITATION OF THE TATLER.

BY

MARMADUKE MYRTLE, GENT.

PHYLLIDA AMO ANTE ALIAS: NAM ME DISCEDERE FLEVIT. VIRG.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N<sup>o</sup> 18, Paternoster Row.

M DCC LXXXVII.

ND







TO

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, M. D.

SIR,

AS soon as I thought of making the *LOVER* a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without farther distracting my choice, to send it *To the best-natured Man*. You are so universally known for his character, that an Epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name; and, I believe, nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.

This propensity is the nearest akin to Love; and Good-nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as Love is the noblest passion of it: while the latter is wholly employed in endeavouring to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world.

As this is your natural bent, I cannot but congratulate to you the singular felicity that your profession is so agreeable to your temper. or what condition is more desirable than a constant impulse to relieve the distressed, and a capacity to administer that relief? When the sick man hangs his eye on that of his physician, how pleasing must be to speak comfort to his anguish, to raise in him the first motions of hope; to lead him into a persuasion that he shall return to the company of his friends, the care of his family, and all the blessings of being!

The manner in which you practise this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of science, and demonstrates that your heart is more set upon doing good than growing rich.

The pitiful artifices which empyricks are guilty of to drain the out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with GARTH to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physick. How much more amiable, Sir, would the generosity which is already applauded by all that know you, appear to those whose gratitude is every day refused, if they knew that you resist their presents lest you should supply those whose wants you know, by taking from those whose necessities you are unacquainted?

The families you frequent receive you as their friend and well-wisher, whose concern, in their behalf, is as great as that of those who are related to them by the ties of blood and the sanctions of kinship. This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, which you are so happily turned; but we forgive you that our GARTH is often insipid to you, while you sit absent to what passes  
amongst

## DEDICATION.

amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness. We are sensible their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

But I forget I am writing a Dedication ; and in an address of this kind, it is more usual to celebrate men's great talents, than those virtues to which such talents ought to be subservient : yet where the bent of a man's spirit is taken up in the application of his whole force to serve the world in his profession, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with thanks for what he is, than applauses for what he is capable of being. Besides, Sir, there is no room for saying any thing to you, as you are a man of wit and a great poet ; all that can be spoken that is worthy an ingenuous spirit, in the celebration of such faculties, has been incomparably said by yourself to others, or by others to you. You have never been excelled in this kind, but by those who have written in praise of you : I will not pretend to be your rival even with such an advantage over you ; but, assuring you, in Mr. Codrington's words\*, that I do not know whether my love or admiration is greater,

I remain,

SIR,

Your most faithful Friend,

And most obliged,

Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

\* Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy:  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Codrington to Dr. Garth before the Dispensary.

THE



T H E  
O V E R.

1<sup>o</sup> I. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1714.

VIRGINIUS PUERISQUE CANTO.

HOR.

RE have been many and dable endeavours of late years, authors, under different channels of different inclinations and, to improve the world, by advertisements, in learning, politics; but these works have lively enough regarded the softer of the mind, which being provoked and awakened, make way

eration of all good arts. mature deliberation with my this subject, I have thought, could trace the passion or affection through all its joys and es, through all the stages and nces of life, in both sexes, with pect to virtue and innocence, I y a just representation and his hat one passion, steal into the my reader, and build upon it ntiments and resolutions which nd qualify us for every thing uly excellent, great, and noble. ou, therefore, who are in the life, as to conversation with a and artful world, attend to one passed through almost all the it, and is familiarly acquainted whatever can befall you in the Love. If you diligently observe I teach you to avoid the temporary lawless desire, which leads to sorrow; and carry you into

the paths of Love, which will conduct you to honour and happiness. This passion is the source of our being; and as it is so, it is also the support of it; for all the adventures which they meet with who swerve from Love, carry them so far out of the way of their true being, which cannot pleasingly pass on when it has deviated from the rules of honourable passion.

My purpose, therefore, under this title, is to write of such things only which ought to please all men, even as men; and I shall never hope for prevailing under this character of *Lover*, from my force in the reason offered, but as that reason makes for the happiness and satisfaction of the person to whom I address. My reader is to be my mistress; and I shall always endeavour to turn my thoughts so as that there shall be nothing in my writings too severe to be spoken before one unacquainted with learning, or too light to be dwelt upon before one who is either fixed already in the paths of virtue, or desirous to walk in them for the future.

My assistants, in this work, are persons whose conduct of life has turned upon the incidents which have occurred to them from this agreeable or lamentable passion, as they respectively are apt to call it, from the impression it has left upon their imaginations, and which

which mingles in all their words and actions.

It cannot be supposed the gentlemen can be called by their real names, in so public a manner as this is. But the hero of my story, now in the full bloom of life, and seen every day in all the places of resort, shall bear the name of one of our British rivers, which washes his estate. As I design this paper shall be a picture of familiar life, I shall avoid words derived from learned languages, or ending in foreign terminations: I shall shun also names significant of the person's character of whom I talk; a trick used by play-wrights, which I have long thought no better a device than that of under-writing the name of an animal on a post, which the painter conceived too delicately drawn to be known by common eyes, or by his delineation of it's limbs.

Mr. Severn is now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, a gentleman of great modesty and courage, which are the radical virtues which lay the solid foundation for a good character and behaviour both in public and private. I will not, at this time, make the reader any further acquainted with him than from this particular, that he extremely affects the conversation of people of merit who are advanced in years, and treats every woman of condition, who is past being entertained on the foot of homage to her beauty, so respectfully, that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable. This natural goodness has gained him many hearts, which have agreeable persons to give with them: I mean, mothers have a fondness for him, and with that fondness could be gratified by his passion to their daughters. Were you to visit him in a morning, you would certainly find some awkward thing of business, some old steward, or distant retainer to a great family, who has a proposal to make to him, not (you may be sure) coming from the person who sent him, but only in general to know whether he is engaged.

Mr. Severn has at this time patterns sent him of all the young women in town; and I, who am of his council in these matters, have read his particulars of women brought him, not from professed undertakers that way, but from those who are under no necessity of selling immediately; but such who have

daughters a good way under twenty, that can stay for a market, and send in their account of the lady, in general terms only: as that she is so old, so tall, worth so much down, and has two bachelor uncles (one a rich merchant) that will never marry; her maiden-aunt loves her mightily, and has very fine jewels, and the like. I have observed in these accounts, when the fortune is not suitable, they subjoin a postscript, she is very handsome; if she is rich and defective as to charms, they add, she is very good.

But I was going to say, that Mr. Severn having the good sense to affect the conversation of those elder than himself, passes some time at a club, which (with himself) consists of five; whom we shall name as follows.

Mr. Oswald, a widower, who has within these few months buried a most agreeable woman, who was his beloved wife; and is indulged by this company to speak of her in the terms she deserved of him, with allowance to mingle family-tales concerning the merit of his children, and the ways and methods he designs to take to support a painful and lonely being, after the loss of this companion, which tempered all his sorrows, and gave new sense and spirit to his satisfactions.

Mr. Mullet, a gentleman, who, in the most plentiful fortune, seems to taste very little of life, because he has lost a lady whom he passionately loved, and by whom he had no children: he is the last of a great house; and though he wants not many months of fifty, is much sought by ladies as bright as any of the sex; but as he is no fool, but is sensible they compare his years with their own, and have a mind to marry him, because they have a mind to bury him, he is as froward, exceptions, and humour-some, as e'er a beauty of them all. I, who am intimate with Mullet as well as Severn, knew that many of the same women have been offered to him of fifty, in case of losing him of five and twenty; and some perhaps in hopes of having them both: for they prudently judge, that when Mullet is dead, it may then be time enough for Severn to marry; and a lady's maid can observe, that many an unlikelier thing has come to pass, than this view of marriage between her young mistress and both those gentlemen.

Mr.

Mr. Johnson is a gentleman happy in the conversation of an excellent wife, by whom he has a numerous offspring; and the manner of subjecting his desires to his circumstances, which are not too plentiful, may give occasion in my future discourses to draw many incidents of domestic life, which may be as agreeable to the rest of the young men of this nation, as they are to the well-disposed Mr. Severn.

The fourth man of this little assembly is Mr. Wildgoose, an old bachelor, who has lived to the fifty-third year of his age, after being disappointed in love at his twenty-third. That torment of mind frets out in little dissatisfactions and uneasinesses against every thing else, without administering remedy to the ailment, which still fetters in his heart, and would be insupportable, were it not cooled by the society of the others above-mentioned. A poor old maid is one, who has long been the object of ridicule; her humours and particularities afford much matter to the facetious; but the old bachelor has ten times more of the splenetic and ridiculous, as he is conversant in larger scenes of life, and has more opportunities to diffuse his folly, and consequently can vex and delight people in more views than an ancient virgin of the other sex.

The fifth and last of this company, is my dear Self, who oblige the world with his work. But as it has been frequently observed, that the fine gentleman of play has always something in him which is of near alliance to the real character of the author, I shall not pretend to be wholly above that pleasure; but shall, in the next paper, principally talk of myself, and satisfy my readers how well I am qualified to be the secretary of love. I had ordered my bookseller to adorn the head of my paper with little pretty broken arrows, fan-thrown away, and other ensigns armorial of the Isle of Aphros, for the embellishment of my work; but as I am a young author, and intend to no more but a happy imita-

tion of one who went before me, he would not be at that charge. (When I failed there, I desired him only to let the paper be gilded; but he said that was a new thing, and it would be taken to be written by a person of quality, which, I know not for what reason, the *Bibliopoles* are also very averse to, and I was denied my second request. However, this did not discourage me, and I was resolved to come out; not without some particular hopes, that if I had not so many admirers, I might possibly have more customers than my predecessor, whom I profess to imitate; for there are many more who can feel what will touch the heart, than receive what would improve the head.

I therefore design to be the comfort and consolation of all persons in a languishing condition, and will receive the complaints of all the faithful sighers in city, town, or country; firmly believing that, as bad as the world is, there are as constant ones within the cities of London and Westminster, as ever wandered in the plains of Arcadia.

I shall in my next paper (as much as I can spare of it from talking of myself) tell the world how to communicate their thoughts to me, which will very properly come in with the description of my apartment, and the furniture of it, together with the account of my person, which shall make up the second paper or chapter, and shall be placed before the *errata* of this. I have nothing further to say now, but am willing to make an end of this leaf as quaintly as possible, being the first; and therefore would have it go off, like an act in a play, with a couplet; but the spirit of that will be wholly in the power of the reader, who must quicken his voice hereabouts, like an actor at his *exit*, helping an empty verse with lively hand, foot, and voice, at once; and if he is reading to ladies, say briskly, that, with regard to the greatest part of mankind—

Foreign is every character beside;

But that of Lover every man has try'd.

N<sup>o</sup> II. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

—MENTIS GRATISSIMUS ERROR.

HOR.

I Cannot tell how many years, months, hours, days, or minutes, have passed away since I first saw Mrs. Ann Page; but certain I am, that they have ran by me, without my being much concerned in what was transacted in the world around me all that while. Mrs. Page being a gentlewoman on whom I have ever doated to distraction, has made me very particular in my behaviour upon all the occurrences on this earth, and negligent of those things in which others terminate all their care and study; inso-much, that I am very sensible it is only because I am harmless, that the busy world does not lock me up; for if they will not own themselves mad, they must conclude I am, when they see me cold to the pursuits of riches, wealth, and power; and when people have been speaking of great persons and illustrious actions, I close the whole with something about Mrs. Page, they are apt to think my head turned, as well as I do theirs. However, I find consolation in the simplicity of my distress, (which has banished all other cares) and am reconciled to it. But however I may be looked upon by the silly crowds who are toiling for more than they want, I am, without doubt, in myself, the most innocent of all creatures; and a squirrel in a chain, whose teeth are cut out, is not more incapable of doing mischief. Mrs. Ann Page had such a turn with her neck, when I, thinking no harm, first looked upon her, that I was soon after in a fever, and had like to have left a world which I ever since despised, and been at rest. But as Mrs. Ann's parents complied with her own passion for a gentleman of much greater worth and fortune than myself, all that was left for me was to lament or get rid of my passion by all the diversions and entertainments I could. But I thank Mrs. Ann, (I am still calling her by her maiden name) she has always been civil to me, and permitted me to stand god-father at the baptism of one of her sons.

This would appear a very humble favour to a man of ungovern'd desire; but as for me, as soon as I found Mrs.

Ann was engaged, I could not think of her with hope any longer, any other-ways than that I should ever be ready to express the passion I had for her, by civilities to any thing that had the most remote relation to her. But, alas! I am going on as if every body living was acquainted with Mrs. Ann Page and myself, when there is indeed no occasion of mentioning either, but to inform the reader, that it is from the experience of a patient I am become a physician in love. I have been in it thirty years, just as long as the learned Sydenham had the gout; and though I cannot pretend to make cures, I can, like him, put you in a good regimen when you are down in a fit. As I was saying, this affection of mine left behind it a scorn of every thing else; and having an aversion to business, I have passed my time very much in observation upon the force and influence this passion has had upon other men, and the different turns it has given each respective generation, from the cultivation or abuse of it. You will say I fell into very unhappy days for a lover of my complexion, who can be satisfied with distant good-will from the person beloved, and am contented that her circumstances can allow me only her esteem, when I acquaint you that my most vigorous years were passed away in the reign of the amorous Charles the Second. The licences of that court did not only make that love, which the vulgar call romantic, the object of jest and ridicule, but even common decency and modesty were almost abandoned as formal and unnatural. The writers for the stage fell in with the court, and the theatre diffused the malignity into the minds of the nobility and gentry, by which means the degeneracy spread itself through the whole people, and shame itself was almost lost: naked Innocence, that most charming of beauties, was confronted by that most hideous of monsters, barefaced Wickedness.

This made me place all my happiness in hours of retirement; and as great distresses often turn to advantage, I im-

it to the wickedness of the age, that a great matter of the base-viol.

With this instrument I have passed a heavy hour, and laid up treasures of knowledge, drawn from contemplation on what I had seen every day in the world, during the intervals from sleep and reading, which took up the principal part of my time. My purpose, I confess, is to be a knight-errant with men, since that order of men who go so with their swords, are quite rooted out of the world. My business is to kill monsters, and to relieve virgins; as it has been the custom, time out of mind, for knights, who take upon

such laudable and hazardous labour, to have a castle, a moat round it, and all other conveniencies within themselves; it has luckily happened, that the curious and magnificent apartment, which the ingenious Mr. Powell lately fitted in Covent Garden, has lately relinquished by him, upon some unfortunate words and menaces given by a gentleman who has the love-ty of it, by virtue of some enchantments of parchment, which convey mansion unto the said chief comeller, vulgarly called a landiord. By means, you are to understand, that apartment, wherein the little Kings Queens lately diverted so many of nobility and gentry, is now mine.

A spacious gallery, for such I have it for my musings and wanderings ought, I have dignified with the name of *The Lover's Lodge*, where, for fancied skies, and painted clouds, by Mr. Powell, I sit and read the histories of famous knights and virtuous damsels, which the ignorant romances. To make my walk gloomy, and adapted both for melancholy and sadness, there lies before me, I confess, a Death's head, my Base-viol, the History of Grand Cyrus. I do not tell by what chance, I have also ridiculous writers in my study, for I have an aversion for comicks, and those call pleasant fellows, for they are fible of love. Those creatures get a familiarity with ladies, without stick on either side, and consequently neither see what is amiable, or be the victims of love. I wonder how these notions came into my head. But I am going to intimate, that the notions of gallantry are turned topsy-turvy, the knight-errantry of this profli-

gate age is destroying as many women as they can. It is notorious, that a young man of condition does no more than is expected from him, if, before he thinks of settling himself in the world, he is the ruin of half a dozen females, whose fortunes are unequal to that which his laborious ancestors, whether successful in virtue or iniquity, have left him.

Thus I every day see innocents abused, scorned, betrayed, and neglected, by brutes, who have no sense of any thing but what indulges their appetites; and can no longer suffer the more charming and accomplished part of the species to want a friend and advocate. I shall enquire, in due time, and make every anti-hero in Great Britain give me an account why one woman is not as much as ought to fall to his share; and shall shew every abandoned wanderer, that with all his blustering, his restless following every female he sees, is much more ridiculous than my constant, imaginary attendance, on my fair-one, without ever seeing her at all.

But the main purpose of this chapter I had like to have slipped over, to wit, the more exact account of my bower. As it is not natural for a man in love to sleep all night, but to be a great admirer of walking, I am at the charge of four tapers burning all night, and take my itinerations, with much gloomy satisfaction, from one end to the other of my long room, my field-bed being too small to interrupt my passage, though placed in the middle of my apartment. No one who has not been polite enough to have visited Mr. Powell's theatre, can have a notion how I am accommodated; but if you will suppose a single man had Westminster Hall for his bed-chamber, and lay in a truckle-bed in the midst of it, it will give you a pretty good idea of the posture in which I dream (but with honour and chastity) of the incomparable Mrs. Page.

My predecessors in knight-errantry, who were, as I above observed, men of the sword, had their lodgings adorned with burnished arms round the cornices, limbs of dried giants over their heads, and all about the moat of their castle, where they walked by moon-light; but as I am a pen-champion, and live in town, and have quite another sort of people to deal with, to wit, the critics, beaux, and rakes of Covent Garden, I have nothing but stand-dishes, pens and ink.



ink, and paper, on little tables at equal distance, that no thought may be lost as I am musing. I am forced to comply, more than my inclinations and high passions would otherwise permit, and tell the world how to correspond with me, after their own method, in the common way: I am to signify, therefore, that I am more accessible than any other

knights ever were before me, and in plain terms, that there is a coffee-house under my apartment; nay further, that a letter, directed to Mr. Marmaduke Myrtle, at the Lover's Lodge, to be left at Shanley's Coffee-house, Covent Garden, will find the gentlest of mortals, your most enamoured, humble servant.

### Nº. III. TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

YOUNG NOBLES, TO MY LAWS ATTENTION LEADS

AND ALL YOU VULGAR OF MY SCHOOL, ATTEND.

ART OF LOVE, CONGREVE.

LOVER'S LODGE, MARCH 2.

**N**OW I have told all the world my name and place of abode, it is impossible for me to enjoy the studious retirement I promised myself in this place. For most of the people of wit and quality who frequented these lodgings in Mr. Powell's time, have been here; and I having a silly creature of a footman, who never lived but with private gentlemen, and cannot steadfastly lie, they all see by his countenance he does not speak truth when he denies me, and will break in upon me. It is an unspeakable pleasure that so many beauteous ladies have made me compliments upon my design to favour and defend the sex against all pretenders without merit, and those who have merit, and use it only to deceive and betray. The principal fair-ones of the town, and the most eminent toasts, have signed an address of thanks to me; and, in the body of it, laid before me some grievances, among which the greatest are the evil practices of a set of persons whom they call in their presentation the *Lovers Vagabond*. There has been, indeed, ever since I knew this town, one man of condition or other, who has been at the head, and giving example to this sort of companions, been the model for the fashion. It would be a vain thing to pretend to property in a country where thieves were tolerated, and it is as much so to talk of honour and decency when the prevailing humour runs directly against them. The *Lovers Vagabond* are an order of modern adventurers, who seem to be the exact opposite to that venerable and chaste fraternity, which were formerly called Knights-errant. As a knight-errant professed the

practice and protection of all virtues, particularly chastity, a *lover vagabond* tramples upon all rights, domestic, civil, human, and divine, to come at his own gratification in the corruption of innocent women. There are sometimes persons of good accomplishments and faculties, who commence secretly *lovers vagabonds*, but though amorous stealths have been imputed by some historians to the wisest and greatest of mankind, yet none but superficial men have ever publicly entered into the list of the *Vagabond*. A *lover vagabond*, considering him in his utmost perfection and accomplishment, is but a seeming man. He usually has a command of insignificant words, accompanied with easy action, which passes among the fillic part of the fair for eloquence and fine breeding. He has a mien of condescension, from the knowledge that his carriage is not absurd, which he pursues to the utmost impudence. He can cover any behaviour, or clothe any idea with words that, to an unskilful ear, shall bear nothing of offence. He has all the sufficiency which little learning and general notices of things give to giddy heads, and is wholly exempt from that diffidence which almost always accompanies great sense and great virtue in the presence of the admired. But the *lover vagabond* loving no woman so much as to be distressed for the loss of her, his manner is generally easy and janty, and it must be from very good sense and experience in life that he does not appear amiable. It happens unfortunately for him, though much to the advantage of those whom I have taken under my care, that the chief of this order, at present, among us in Great Britain,

, is but a speculative *debauchée*. the language, the air, the tender ; he can hang upon a look; has exactly the sudden veneration of when he is caught ogling one pardon he would beg for gazing; the exultation at leading off a her coach; can let drop an in- it thing, or call her servants with icks, and a certain gay insolence, ough; nay, he will hold her hand for a man that leads her, and is ent to her, and yet come to that with such slow degrees, that she say he squeezed her hand, but thing further he has no inclina- This chieftain, however, I fear ve me more plague and disturb- an any one man with whom I engage, or rather whom I am to vent. He is busy in all places; ple fortune and vigour of life en- n to carry on a shew of great den where-ever he comes. But I im hereby fair warning to turn oughts to new entertainments, ain of having it discovered, that ill a virgin upon whom he made settlement. The secret, that he innocent than he seems, is pre- by great charge and expence on retainers and servants of his es. But some of the women, : above the age of novices, have im out, and have in a private gang im the nick name of the *Blight*, : they find themselves blasted by ough they are not sensible of ch. It was the other day said, t, Mr. Such-a-one, naming the had ruined a certain young ‘No,’ said a sensible female; ‘if ys so, I am sure she wrongs him. ay,’ continued she, with an air appointed woman, between rage ughter, ‘hire ruffians to abuse out many a woman has come out : Blight’s hands even safer than shed. I know one to whom, at g, with a thousand poetical re- ms, and pressing her hands, he l he would tell nobody; but lirt, throwing out of his arms, red pertly, “I don’t make you me promise.” igh I shall from time to time dif- : *Lovers Vagabond* in their pro- urs, I here publish an act of in- to all females who took them fellows until my writings ap-

peared; that is to say, (for in a public act we must be very clear) I shall not look back to any thing that happened before Thursday the 25th of February last past, that being the first day of my appearance in public.

I expect, therefore, to find, that on that day all vagrant desires took their leave of the cities of London and Westminster.

In order to recover simplicity of manners without the loss of true gaiety of life, I shall take upon me the office of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. I cannot easily put those two Latin into two as expressive English words; but my meaning is, to set up for a judge of elegant pleasures; and I shall dare to assert, in the first place, (to shew both the discerning and severity of a just judge) that the greatest elegance of delights consists in the innocence of them. I expect, therefore, a seat to be kept for me at all balls, and a ticket sent, that by myself, or a subordinate officer of mine, I may know what is done and said at all assemblies of diversion: I shall take care to substitute none, where I cannot be myself present, who are not fit for the best bred society; in the choice of such deputies, I shall have particular regard to their being accomplished in the little usages of ordinary and common life, as well as in noble and liberal arts.

I have many youths, who, in the intermediate seasons between the terms at the Universities, are under my discipline, after being perfect masters of the Greek and Roman eloquence, to learn of me ordinary things, such as coming in and going out of a room. Mr. Severn himself, whom I now make the pattern of good-breeding, and my top fine gentleman, was with me twice a day for six months upon his first coming to town, before he could leave the room with any tolerable grace: when he had a mind to be going, he never could move without bringing in the words, ‘Well, Sir, I find I interrupt you;’ or, ‘Well, I fear you have other business;’ or, ‘Well, I must be going.’ Hereupon I made him give me a certain sum of money down in hand, under the penalty of forfeiting twenty shillings every time, upon going away, he pronounced the particle *well*. I will not say how much it cost him before he could get well out of the room. Some silly particle or other,

other, as it were to tack the taking leave with the rest of the discourse, is a common error of young men of good education.

Though I have already declared I shall not use words of foreign termination, I cannot help it if my correspondents do it. A gentleman, therefore, who subscribes Aronces, and writes to me concerning some regulations to be made among a set of country dancers, must be more particular in his account. His general complaint is, that the men who are at the expence of the ball, bring people of different characters together, and the libertine and innocent are huddled, to the danger of the latter, and encouragement of the former. I have frequently observed this kind of enormity, and must desire Aronces to give me an

exact relation of the airs and glances of the whole company, and particularly how Mrs. Gatty sets, when it happens that she is to pass by the *lover vagabond*, who, I find, is got into that company by the favour of his cousin Jenny. For I design to have a very strict eye upon these diversions; and it shall not suffice, that, according to the author of *The Rape of the Lock*, all faults are laid upon Sylphs; when I make my enquiry, as the same author has it—

What guards the purity of melting maids  
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,  
Safe from the treach'rous friend and daring  
spark,

The glance by day, and whisper in the dark?  
When kind Occasion prompts their warm  
desires,

When music softens, and when dancing fires?

## Nº IV. THURSDAY, MARCH 4.

THE DANCER JOINING WITH THE TUNEFUL THROG,  
ADDS DECENT MOTION TO THE SPRIGHTLY SONG.  
THIS STEP DENOTES THE CAREFUL LOVER; THIS,  
THE HARDY WARRIOR, OR THE DRUNKEN SWISS.  
HIS FLIANT LIMBS IN VARIOUS FIGURES MOVE,  
AND DIFFERENT GESTURES DIFFERENT PASSIONS PROVE.  
STRANGE ART! THAT FLOWS IN SILENT ELOQUENCE,  
THAT TO THE PLEAS'D SPECTATOR CAN DISPENSE  
WORDS WITHOUT SOUND, AND, WITHOUT SPEAKING, SENSE. }

WEAVER'S HISTORY OF DANCING.

THE great work which I have begun for the service of the more polite part of this nation, cannot be supposed to be carried on by the invention and industry of a single person only: it is, therefore, necessary that I invite all other ingenious persons to assist me. Considering my title is *The Lover*, and that a good air and mien is (in one who pretends to please the fair) as useful as skill in all or any of the arts and sciences, I am mightily pleased to observe, that the art of Dancing is, of late, come to take rank in the learned world, by being communicated in letters and characters, as all other parts of knowledge have for some ages been. I shall desire all those of the faculty of Dancing, to write me, from time to time, all the new steps they take in the improvement of the science. I this morning read, with unspeakable delight, in *The Evening Post*, the following advertisement—

On Tuesday last was published, *The Bretagne*, a French Dance, by Mr. Pecour, and writ by Mr. Siris; engraven in Characters and Figures, for the use of Masters. Price 2s. 6d. *Note*, Mr. Siris's Ball Dances are likewise printed, and his original Art of Dancing by Characters and Figures. All sold by J. Walfsh, at the Harp and Hautboy, in Catharine Street, in the Strand.

Take this Dance in it's full extent and variety, it is the best I ever read; and though Mr. Siris, out of modesty, may pretend that he has only translated it, I cannot but believe, from the stile, that he himself writ it; and, if I know any thing of writing, he certainly penned the last *coupée*. This admirable piece is full of instruction; you see it is called the *Bretagne*, that is to say, the Britain. It is intended for a festival entertainment, (like Mr. Bays's Grand Dance) that,



## THE LOVER.

13

vision of the peace with  
tain, the whole nation  
w Dance together. Some  
ienced persons in French  
practise it at the Great  
& Buildin.s; where, it  
r of the Revels lives. He  
urries a white wand in his  
motion made with it to  
Dance is to begin. I am  
ied that, out of respect,  
ion-take, he has ordered,  
rson who shall be taken  
Censor of Great Britain.  
this at all unlikely, nor  
ity of that sage; for it is  
e judges of the land dance  
every term, and it is sup-  
, they are to dance next  
r.

is made the beginning of  
very difficult for any one  
from his natural parts, a  
linary qualification that  
ance is written in the ge-  
by Mr. Weaver, in his  
ncing. 'The antients,'  
e than peripatetic philoso-  
eaver, 'were so fond of  
at Pliny has given us  
ands; which passage of  
ilius Rodiginus quotes.  
so an account,' says he,  
Coriethian Lake, which is  
the Nymphæan, there are  
ds of the Nymphs, which  
in a ring at the sound of  
nd are therefore called the  
lands, from Calamus, a  
l; and also the Dancing  
cause at the sound of the  
they were moved by the  
he feet of the fingers.'

ail the learned etymolo-  
Britain, whether it is possi-  
a reason for calling this  
The Britain, if the French  
to make this a dancing  
tile of Mr. Siris is appa-  
al, as any judicious reader  
he peruses his Siciliana,

which was writ to instruct another  
dancing island, taught by the French.  
Let any man who has read Machiavel,  
and understands dancing characters, cast  
an eye on Mr. Siris's second page. It is  
intituled—The Siciliana, Mr. Siris's  
New Dance for the Year 1714. Mr. Siris,  
a native of France, you may be sure, sees  
farther into the French motions for the  
ensuing year than we heavy Englishmen  
do, or he would never say it was made  
for that more than any other year, for  
all authors believe their works will last  
every year after they are written to the  
world's end. I take it for a sly satire  
upon the awkward imitations of all na-  
tions which have not yet learned French  
dances, that the very next page to the  
Siciliana is called the *Baboon's Minuet*.  
Then, after that again, to intimidate the  
people who won't learn from the French,  
he calls the next the *Dragon's Minuet*.  
I wish all good Protestants to be aware  
of this *movement*; for they tell me that,  
when it is teaching, a Jesuit, in disguise,  
plays on the kit.

But I forget that this is too elaborate  
for my character. All that I have to  
say to the matter of Dancing, is only as  
it regards lovers; and, as I would advise  
them to avoid dabbling in politics, I  
have explained these political dances,  
that the motions we learn may never end  
in warlike ones; like those which were  
performed by the antients with clashing  
of swords, described by Mr. Weaver  
(in the above-mentioned history) out of  
Claudian—

Here, too, the warlike dancers blest our  
fight,  
Their artful wand'ring, and their laws of  
fight,

An unconfus'd return and inoffensive fight,  
Soon as the master's blow proclaims the prize,  
Their moving breasts in tuneful changes rise,  
The shields salute their sides, or strait are  
shown

In air with waving, deep the targets groan,  
Struck with alternate swords, which thence  
rebound,

And end the concert, and the sacred sound.

N<sup>o</sup> V. SATURDAY, MARCH 6.

—MY SOUL'S FAR BETTER PART,  
CEASE WEEPING, NOR AFFLICT THY TENDER HEART.  
FOR WHAT THY FATHER TO THY MOTHER WAS,  
THAT FAITH TO THEE, THAT SOLEMN VOW I PASS.

ART OF LOVE, CONSERVE.

**A**S I have fixed my stand in the very centre of Covent Garden, a place for this last century particularly famed for wit and love; and am near the play-house, where one is represented every night by the other; I think I ought to be particularly careful of what passes in my neighbourhood; and, as I am a professed knight-errant, do all that lies in my power to make the charming endowment of wit, and the prevailing passion of love, subservient to the interests of honour and virtue. You are to understand, that having yesterday made an excursion from my lodge, there passed by me, near St. James's, the charmer of my heart. I have, ever since her parents first bestowed her, avoided all places by her frequented; but accident once or twice in a year brings the bright phantom into my sight, upon which there is a flutter in my bosom for many days following: when I consider, that during this emotion I am highly exalted in my being, and my every sentiment improved by the effects of that passion; when I reflect, that all the objects which present themselves to me, now are viewed in a different light from that in which they had appeared, had I not lately been exhilarated by her presence; in fine, when I find in myself so strong an inclination to oblige and entertain all whom I meet with, accompanied with such a readiness to receive kind impressions of those I converse with; I am more and more convinced, that this passion is in honest minds the strongest incentive that can move the soul of man to laudable accomplishments. Is a man just? let him fall in love, and grow generous. Is a man good-natured? let him love, and grow public-spirited. It immediately makes the good which is in him shine forth in new excellencies, and the ill vanish away without the pain of contrition, but with a sudden amendment of heart. This sort of passion, to produce such effects, must necessarily be conceived towards a modest and virtuous

woman; for the arts to obtain her must be such as are agreeable to her, and the lover becomes immediately possessed with such passions or vices as make way to the object of his desires. I have plenty of examples to enforce these truths, every night that a play is acted in my neighbourhood: the noble resolutions which heroes in tragedy take, in order to recommend themselves to their mistresses, are no way below the consideration of the wisest men; yet, at the same time, instructions the most probable to take place in the minds of the young and inconsiderate. But, in our degenerate age, the poet must have more than ordinary skill to raise the admiration of the audience so high, in the more great and public parts of his drama, to make a loose people attend to a passion which they never, or that very faintly, felt in their own bosoms. That perfect piece, which has done so great honour to our nation and language, called Cato, excels as much in the passion of it's lovers, as in the sublime sentiments of it's hero; their generous love, which is more heroic than any concern in the chief characters of most dramas, makes but subordinate characters in this.

When Martia reproves Juba for entertaining her with love in such a conjuncture of affairs, wherein the common cause should take place of all other thoughts, the prince answers in this noble manner:

—Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,  
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.  
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all  
The war shall stand ranged in it's just array,  
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!

O, lovely maid, then will I think on thee!  
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember

What glorious deeds should grace the man,  
who hopes  
For Marcia's love.

It has been observable, that the stage in all times has had the utmost influence on the manners and affections of mankind; and as those representations of human life have tended to promote virtue or vice, so has the age been improved or debauched. I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which our theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of our corrupt sentiments in this respect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy represented with a good grace, leading a loose and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as insipid, and not be secretly emulous of what appears so amiable to a whole audience. These gay pictures strike strong and lasting impressions on the fancy and imagination of youth, and are hardly to be erased in riper years, unless a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the same advantage, and with as lovely colours, by the most masterly hands on the theatre. I have said masterly hands, because they must be such who can run counter to our natural propensity to inordinate pleasure; little authors are very glad of applause purchased any way; loose appetites and desires are easily raised; but there is a wide difference between that reputation and applause which is obtained from our wantonness, and that which flows from a capacity of stirring such affections which upon cool thoughts contribute to our happiness.

But I was going to give an account of the exultation which I am in, upon an accidental view of the woman whom I had long loved, with a most pure, though ardent passion; but as this is, according to my former representations of the matter, no way expedient for her to indulge me in, I must break the force of it by leading a life suitable and analogous to it, and making all the town sensible how much they owe to her bright eyes which inspire me in the performance of my present office, in which

I shall particularly take all the youth of both sexes under my care.

The two theatres, and all the polite coffee-houses, I shall constantly frequent, but principally the coffee-house under my lodge, Button's, and the play-house in Covent Garden. But as I set up for the judge of pleasures, I think it necessary to assign particular places of resort to my young gentlemen as they come to town, who cannot expect to pop in at Mr. Button's on the first day of their arrival in town. I recommend it, therefore, to young men, to frequent Shanley's some days before they take upon them to appear at Button's. I have ordered, that no one look in the face of any new comer; and taken effectual methods that he may possess himself of any empty chair in the house without being stared at; but forasmuch as some, who may have been in town for some months together heretofore, by long absence have relapsed from the audacity they had arrived at, into their first bashfulness and rusticity, I have given them the same privilege of obscure entry for ten days. I have directed also, that books be kept of all that passes in town in all the eminent coffee-houses, that any gentleman, though just arrived out of exile from the most distant counties in Great Britain, may as familiarly enter into the town-talk as if he had lodged all that time in Covent Garden; but above all things I have provided, that proper houses for bathing and cupping may be ready for those country gentlemen whose too healthy villages give them an air too robust and importunate for this polite region of lovers, who have so long avoided wind and weather, and have every day been outstripped by them in the ground they have passed over by several miles. As to the orders under which I have put my female youth at assemblies, opera's, and plays, I shall declare them in a particular chapter, under the title of, 'The Government of the Eye in Publick Places.'

N<sup>o</sup> VI. TUESDAY, MARCH 9.

ON BOWS OF HOMELY TURF THEY SAT TO SEE,  
CROWN'D WITH THE WREATHS OF EVERY COMMON TREE.  
THERE, WHILE THEY SIT IN RUSTIC MAJESTY,  
EACH LOVER HAS HIS MISTRESS IN HIS EYE.

ART OF LOVE.

**C**ORRESPONDENTS begin to grow numerous; and indeed I cannot but be pleased with the intelligence which one of them sends me, for the novelty of it. The gentleman is a very great antiquary, and tells me he has several pieces by him, which are letters from the Sabine virgins to their parents, friends, and lovers, in their own country, after the famous rape which laid the foundation of the Roman people. He thinks these very proper memorials for one who writes an history under the title of Lover. He has also answers to those letters, and pretends Ovid took the design of his Epistles from having had these very papers in his hands. This, you'll say, is a very great curiosity; and for that reason I have resolv'd to give the reader the following account, which was written by a Sabine lady to her mother, within ten days after that memorable mad wedding; and is as follows:

DEAR MOTHER,

**T**HIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleas'd with a very good-natur'd husband in this little village here of Rome, than ever I was in all the state and plenty at your house. When he first seiz'd me, I must confess he was very rough and ungentle, but he grows much tamer every day than other, and I do not question but we shall very soon be as orderly and sober a couple as you and my father. My cousin Lydia nobody knows of certainly, but the poor girl had two or three husbands in the rout, and as she is very pretty, they say all contend for her still. Romulus has appointed a day to fix the disputed marriages; but it is very remarkable, that several can neither agree to live together, or to part: for if one proposes it, that is taken so mortally ill, that the other will insist upon staying, at least *till the other consents to stay*; and then *the party who denied demands a di-*

vorce, to be revenged of the same inclination in the other: thus they say they cannot consent to cohabit till they are upon an equality in having each refus'd the other. This you must believe will make a great perplexity; but Romulus, who expects a war, will have great regard to let none who do not like each other stay together; and makes it a maxim, that a robust race is not to be expected to descend from wranglers. Pray let me know how my lover, who propos'd himself to you, bears the loss of me. I must confess, I could not but resent his being indifferent on this occasion, after all the vows and protestations he made when you left us together. I don't question but he will make jests upon the poverty of the Romans; but they threaten here, that if you are not very well contented with what has pass'd, they will make you a visit with swords in their hands, and demand portions with your daughters. When I was made prize by my good man, who is remarkably valiant, (for which reason they left me undisputed in his hands) he soon took off my first terrors from my observation of that his pre-eminence, and a certain determinate behaviour, with a dying fondness that glow'd in his eyes. I told him, from what I saw other people suffer, I could not but think my lot very fortunate, that I had fallen into his hands; and begged of him he would indulge my curiosity in going with me to some eminence, and observe what befel the rest of my friends and countrywomen. He did so, and from the place we stood on I observ'd what pass'd in all the hurly-burly, he observing to me the quality and merit of the husbands, I giving to him an account of the wives. How strangely truth will out! Hispulla, as I saw, when they were struggling for her, has crook'd legs; Chloe laugh'd so violently when she was carried off, that I ob-

serv'd

served her lover, as pretty as she is, hardly thought it a purchase; while Dictynna, as homely as she is, by muffling her face and shrieking, was contended for by twenty rivals. That arch creature Flora has escaped by offering herself: as soon as she perceived what was intended, she got upon a little hillock, and cried out, 'Who will have me? who will have me? Here I am; come, take me.' This forwardness made every man think her a common woman, and the first is now safe under the protection of Romulus, as a woman not yet disposed of; but when her character and innocence is known, it is thought she will fall to the lot of Marcius, for his generous behaviour to Thalestrina, who you know was betrothed to Cincinnatus. Marcius and Cincinnatus have long been mortal enemies, and met each other in skirmishes of our different nations, wherein sometimes one, sometimes the other, has been successful. This noble virgin, whose beauty and virtue distinguished her above all the Sabine youth, fell into the hands of Marcius. Our apartments here are not very lofty; and arbours and grottoes, strewed with rushes, herbage, and flowers, make up the best bridal beds among the Romans: to such an abuse as this Marcius dragged the lovely Thalestrina, This people are not polite enough, especially on this occasion, to express their passion by civility and ceremonious behaviour. When Thalestrina was convinced of Marcius's immediate purpose, she fell into a swoon at his feet, and with a sigh in her fall cried, 'Oh, Cincinnatus!'

Marcius, at the suddenness of the accident, and the name of his enemy and rival for military glory, was surprised with many different passions and resentments, which all ought to have given way to the care of Thalestrina; but in a nation of men only, and on the first day wherein they had a woman in their commonwealth, he was much at a loss how to be assiduous to her; but as he saw life revive in her, nature and good sense dictated rather to abate himself, than be present at the many distortions of her person in coming to herself. He retired, but entered the place again when he thought she might be enough recovered to be capable of receiving what he had to say to her.

He approached as she leaned against a tree which supported the bower, and delivered himself in these terms.

'Madam, the passion you were lately in, your noble form, and the person you called upon in your distress, give me to understand you are Thalestrina. I am Marcius, and have no debate with Cincinnatus, but on account of glory: were he a stranger to me, your passion for him should secure you; were he my friend, you should command all in my power, in spite of all the charms I see in you; and as he is my enemy, I scorn to wound him in a circumstance wherein he is not capable of making a defence. You have common humanity, and the generosity of an enemy for your safeguard. I will return you to Cincinnatus; and I see, by the beautiful gratitude which I now read in your face, you will represent this conduct to the advantage of the Romans, of whom there is not one who does not sacrifice his private passions to the service of his country. I assure you, I know not whether it is more beholden to me this day for the offering which I make of my anger, or my love.'

He did not put her to the pain of long acknowledgments of so great a bounty as that of her very self, but conducted her into the presence of Romulus, and told him, with a very joyous air, he had resigned a fine woman from his bed, to purchase a brave man to his country.

I know Cincinnatus so well, that I doubt not but he will be a friend to Rome, and interpose his good offices for a peace between us and the Sabines. I hope all will join in the same mediation, who have children here; for I already know not to which party my heart would wish success, if a war should ensue; for I find a wife is no longer a daughter, or any other name which comes in competition with that relation: but hope things will so end, that I may have the pleasure to be the faithful consort of an honest man, without interfering with any other character, especially that of,

Madam,

Your dutiful child,

MIRAMANTIS.



N<sup>o</sup> VII. THURSDAY, MARCH II.

—HABET ET SUA CASTRA CUPIDO.

OVID.

## THE BATTLE OF EYES.

**I**T has been always my opinion, that a man in love should address himself to his mistress with passion and sincerity; and that if this method fails, it is in vain for him to have recourse to artifice or dissimulation, in which he will always find himself worsted, unless he be a much better proficient in the art than any man I have yet been acquainted with.

The following letter is a very natural exemplification of what I have here advanced. I have called it *The Battle of Eyes*, as it brought to my mind several combats of the same nature, which I have formerly had with Mrs. Ann Page.

## SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

**I** Have for some time been sorely smitten by Mrs. Lucy, who is a maiden lady in the twenty-eighth year of her age. She has so much of the coquette in her, that it supplies the place of youth, and still keeps up the girl in her aspect and behaviour. She has found out the art of making me believe that I have the first place in her affection, and yet so puzzles me by a double tongue, and an ambiguous look, that about once a fortnight I fancy I have quite lost her. I was the other night at the opera, where seeing a place in the second row of the Queen's box kept by Mrs. Lucy's livery, I placed myself in the pit directly over-against her footman, being determined to ogle her most passionately all that evening. I had not taken my stand there above a quarter of an hour, when *Enter Mrs. Lucy*. At her first coming in, I expected she would have cast her eye upon her humble servant; but, instead of that, after having dropped curtsey after curtsey to her friends in the boxes, she began to deal her salutes about the pit in the same liberal manner. Although I stood in the full point of view, and, as I thought, made a better figure than any body about me, she slid her eye over me, curtseyed to the right and to the left, and would not see me for the space of *three minutes*. I stepped inwardly to

and myself thus openly affronted on every side, and was resolved to let her know my resentments by the first opportunity. This happened soon after; for Mrs. Lucy looking upon me, as though she had but just discovered me, she began to sink in the first offer to a curtsey; upon which, instead of making her any return, I cocked my nose, and stared at the upper gallery; and immediately after raising myself on tiptoe, stretched out my neck, and bowed to a lady who sat just behind her. I found, by my coquette's behaviour, that she was not a little nettled at this my civility, which passed over her head. She looked as pale as ashes, fell a talking with one that sat next her, and broke out into several forced smiles and fits of laughter, which I dare say there was no manner of occasion for. Being resolved to push my success, I cast my eye through the whole circle of beauties, and made my bow to every one that I knew, and to several whom I never saw before in my life. Things were thus come to an open rupture, when the curtain rising, I was forced to face about. I had not sat down long, but my heart relented, and gave me several girds and twitches for the barbarous treatment which I had shewn to Mrs. Lucy. I longed to see the act ended, and to make reparation for what I had done. At the first rising of the audience, between the acts, our eyes met; but as mine began to offer a parley, the hard-hearted slut conveyed herself behind an old lady, in such a manner, that she was concealed from me for several moments. This gave me new matter of indignation, and I began to fancy I had lost her for ever. While I was in this perplexity of thought, Mrs. Lucy lifted herself up from behind the lady who shadowed her, and peeped at me over her right-shoulder. 'Nay, Madam,' thinks I to myself, 'if those are your tricks, I will give you as good as you bring:' upon which I withdrew, in a great passion, behind a tall broad-shouldered fellow, who was very luckily placed before me, I here lay in cog, for at least three seconds.

*Saug* was the word; but being easily in that situation, I again dived into open candle light, when for Mrs. Lucy, I could see no more of the old woman, who screened the remaining part of the interest. I was then forced to sit down to my act, being very much agitated and mented in mind. I was terribly that she had discovered my un-  
 as well knowing, that if she met me at such an advantage, she would use me like a dog. For this reason I was resolved to play the indifferent or at my next standing up. The act, therefore, was no sooner done, but I fastened my eye upon a woman who sat at the farther end of the boxes, whispering, at the same time to one who was near me, with an air of pleasure and admiration. I gazed at her a long time, when stealing my eye at Mrs. Lucy, with a design to see how she took it, I found her face turned another way, and that the next morning, from head to foot, a well-dressed rascal who stood before her. This cut me to the quick; notwithstanding I tossed back my head, and my snuff-box, displayed my pocketkerchief, and at last cracked a harsh orange-wench to attract her eye. She persisted in her confounded ogle, and when Robinson came upon the stage for relief. I now sat down sufficiently mortified; and determined, at the close of the opera, to make my submission in the most humble manner. Accordingly, rising up, I put on a sneaking, tentative look; but, to my un-  
 dermost confusion, found her back turned upon me.  
 I had now nothing left for it but to

make amends for all by handing her to her chair. I bustled through the crowd and got to her box-door as soon as possible, when, to my utter confusion, the young puppy, I have been telling you of before, bolted out upon me with Mrs. Lucy in his hand. I could not have started back with greater precipitation if I had met a ghost. The malicious gipsy took no notice of me; but turning aside her head, said something to her dog of a gentleman-usher, with a smile that went to my heart. I could not sleep all night for it, and the next morning wrote the following letter to her.

MADAM,

I Protest I meant nothing by what passed last night, and beg you will put the most candid interpretation upon my looks and actions; for however my eyes may wander, there is none but Mrs. Lucy who has the entire possession of my heart. I am, Madam, with a passion that is not to be expressed either by looks, words, or actions, your most unalienable, and most humble servant,

TOM WHIFFLE.

And now, Sir, what do you think was her answer? Why, to give you a true notion of her, and that you may guess at all her curled tricks by this one—Here it is.

MR. WHIFFLE,

I Am very much surprized to hear you talk of any thing that passed between us last night, when, to the best of my remembrance, I have not seen you these three days. Your servant,

L. T.

## Nº VIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 13:

INQUENDA TELLUS ET DOMUS ET PLACENS Uxor.

Hor.

in calculation of a man's happiness in life, there is no one circumstance which ought more carefully to be regarded, than the object of one's love; it will certainly take full possession of the heart, except it be resisted in time, and the utmost madness to let your affections fix where you cannot expect the return of your reason. If a man does not take this precaution, his days

will pass away with frivolous pleasures and solid vexations; his own reflections only must lessen his misfortunes and afflictions; but he can have no recourse, no help from his cooler thoughts, who dare not admit his reason into his council. We cannot look back upon the pleasures which flow from loose desire, but with remorse and contrition, and therefore the mind cannot recur to them

them on occasions of distress, to borrow comfort; but honourable love, though it has all the softness and tenderness which imagination can form, can be admitted under the severest affliction, and is the best instrument to break the force; but as it breaks the force of sorrow, it does not do it by wholly removing it's affliction, but rather by diversifying it. He that is under any great calamity, loses the sense of it, as it touches himself; and his affliction, which, perhaps, would have had in it the terrors of fear and shame, is, by the neglect of his own part in the affair, turned only into pity and compassion for a tender wife who participates it. This kind of concern carries an antidote to it's poison; and the merit of her regard to him has something in it so pleasing, that the soul feels a secret consolation in the happiness of being possessed of such a companion, at the same time that he thinks her participation is the greatest article of his distress. In all ages, men who have differed from the sentiments of the world, when they have been precipitated by fury and party, and been sacrificed to the rage of their enemies, have, in trials of this sort, sunk under their distresses, or behaved themselves differently in them. I am going to the support which they have met with from the domestic partners of their affliction. This is an opportunity to vent the secret pangs of heart to one whose love makes nothing ungrateful; or, to utter the sense of injuries, where that appears conscious virtue, which to any other audience would sound like pride and arrogance.

There are indeed very tender things to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which express the utmost tenderness in an amorous commerce; but indeed I never read any thing which, to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter; but the reader must be let into the circumstance of the matter, to have a right sense of it. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband, who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies proceedings with a spirit wor-

thy his innocence; and, the night before his death, his lady writ to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows.

MRS. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER  
TO HER HUSBAND.

MY DEAR HEART,

MY sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that, were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to life again; and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little while longer of a martyr. Oh, my dear! you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the last minute that I can imagine you shall live, I will sacrifice the powers of a Christian, and the gains of an afflicted Wife. And when you are not, (which sure by sympathy I shall know) I shall with my own dissolution wish you, that so we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how turn'd out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge! I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my *dévoirs*, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I must never see you more, take this prayer: May your faith be so strengthened, that your constancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and loss will in a short time (I hope) translate, my dear, your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

MAY 3d, 1655, 11 AT NIGHT.  
Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you.

I do not know that I have ever read any thing so affectionate as that line—  
'Those dear embraces which yet I feel.'

Mr. Penruddock's answer has an equal tenderness.

efs, which I shall recite also, that  
 in may dispute whether the man  
 woman exprest themselves the  
 fully, and strive to imitate them  
 circumstances of distress; for  
 ll, no couple upon earth are

PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER  
 TO HIS LADY.

BEST, BEST OF CREATURES!

taken leave of the world when I  
 ived yours: it did at once recal  
 dness for life, and enable me to  
 it. As I am sure I shall leave  
 hind me like you, which weakens  
 olution to part from you; so, when  
 t I am going to a place where  
 re none but such as you, I re-  
 ny courage. But fondness breaks  
 n me; and as I would not have  
 rs flow to-morrow, when your

husband, and the father of our dear  
 babes, is a public spectacle; do not  
 think meanly of me, that I give way to  
 grief now in private, when I see my  
 sand run so fast, and I within a few hours  
 am to leave you helpless, and exposed  
 to the merciless and insolent, that have  
 wrongfully put me to a shameful death,  
 and will object that shame to my poor  
 children. I thank you for all your  
 goodness to me; and will endeavour so  
 to die, as to do nothing unworthy that  
 virtue in which we have mutually sup-  
 ported each other, and for which I de-  
 sire you not to repine that I am first to  
 be rewarded: since you ever preferred  
 me to yourself in all other things, af-  
 ford me, with cheerfulness, the prece-  
 dence in this.

I desire your prayers in the article of  
 death, for my own will then be offered  
 for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

Nº IX. TUESDAY, MARCH 16.

QUANTA LABORAS IN CHARYBEDI!

HOR.

ON my opening the Lover's  
 box this morning, I found nothing  
 at the following letter, made up  
 nicely, and sealed with a little  
 holding a flaming heart in each  
 and circumscribed, *Love unites*  
 find, by the contents of this let-  
 ter, that my correspondent will soon  
 his device, and perhaps make  
 ure of Hymen perform that part  
 at present, he has assigned to

you are a man of experience in  
 the world, I beg your advice in a  
 of great importance to me. I  
 for some time, been engaged in  
 friendship with a fine woman:  
 knowledge of mankind will easily  
 you of the purport of that  
 . In short, I have lived with her,  
 h a *she-friend*, in the utmost pro-  
 of that term: but, at present, I  
 nder a very great embarrass; for  
 g run out most of my fortune in  
 urse of my conversation with her,  
 myself necessitated to go into a  
 ray of life, and by that means to  
 myself whole again. A favour-

able opportunity presents itself: a rich  
 widow (the common refuge of us idle  
 fellows) has spoke kindly of me, and I  
 have reason to believe will very shortly  
 put me in possession of her person and  
 jointure. Tell me, dear Mr. Murtle,  
 how I shall communicate this affair to  
 the poor creature whom I am going to  
 forsake. If I know her temper, she  
 loves me so well, that she would rather  
 see me beggar'd and undone, than in a  
 state of wealth and ease with another  
 woman. She will call my endeavours  
 to make myself happy, being false to  
 her. Nay, I don't know but she may  
 be fool enough to make away with her-  
 self; for the last time I talked to her,  
 and mentioned this affair at a distance,  
 she seemed to shew a cur'd hankering  
 after purling streams. Let me conjure  
 thee, old Marmaduke, if thou wilt not  
 give me some advice, to give some to  
 this poor woman; make her sensible that  
 a man does not take a mistress for bet-  
 ter for worse, and that there is some dif-  
 ference between a lover and a husband.  
 But you know better than I can tell you,  
 what to say upon so nice a subject. I  
 am your most humble servant,

W. T.  
 There

There is nothing which I more abhor, than that kind of wit which betrays a hardness of heart. Inhumanity is never so odious, as when it is practised with mirth and wittionness. If I may make so free with my correspondent, he seems to be a man of this unlucky turn. I shal not fall into the same fault which I condemn in him; but, that I may be serious on such an occasion, will desire my readers to consider thoroughly the evils which they are heaping up to themselves, when they engage in a criminal amur. If they die in it, they know very well what must be the dreadful consequence. If either of them break loose from the other, the melancholy and vexation that are produced on such occasions, are too dear a payment for those pleasures which preceded, and are past, as though they had never been.

The woman is generally the greatest sufferer in cases of this nature; for by the long observations I have made on both sexes, I have established this as a maxim, that *women dissimble their passions better than men; but that men subdue their passions better than women.*

I have heard a story to my present purpose, which has very much affected me. The gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an eye-witness of several parts of it.

About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantry which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young Count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought, in common prudence, to close with it. The Count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her, with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting, was a grove, which stands at a little distance

from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol, and shot her lover to the heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends should obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his eye was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deat, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind to a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold, not like an expecting bride than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me that he saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place, where, after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the Count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who, with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

My reader may draw, without my assistance, a suitable moral out of so tragical a story.





N<sup>o</sup> X. THURSDAY, MARCH 18.

—MAGIS ILLA PLACENT QUÆ FLURIS EMUNTUR.

tely been very much teased thought of Mrs. Anne Page, mory of those many cruelties fered from that obdurate fair . Anne was in a particular fond of China ware, against I unfortunately declared my I do not know but this was asion of her coldness towards makes me sick at the very China dish ever since. This ntroduction I can make for discourse, which may serve to till I am more at leisure to hread of my amours.

re no inclinations in women : surprise me than their pas- alk and China. The first of ies wears out in a little time; woman is visited with the fe- rally takes possession of her hina vessels are play-things of all ages. An old lady of all be as busy in cleaning andarin, as her great grand- in dressing her baby.

mon way of purchasing such may believe my female in- by exchanging old suits of his brittle ware. The pot- have, it seems, their factors ice, who retail out their se- aures for cast cloaths and ed garments. I have known coat metamorphosed into a , and a pair of breeches into For this reason my friend in the city, calls his great is nobly furnished out with rife's wardrobe. ' In yon- ,' says he, ' are above twen- cloaths, and on that scru- : an hundred yards of fur- lk. You cannot imagine / night gowns, stays, and went to the raising of that

'The worst of it is,' says of cloaths is not suffered to 's time, that it may be the able; so that in reality this re dextrous way of picking id's pocket, who is often a great vase of China, uncies that he is buying a - a silk gown for his wife.'

There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for China, namely, that it administers to them great matter for wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants wages in China fragments, which their carelessness has produced. ' If thou hast a ' piece of earthen ware, consider,' says Epictetus, ' that it is a piece of earthen ' ware, and by consequence very easy ' and obnoxious to be broken: be not, ' therefore, so void of reason, as to be ' angry or grieved when this comes to ' pass.' In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a China cup. I shall farther recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars. First, That all China ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, That the fashion of it is changeable. And, Thirdly, That it is of no use. And first of the First. The fragility of China is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set it's heart upon; though at the same time I am afraid I may complain with Seneca on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown so wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from it's brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason, I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But, as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second particular.



It may chance that a piece of China may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered that the shape of it shall grow unfashionable; which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few China vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many, at present, which are capable of holding half a hog'shead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size.

But, in the last place, China ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of China? The furniture of a

lady's favourite room is altogether absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses, and herds of cattle, in the fine sort of porcelain; not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be ranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture: but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions, to be employed in services of the family; besides, that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

## Nº XI. SATURDAY, MARCH 20.

MÆCENAS ATAVIS EDITE REGIBUS.

BENTLEY'S HORACE.

**T**HE following epistle is written to me from the parish of Gotham, in Herefordshire, from one who had credentials from me to be received as an humble servant to a young lady of the family which he mentions. Because it may be an instruction to all who court great alliances, I shall insert it word for word as it came to my hands.

SWEET MR. MYRTLE,

**A**CCORDING to your persuasion, I came down here into the country, with a design to ingraft myself into the family to which you recommended me; but I wish you had thought a little more of it, before you gave me that advice; for a man is not always made happy by having settled himself in a powerful house; for riches and honour are ornamental to the possessors of them, only when those possessors have such arts or endowments which would render them conspicuous without them: but these creatures to whom you advised me to be allied, are such, whose interest it is to court privacy, and are made up of so many defects, that they could not better recommend themselves to the world, or consult their own interest, than by hiding; but they are so little inclined to such a prudent behaviour, that they seem to think

that their appearance, upon all occasions, cannot chuse but be advantageous to them; and yet, such is the force of Nature in hissing all it's instruments to the uses for which she has made them most fit, that they are ever undertaking what would make the most beautiful of the human race appear as ugly as themselves. Thus they take upon them to manage all things in this country; and if any man is to be accused, arraigned, or disgraced, one of these hideous creatures has certainly a hand in it. By these methods and arts they govern those who condemn them, and are perpetually followed by crowds who hate them: at the same time there is I know not what excessively comic and diverting, to behold these very odd fellows in their magnificencies.

You must know, they set up extremely for genealogies, old codes, and mystic writings, and knowing abundance of what was never worth knowing in the several ages in which it was acted; but there is constantly, in all they pretend to, some circumstance which secretly tends to raise the honour and antiquity of their family. Thus they are not contented, as all we the rest of the world are, to become more ancient every day than other as time passes on, but the

ld backwards; and every now-  
n they make some new purchase  
ty rolls and papers, which they  
acquaints them with some new  
concerning their further antiqui-  
met here, to my great surprise,  
go the Jew, who used to trans-  
k for me at Change Alley. I  
ing to salute him, but he tipped  
wink, and taking me apart at a  
opportunity, desired me not to  
r him: 'For,' says he, laughing,  
come down here as a cheat.' He  
ed himself further, That his way  
get some paper that was mouldy,  
or moth-eaten, and write upon it  
characters, which he sold to Sir  
y Crabtree's library. You must  
there is nothing so monstrous but  
n make pass upon the people; so  
are the Crabtrees in this county.  
It piece of antiquity which they  
ed, was a letter, written in Noah's  
nd, to their ancestor, and found  
mountain in Wales, (which, by  
y, is said by them to be the oldest  
ghett mountain in the world) di-  
to their ancestor Sir Robert Crab-  
Antediluvian knight. This, Sir,  
very currently here, and is well re-  
because all allow there have been  
s like theirs in any other family  
ie Flood.

ould be endless to give you a di-  
ccount of these worthies in one  
but I will go as far as I can in it.  
when I declared my love, appoint-  
our in their great hall, where were  
ed all their relations and tenants;  
lead of receiving me with civility,  
who desired to be of their fa-  
as they know not how to shew  
ind greatness, but by doing things  
and disagreeable, Mr. Peter  
ust stands up before all the com-  
and enters into a downright in-  
against me, to shew that I was  
to be entertained among them.  
call him here at Gotham, and in  
e parts, the *Acquiescer*, because it is  
ural propensity to think the wort  
y man. Though the Implement  
very great estate, the poverty of  
is such, that he will do any thing  
rther penny. He condescends to  
art of the rents of Sir Anthony's  
and, though born to a better for-  
an the knight himself, is his ut-  
s. His business about him is to  
t somebody or other for him,  
ie to time, on whom to exercise

his great power and interest. Peter has  
the very look of a wicked one of low  
practice. Peter is made for a lurcher;  
and, as being a creature of prey, he rises  
to the object he aims at, as if he were  
going to spring at some game; but he  
sinks, as you may have seen a cur at  
once exert and check his little anger  
when he sees a strange mailiff. Natu-  
ralists say all men have something in  
their aspect of other animals, which re-  
semble them in constitution. Peter's  
countenance discovers him a creature of  
small prey; it is a mixture of the face of  
a cat, and that of an owl. He has the  
spiteful eagerness of the former, blended  
with the stupid gravity of the latter. He  
stood behind a post all the while he was  
talking, and groped it as if he were feel-  
ing for hobnails. All that he said was  
so extravagant, wild, and groundless,  
and urged with a mien so suitable to the  
falseness and folly of it, that I was rather  
diverted than offended at Brickduff.  
When from another quarter of the hall,  
placed just under a gallery, there stood  
up the knight's brother. It is impossi-  
ble to express the particularity of this  
gentleman. His mien is like that of a  
broken tradesman the first day he wears  
a sword: his aspect was sad, but rather  
the face of a man incapable of mirth,  
than under any sorrow; and yet he does  
not look dull neither, but attentive to  
both worlds at once, and has in his brow  
both the usurer and the saint. I ob-  
served great respect paid to him; but  
methought some leavings of conscience  
made him look somewhat abashed at the  
great civilities which were paid him. He  
roundly asserted I was not worth a groat,  
and indeed made it out in a moment; for  
by some trick or other, he had got in  
his custody all the writings which make  
out the title to my estate.

What made this whole matter the more  
extravagantly pleasant was, that there is  
an odd droning loudness in the brother's  
voice, which made a large Irish grey-  
hound open at every pause he made.  
That great surly creature, made so doc-  
ile and servile, was to me matter of  
much entertainment and curiosity. The  
knight's brother, I assure you, spoke  
with a good steady impudence; and hav-  
ing been long inured to talk what he  
does not mean, he looks as if he meant  
what he said.

The pleiantry of this excellent farce  
is, that all these fellows were bred Pres-  
biterians, and are now set up for High-

churchmen. They carry it admirably well; and the partizans do not distinguish that there is a difference between those who are of neither side, from generous principles, and those who are disinterested only from having no principles at all. The knight himself was not in the country, but is expected every day; they say he is a precious one; they make me expect he will treat me after another way. His manner is very droll; he is very affable, and yet keeps you at a distance; for he talks to every body, but will let nobody understand him. Here is a gentleman in the country, a good intelligent companion, that gives me a very pleasant idea of him: he says he has seen him go through his great hall full of company,

and whisper every man as he passed along; when they have all had the whisper, they have held up their heads in a silly amazement, like geese when they are drinking. But perhaps more of this another time. You would marry me into this goodly house! I thank you for nothing, dear Sir; and am your humble servant for That.

P. S. Here is a story here, that Mr. What-d'ye-call laughs at all they pretend to do against him, and is prepared for the worst that can happen. To insure himself to be a public spectacle, they say, he rid an hour and an half, at noon-day, on Wednesday last, behind Charles the First, at Charing Cross.

## Nº XII. TUESDAY, MARCH 23.

WHEN LOVE'S WELL TIM'D, 'TIS NOT A FAULT TO LOVE;  
THE STRONG, THE BRAVE, THE VIRTUOUS, AND THE WISE,  
SINK IN THE SOFT CAPTIVITY TOGETHER.

PORTIUS IN CATO.

THE following letter, written in the finest Italian female hand, as beautiful as a picture or draught of a letter, rather than the work of a pen, in the finest small gilt paper, when opened, diffused the most agreeable odours, which very suddenly seize the brains of those who have ever been sick in love. There is no necessity, on such an occasion as this, that the epistle should be filled with sprightly expressions. The fold of the letter, the care in sealing it, and the device on the seal, are the great points in favours of this kind from the fair; for when it is a condescension to do any thing at all, every thing that is not severe is gracious. As soon as I looked upon the hand, my poor fond head would needs persuade itself that it came from Mrs. Page; but I read, and found it was the acknowledgment of an obligation I have not merit enough ever to be capable of laying upon any. The letter is thus.

MR. MYRTLE, MARCH 19. 1714.

SINCE you have taken upon yourself the province of Love, all transactions relating to that passion most properly belong to your paper. I beg the favour of you to insert this my epistle in your very next, in order to give the earliest notice possible of my

having received very great favour and honour done to me, by some one to whom I am more obliged than it can ever be in my power to return. I beg therefore that you will insert the following Advertisement, and you will oblige (though unknown) your servant, and great admirer,

A. B.

'A CERTAIN Present, with a Letter from an unknown hand, hath been very safely delivered to the party to whom directed.'

It is the nicest part of commerce in the world, that of doing and receiving benefits. Benefits are ever to be considered rather by their quality than quantity; and there are so many thousand circumstances with respect to time, person, and place, which heighten and allay the value, that even in ordinary life it is almost an impossibility to lay down rules on this subject; because it alters in every individual case that can happen; and there is something arises in it, which is so inexplicable, that none but the persons concerned can judge of them, and those, as well as all other persons, are incapable of giving judgment in their own case. All these circumstances are still more intricate in that part of life which is naturally above

the rules of any laws, and must flow from the very soul to be of any regard at all; and are more exquisitely valuable and considerable, as they proceed more from affection, without any manner of respect to the intrinsic worth of what is given, and it is indifferent whether it be a bit of ribband or a jewel. The Lover in the comedy is not, methinks, absurd, where he prates of his rules and observations on this subject.

'You must entertain women high, and bribe all about them. They talk of Ovid and his Art of Loving. Be liberal, and you outdo his precepts. The art of love, Sir, is the art of giving. Be free to women, they'll be free to you. Not every open-handed fellow hits it neither. Some give up lap-fulls, and yet never oblige. The manner, you know, of doing a thing, is more than the thing itself. Some drop a jewel, which had been refused if bluntly offered.

'Some lose at play what they design a present.

'The skill is to be generous, and seem not to know it of yourself, 'tis done with so much ease; but a liberal blockhead presents a mistress as he'd give an alms.'

I intend all this upon the passion of love within the strictest rules; but benefits and injuries cannot touch to the quick, till the passion is arrived to such a height as to be mutual. Before that, all presents and services are only the offerings of a slave to a tyrant; it is therefore necessary, to make them worthy to be received, to shew that they proceed from affection, and that all your talents are employed in subserviency to that affection. The skill and address which is used on these occasions in conveying presents, or doing any other obliging thing, is for this reason much more regarded than the presents or actions themselves. I knew a gentleman who affected making good company cheerful, and diverting himself with a whimsical way he had of laying particular obligations upon several ladies by the same action, and making each believe it was done for her sake. Thus he would make a ball, and tell one he wished she would give him leave to name for whom it was principally intended: another, that he was overjoyed to see her there, for that he was sure, had she not, nobody else would have been there that evening.

He would whisper a third, who was brought thither by a relation; and, without being named—'And did your cousin believe she introduced you hither?' 'There is a gentleman yonder said, she came with you; and not you with her.' By this wily way, he was by all esteemed the most obliging fine gentleman; that was so genteelly said, and 't'other thing so prettily contrived, that who but Charles Myrtle with all the fair and delightful, in his time. About his flourishing years the stage had a particular liveliness owing to this passion, but too often to this passion abused and misrepresented. Otway, who wrote then, exposed, in his play of Venice Preserved, the bounty of a silly disagreeable old sinner, who at that time was a great pretender to politics, in which he was the most ungainly creature, and nothing could be more ridiculous than Antonio (for so he calls him) a politician, except Antonio a lover. This grim puzzled lecher is thus treated by his Aquilina, whom he keeps and visits. In one of those lovely moments she says to him, 'I hate you, detest you, loath you; I am weary of you, I am sick of you. Crazy in your head, and lazy in your body, you love to be meddling with every thing; and, if you had not money, you are good for nothing.' This imperious wench of this trifling politician was in the interests of those who were then attempting to destroy his country: she rates him in behalf of Pierre, who is her favourite, and is then plotting the destruction of Venice—'Where's my Lord, my Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero!' This contemptible image presents in a very lively manner, how offensive every endeavour to please is in the man who is in himself disagreeable. Poor Antonio, to satisfy an amorous itch, must not only maintain his wench, but support every ruffian in her favour that is an enemy to his country; which will for ever be the fate of those who attempt to be what nature never designed them, wits, politicians, and lovers.

But I will break off this discourse to oblige a neighbour, who writes me the following letter.

GOOD MR. MYRTLE,

AS I am your near neighbour, within two doors of the Lover's Lodge, and within the sound of your melodious base-

vic

viol, I cannot better express my gratitude for that favour you do my ears, than by inviting you to divert your eyes in my large gallery, which is now garnished, from top to bottom, with the finest paintings Italy has ever produced. I dare promise myself you will find such variety, and such beautiful objects, of both history and landscape, profane and sacred, that it will not only be sufficient to please and recreate the sight, but also to yield satisfaction and pleasure to your mind, and instructive enough to inform and improve every body's else. When you have well viewed and considered the whole collection, then I

am to leave it to you, whether you will not think it may be of use to the readers of your Lover, (which I understand is to come out to-morrow, very luckily for me the day before my tale begins) to recommend the viewing of my collection to them, as a very agreeable and instructive amusement to all persons in love. But this, and every thing else that may concern me or my collection, I leave to Mr. Myrtle's judgment, and known readiness to serve mankind in their particular stations of life. I am, Sir, your most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

JAMES GRAME.

### Nº XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 25.

MULTI DE MAGNIS, PER SOMNUM, REBUS LOQUUNTUR.

LUCR.

**T**HE strong propensity that, from my youth, I have had to Love, hath betrayed me into innumerable singularities, which the intensible part of mankind are apt to turn into ridicule. The astonishing accounts of sympathy, fascination, errantry, and enchantments, are thereby become so familiar to me, that my conversation, upon those subjects, hath made several good people believe me to be no better than I should be. My behaviour hath heretofore been suitable to my opinions. I have lost great advantages by waiting for lucky days, and have been looked upon severely by fair eyes, while I expected the benign aspect of my stars. Many a time have I missed a ball, for the pleasure of walking by a purling stream; and chose to wander in unfrequented solitudes, when I might have been a king at *questions and commands*. It is well known what a prospect I had of rising by the law, if I had not thought it more noble to fill my study with poems and romances, than with dull records, and mutable acts of parliament. I intend, at some convenient season, to communicate to the public a catalogue of my books; and shall, every now and then, oblige the world with extracts out of those manuscripts, which love and leisure have drawn from my pen. I have a romance, in seven neat folios, almost *finished*; besides novels, ditties, and *madrigals*, innumerable. The follow-

ing story is collected out of writers in so learned a language, that I am almost ashamed to own it. I must say for my excuse, that it was compiled in my twentieth year, upon my leaving the university, and is adapted to the taste of those who are far gone in romance; not to mention the several morals that may be drawn from it. I have thought fit to call it—

#### THE DREAMS OF ENDYMION.

**T**HE night was far advanced, and sleep had sealed the eyes of the most watchful lovers, when on a sudden a confused sound of trumpets, cymbals, and clarions, made all the inhabitants of Heraclea start from their beds in terror and amazement. An eclipse of the moon was the occasion of this uproar; and a mixed multitude of all ages and conditions ran directly to the top of Mount Latmos with their instruments of music, to assist the fair planet, which they imagined either to have fainted away, or to have been forced from her sphere by the power of magical incantations. As soon as they had restored her to her former beauty, they returned home with joy and triumph, to take that benefit of repose which they thought their piety deserved. Only Cleander, the amorous Cleander, gave himself up to his musings, and wandering through the trees that clothe Mount Latmos, in-

scabily





*E. B. Rivington del.*

*Anders Smith sculp.*

reached the summit of the mountain. He was feeding his eyes with landscape that was spread before him; he heard a languishing voice; these words, intermixed with sighs:

“goddess! why wilt thou make me wretched by the remembrance of my happiness!”—“Ye powers!” said he to himself, “is not that the voice of Endymion?” He had no sooner said this, than he crept along whither he directed him, and saw to his visible astonishment the following scene. This strange object was a statue etched at length on a declivity of a mountain, with his arms across his chest, and his eyes levelled at the sky. “Thou fair regent of the Moon,”

“after the enjoyment of a goddess, why wilt thou degrade thy lover, and throw him back to Mount Latmos and mortality? Ah! inconstant, thinkest no more of Endymion.” “Behold ’tis he!” cried Cleander; “’tis Endymion, or the ghost of my friend!” These words he ran to him, and embraced him in his arms with the warm effusions of transport. If Cleander was overjoyed, Endymion was no less so; their endearments had lasted a long time, if Cleander’s curiosity had not hurried him to learn the cause of Endymion’s long absence from Heracles’ adventures, and the reason of his odd complaints. After repeated questions, Endymion delivered himself in the following manner.

“You may remember, that my frequent contemplation of the heavens had gained me the reputation of an astronomer among the sages of the oracle. But had there not been powerful motives, I had not, for want of knowledge, abandoned the pleasures of our city, with much youth and vigour about me. I must know, that I had so often heard that Diana looked kindly on those that I went to her temple at Delphi to learn the will of the goddess.

I was surprised to find her statue there entirely to resemble the lovely image that had a thousand times smiled on me in my visions.

On succeeding night I bribed the priests with a considerable sum, to let me pass the time within the temple.

After I had said whatever a poet’s passion could inspire, I fell in sleep before the shrine that encom-

passed her statue, and, to my inexpressible joy, saw the goddess descend, and bid me ask her, with a smile, whatever I desired. “Bright goddess,” said I, “were I to have my wish, I would beg that the pleasure I now enjoy might be eternal. But since that is too much, give me, I pray thee, a seat among the stars that may place me ever in thy view, and nearest to thy chariot. Or if the number of the stars be complete, and the Destinies deny me this; grant me, at least, to be wholly thine upon earth; and disclaim not the present that I make thee of myself.”—“Whether in heaven or in earth,” answered the goddess, “I will lose no opportunity to gratify thee.” Scarce had she uttered these words, but I lost the sight of her, and only heard the sound of her quiver, as she turned and glided away.

I related my vision the next morning to Evadne the priestess, who expressed great joy at my success, and having sprinkled me with water from the sacred fountain, and spoken mysterious words, dismissed me with a phial of powerful juices, and instructions how to use it. According to her commands, I repaired to this mountain, where having drank off the enchanted draught, I lay stretched upon the ground, and fixed my eyes with delight on the moon. Suddenly, methought, the heavens were cleft, and an ivory chariot, drawn by horses or dragons, took me up, and whirled me over cities, rivers, forests, and oceans, in a moment of time. I was at length set down in the middle of a wood, where the face of nature was more delicious than the imagination of poets or painters has yet described. I had not walked long, before I heard the voices of women; and at my drawing near I perceived Diana in the midst of her nymphs. The beautiful virgins were placed round her, under the shadow of trees: some of them lay stretched on the grass; others were viewing themselves in the streams: here was one sharpening the point of an arrow; there another was stroking a hound. Their horns were hung upon the boughs, and their bows and quivers were carelessly scattered upon the ground. The queen herself was less distinguished by her golden bow and silver



' silver crescent, than by that beauty  
 ' which had long held me captive. I  
 ' rustled a little too eagerly through the  
 ' boughs where I had concealed myself,  
 ' when a nymph that stood near her,  
 ' casting a look towards me, cried out—  
 ' "A man! a man!" At that word one  
 ' of the oldest of the virgins bent her  
 ' bow at me, and had shot me through  
 ' the heart, if Diana had not seasonably  
 ' interposed. "Hold!" cried the goddess,  
 ' "if he must die, let him die by  
 ' my hand. Give me," continued she,  
 ' "the bundle of arrows that Cupid pre-  
 ' sented me with the other day, when  
 ' we hunted in the Idalian grove." A  
 ' pretty young nymph having put them  
 ' in her hands, she threw arrow after  
 ' arrow at me, till I had received a hun-  
 ' dred wounds, which conveyed such a  
 ' subtle poison into my blood, that I lost  
 ' my sight, staggered, and fell down  
 ' dead. I had not lain long in that con-  
 ' dition, when, to my great amazement,  
 ' I found myself in the arms of Diana,  
 ' dressed after the manner of her nymphs;  
 ' and I saw the light and her eyes at  
 ' the same time. I found, after that,  
 ' she had used that seeming cruelty to  
 ' conceal our loves; and thenceforward  
 ' I passed for one of her sex, and was  
 ' looked upon as the favourite nymph  
 ' of her train. My days were spent in  
 ' those sports which she takes pleasure  
 ' in. How often have we ranged the des-  
 ' erts of Hyrcania! How agreeably  
 ' have we wandered on the banks of  
 ' Peneus, or Eurotas! How many lions  
 ' have we coursed in Getulia! How  
 ' have we panted after the swiftest deer  
 ' in Crete, and pursued the tigers of  
 ' Armenia! But our nights—To what  
 ' a pitch of glory and happiness was I  
 ' raised! How much happier yet were  
 ' my lot, if the mouth that tasted were  
 ' allowed to reveal my joys! But, oh  
 ' Cleander! what shall we think of the  
 ' other sex, when I shall have assured  
 ' thee, that goddesses themselves are  
 ' inconstant! It is in the nature of fe-  
 ' males to be suddenly hurried from one  
 ' extreme to another. Love or hate  
 ' wholly possesses them; they have no  
 ' third passion. What they will, they  
 ' will absolutely, and demand unlimited  
 ' obedience. They are ever prepared to  
 ' shew how little they can value the  
 ' lovers, and sacrifice what was once  
 ' held dear to their ambition and thirst  
 ' of dominion. When they cease to

' love, they endeavour to persuade us,  
 ' by coldness and slighting usage, that  
 ' we never were beloved. But not be-  
 ' ing able to impose so far on our un-  
 ' derstanding, and to give the lie to our  
 ' senses, they endeavour to make us lose  
 ' the memory, as they have lost the desire  
 ' of possession. After so long a course  
 ' of sighs, vows, fidelity, submission,  
 ' and whatever lovers talk of, I was  
 ' hurried away from the happy regions  
 ' I have described, in the same manner  
 ' that I went; and, not many hours  
 ' since, found my body extended on this  
 ' mountain, where the goddess descended  
 ' with a veil over her face; but, upon  
 ' hearing a noise of trumpets and cla-  
 ' rions, left me without speaking, and  
 ' fled to the moon in an instant. The  
 ' assurance that I was abandoned, made  
 ' me vent those complaints, which were  
 ' till the more just, because, after the  
 ' favour of a goddess, I shall loathe the  
 ' faint beauties of Heracles.'

Endymion had no sooner spoke these  
 words, than he and his friend were sur-  
 prised with a loud laugh from behind a  
 bush that grew near them. Instantly  
 started up three young women, who had  
 dogged Cleander in his solitary walk,  
 one of which was his mistress. They  
 ran so fast to Heracles, that he could  
 not overtake them; and, before ten that  
 morning, all the women of the town had  
 a sting at Endymion. Though they  
 secretly believed his amours to be real,  
 they had the malice to ridicule them, as  
 the visions of a disordered imagination.  
 Nay, these giggling gipsies had credit  
 enough to get the poor gentleman jested  
 into a proverb; inasmuch, that if a lover  
 blabbs out the secret, the Heracleans  
 call him a lunatic; they ask a pretty  
 fellow that conceals his intrigues, if he  
 hath a *mistress in the clouds?* and to boast  
 of favours, is, with them, to have the  
*dreams of Endymion.*

I could dream on much longer, with  
 great delight to myself at least, but that  
 I am awakened by the following letter  
 from a gentleman, whom I have great  
 reason to have a high respect for, having  
 frequently been an eye-witness of his  
 behaviour, both as to love and honour.  
 I have seen him, as a lover, win by fair  
 courtship at least fifty ladies; and as a  
 soldier in open field, obtain complete vic-  
 tories always over superior numbers,  
 and sometimes observed the whole owing  
 to his single valour.

SIR,

**I** Am to have a benefit play on Monday next; and the stress of the story depending upon Love, I hope it will find room in your paper.

It is the Albion Queens, with the

Death of Mary Queen of Scotland: where that illustrious lover, the Duke of Norfolk, rather than he will deny his flame, gives up his life. Whenever I see you, I shall do you honour; and am, Sir, your most humble servant,

GEORGE POWELL.

## Nº XIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 27.

ORDERINT DUM METUANT.

MOTTO ON SIR ANTHONY CRABTREE'S COACH.

**I** Am to-day very busy, having a wedding suit for a gentleman, and the knots of the bride, offered to my consideration, and the wedding itself to be on Easter Tuesday; therefore the reader must be contented with this letter, all which I do not myself understand, for the entertainment of this day.

MR. MYRTLE,

**R**EADING the letter in your Lover of the 20th, from your friend, concerning the family of the Crabtrees, I was pleased at the non-reception of your friend into that ridiculous generation; in which family, as I am told, may be found an antique record in Hebrew, proving their original. Sir Anthony is cautious of shewing the manuscript; but his secretary, with whom I'm well acquainted, and whose knowledge is great in crabbed characters, does assure me it's writ in the profane ignorant style used by the fanatics before the Restoration, and seems to be formed out of the phrases of the Revelations, with many periods ending with the sight of the beast, and the image of the beast, and the like. I think your friend ought to be thankful for his deliverance: however, I can't say Sir Anthony was always for destroying every thing, having once saved (not his country, but) his house. The story is thus related by a servant then living in the family. It seems, in the time of Sir Ralph, father to this precious stick Anthony, there was in the family a man that had lived long, but wickedly, under the cloak of religion; but at length was discovered to have defiled the house with a maid-servant who proved with child, which was an abomination to Sir Ralph, who turned both out of doors without paying them their wages, being *considerable*; and ordered the bed where-

in the crime had been committed, with the furniture of that room, to be burnt; which they were accordingly. The fellow thought, by marrying the woman, he might so far ingratiate himself into his master's favour as to get their wages; but Sir Ralph was too religious to allow that any thing could be due to the wicked. Upon which the fellow resolved, since he was to be a loser, his master should be no gainer; therefore sent a message to Sir Ralph, to let him know, if he would pay him, he had something of moment to impart to him, which might be for the good of him and his family. To this the old gentleman gave ear; and being ever apprehensive of some plot or other against him, (in which Sir Anthony takes much after him) resolved to pay the fellow, and have him examined; and when the great secret came out, it was, that he and the maid had lain together upon every bed in the house, and every room. Upon which the whole house and furniture was condemned to be burnt on a certain day; but, the night before the execution, Sir Anthony came down to his father's and, with a high hand, saved house and goods. This is the plain well-known matter of fact; and this is the first house that I ever heard of to have been so near burning by the fire of Love. I can assure you the family is now grown much more polite; but having been bred in such strictness and formality during the time of good Sir Ralph, both Anthony and his brother Zachariah come into a wench's chamber with the same air they used to enter their congregations of saints. It is an hard thing to unlearn gestures of the body; and though Anthony has quite got over all the prejudices of his education, not only as to superstition, but as to religion also, he makes a very queer figure.

figure; and the persecuted sneak is still in his face, though he now sets up for a persecutor.

If the sour behaviour and hypocrisy, which the enemies to Dissenters accuse them of, was utterly forgotten, and which, by their freedom and more open communication with the rest of the world from the Toleration, is really at an end; I say, if all this were wholly out of the memory of man, all their rancour, spite, and obstinacy, might be revived among the Crabtrees. This particular, however, is to be more emphatically enlarged upon by those who shall write their history; which is, that they are impudent to a jest. They having as little respect for mankind as mankind has for them, they do not care how gross the thing is they attempt, so they can carry it. Sir Anthony wanting a cause, the last circuit, to keep up the face of his grandeur, and to make himself popular, spoke to Brickduft to accuse somebody for disrespect to an *illustrious family*. They could not find such a one; but Brickduft told him of a hawker who had books about him writ in favour of that house. Sir Anthony said, that would do as well, provided they could persuade people to pronounce the books were against that interest. Well, they got the poor hawker in amongst them at a county court, and; in spite of all that the gentlemen of greatest honour, quality, and estate, could say, the cry went against the pedlar. There were indeed a great many people of sense and fashion, who are carried away by the Crabtrees, solicited to call out, that the hawker should be turn-

ed out of the place, when they saw, from the appearance for him, they could carry it no further. But they could procure nobody to do even this, but a natural fool, who had made sport at a Winchester wedding, and is every where as much known for an idiot, as if he had his Moorish dancer's habit and bells on. Thus, between jest and earnest, they turned out the pedlar, for the very contrary of what the fellow had done. Sir Anthony says this was right, and still professes he is a friend to that family: 'For,' says that merry cunning fellow, 'if I can bring it to that pass, that nobody shall dare to speak for them without my leave, I shall easily manage that nobody dare to be against them.' This is, Mr. Myrtle, the logic of the Crabtrees. But I know not how to relate half the fine things I know of them; read Sancho Panza's Government in Barataria; get Hudibras by heart; cast your eye upon books of dreams, incantations, and witchcrafts; and it will give you some faint pictures of the exotic and comic designs of this unaccountable race, who are (according to their own different accounts of their parts and births) occasionally Syrians, Egyptians, Saxons, Arabians, and every thing but Welch, British, Scotch, Irish, or any thing that is for the interest of these dominions. As you are the patron of Love, I desire to know of you, whether, after this faithful representation of things, you ought to lament that your friend has been rejected by the Crabtrees. Your most humble servant,

EPHRAIM CASTLESOAP.

## Nº XV. TUESDAY, MARCH 31.

CREDE MIHI, QUAMVIS CONTEMNAS MURMURA FAME,  
HIC TIBI PALLORI, CYNTHIA, VERSUS ERIT.

PROPERT.

I should be but a very ill guide to others in the ways of this town, if I continually kept in my Lodge: I do sometimes make excursions, and visit my neighbours, whose manners and characters cannot but be of great use to the youth of this kingdom, whom I propose to conduct in safety, if they will follow my advice. It is the business of a pilot to discover shoals, rocks, and quicksands, in order to land his passengers in safety. I shall take pains to hang out lights; but if those who sail after me

will rather chuse to be stranded (where I have given them a signal of danger) than follow my course, their shipwreck is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

There are now in town, among the ladies who have given up all other considerations to gratify themselves in one sort of delight, three eminent above the rest for their charms and vices. The first can only please novices; the second seeks only men of business, and such of them as are between fools and knaves; the

the third runs through the whole race of men, and has arts enough about her to ensnare them all, as well as desire enough to entertain them all. These ladies are professed courtezans, and live upon it.

The first I shall give an account of is Jenny Lipsy. All creatures of prey have their particular game, and never dream of any other. Jenny never aims at any but novices; and she makes her advances with so much skill, that she is seldom without two or three in pursuit of her, who are in their first month of a town life. I sat by her, a week or two ago, at a play. There was seated just before her a pretty snug Academic, who, I observed, was destined for her entertainment that evening. There sat by her a *coarse* Floyd in a black scarf, who seemed a servant maid stolen out with Jenny on this frolic to a play. Jenny, at every thing which passed in the play that had little sense in it, was so delighted as not to contain herself from loud laughs; but particularly checked herself, with a well-acted romp-like confusion, when she was observed by the pretty young gentleman; her maid professing, in a lower voice, she would never come abroad with her again. Many kind looks, however, passed between my young gentleman and one he conceived as unskilled in the town as himself. She begged his pardon two or three times for pressing upon him negligently; and hoped there was no offence, in such a tone and voice, and such a natural impertinence and want of judgment, as would have deceived any man in town but Roger Vetemane, who suspects every thing. My young spark offered his service, at the end of the play, to see her out: Jenny said he was a stranger to her, though he looked like a civil body; but her maid interposed, and said—'If the gentleman will get us out of the crowd, there can be no harm,' since she would keep with her.

The second woman of consideration is that artful shy dame Madam Twilight. This lady has got a step or two in age, experience, and address, beyond Miss Jenny above-mentioned. She has been above these ten years known for what she is; but she has preserved such a decency in her manners, and has so little frolic in her temper, that every lover takes it she is as much pleased with him as he with her. Twilight, therefore, has passed her ten years libertinism in short

marriages, rather than different riots. The many gallants, whose relief she is, treat her with civility and respect wherever they meet her; and every man flatters himself it is the necessity of her affairs made her take such a loose, but she certainly loved nobody but him. Twilight, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a whisper, and retire very willingly with great reluctance, seldom discovering desire enough to overcome the confusion to which her compliance obliges her. But I must leave her character half drawn, and in the dress she often affects, a veil, to hasten to her, who gives me most disquiet of any of her sex, when I am endeavouring to save the free and innocent from the slavery to which she affects to reduce all mortals, especially those of merit.

This lady, who is the heroine of to-day's paper, as well acquainted with this town as the plains of Arcadia, dignified and distinguished among the loose wanderers of Love by the name of Clidamira Dustgown, is mistress of the whole art of women; she can do what she pleases, with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that could save himself from her but by flight. She can, as occasion serves, be termagant and haughty, if the follower is in his nature servile; then again so humble and resigning to those who love and admire none but themselves! She can lead the conversation among raw youths who are proud of being admitted into her company, and will slip and grow so girlish, and prevail upon hardened and experienced rakes of the town, who are above hurting any thing but innocence. Clidamira is a female rake: the male ones, I just now observed, affect mostly to have to do with the innocent, and Clidamira's passion is to deceive and bubble the knowing. To indulge this humour in herself, she has all the learning of a spark of the town; is deep in miscellany poems, plays, novels, and romances; has the copies of verses, scandals, and whispers, all the winter, which are brought forth in London and Westminster; all the summer, those produced at Epsom, Tunbridge, and the Bath. Her lewdness is as great, and her understanding greater, than that of any of her admirers: by the force of the latter she is as much courted, even by those who have had her, (as the phrase is) as the finest woman whose char

charms are yet untasted; her skill is such, that her practice in wickedness has not at all made her hypocrisy of innocence appear awkward or unlovely, but she can be any thing she ever was to those who like what she was better than what she is, the most accomplished frolic, and dissolute of all wenches. What makes me have no patience with Madam Duff-gown, is, that she is now laying all her snares, and displaying all her charms, to withdraw my heart from Mrs. Page. But she shall die; I will sacrifice her, to gain a snuff-box for that merit from my own incomparable fair-one.

Clidamia has at this time three different keepers; a rich citizen, whom she has orders, upon occasion, to write to in the style of a widow who wants his charity; a married man of quality, whom she is to address to, as that his lady, who is as jealous as a statesman, and admires her lord for the finest gentleman in the world, might read it; her third is a gentleman learned in the laws, whom she writes to as his client, when she has a mind to raise small sums to support her lavish gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real passion, and sharing the hire of her prostitution. It was necessary last week her dear comrade should have a fine horse he had seen; she levied the price of him upon her slaves by the following method. She writes

#### TO HER CITY FRIEND.

SIR,

**D**ID I not know what acts of charity your worship daily does, and that your good lady is as inclined to do good as yourself, I should not take this liberty to move your compassion to the widow and fatherless. If your worship's business should divert you from taking notice of this according to the direction here-

under written, I shall presume to wait upon your lady myself. I am, &c.

The latter circumstance being a threat, immediately produced a largess above her ordinary salary.

The great skill is to write letters that may fall into any hands, even a wife's, and discover nothing. Her stile to my Lord was thus.

#### MY LORD.

**I**S it possible you can doat with so much constancy on the charms of a wife, to be blind to the thousand nameless things that I do and say before you, even in her presence, to reveal a passion too strong to be smothered?

My lady pouts ten days after the intercepting such a billet, misinterprets every look and sentence of every friend she has, or keeps my lord waking till he has dived into the matter, and fined for his quiet to Clidamia.

Her worthy Chamber-council is captivated at the prodigious wit of the creature, when she sends a bundle of old parchments from widow Lackitt, and has them lodged with his clerk with a couple of guineas, and underwrites she will give him his brief at her own lodgings. The busy creature, who is in love when he is not actually taking pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the wit, cunning, and address, of deceiving that notable deep discerner his own clerk, that, for fear of appearing too dull for an instant himself, cash is immediately conveyed to his client, as left with him from the person who is to lend the money upon the mortgage. Thus the sly thief slews, though he is a man of business, it he would give his mind to it. he could be as notable a gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her council is cheated in raptures.

### Nº XVI. THURSDAY, APRIL 1.

SOME GRAINS OF SENSE  
STILL MIXT WITH VOLLIES OF IMPERTINENCE.

ROCHESTER'S POEMS.

**T**HE writer of the following letter being a person, if you will believe his own story, the most impertinently crossed in love that ever any mortal was,

and allowing his letter to sit only for one day in the year, I have let him have his will, and made it the business of this.

MYRTLE,

E I writ my last to you, wherein  
 ve you some account of the con-  
 l usage which I met with from  
 chievous and ridiculous race of  
 strers, I have made it my busi-  
 enquire into, and consider the  
 stratagems, by which a people  
 in genius to the *Cercopitheci*,  
 so long be suffered to impose  
 any wise, brave, and learned  
 en in this county. After much  
 tion with myself, I am come to  
 olution, That all their success  
 ng to a certain graceless impu-  
 n themselves, and an unmanly  
 in others. There is nothing  
 will attempt from their want  
 ence to the rest of the world;  
 re is nothing but others seem  
 suffer from a too great sensibi-  
 that the world will think of them.  
 other the extraordinary circum-  
 oy which this race is signalized,  
 oft diverted with their supersti-  
 ney are, you must know, great  
 s of lucky and unlucky days;  
 Anthony, whose great talent  
 making fools of mankind, chuses  
 it of April to settle his schemes  
 ensuing year; and yet, with all  
 y which he eternally appears in,  
 liziest thief living. One of his  
 ions for management is to affect  
 and avoid business: this, with  
 other as wife maxims, is set down  
 ecretary to be entered upon the  
 April next. The next to that, as  
 gather it out of Mr. Secretary's  
 characters, is, Never to look  
 and, but do as well as you can  
 resent moment.

Anthony has had great success in  
 g this latter position; but his  
 s so full, by being always extri-  
 himself from some present diffi-  
 hat he has not time to reflect,  
 ough men will bear some hard-  
 to which they are surprised, they  
 roused by repeated injuries.

tell me most incredible whim-  
 im. Among the rest, that he  
 ce a book of humour and ridi-  
 id take upon him to draw out a  
 of politics hid under those seem-  
 afantries. A notable money-  
 r has informed me, that his  
 ood has conceived a mighty opi-  
 South Sea Stock, not from the  
 and solid security that is given

to support the interest thereof, but from  
 the following memorable passage in the  
 94th page of a book called *A Tale of  
 a Tub*. Most people agree that that  
 piece was written for the advancement  
 of religion only; but Sir Anthony, who  
 sees more and less than any other man  
 living, will have it to be a collection of  
 politics; and the paragraph upon which  
 he grounds his conception of the fund  
 above-mentioned, is as follows.

'The first undertaking of Lord Peter  
 was to purchase a large continent,  
 lately said to have been discovered in  
 Terra Australis Inconita. This tract  
 of land he bought a very great penny-  
 worth from the discoverers themselves,  
 (though some pretend to doubt whe-  
 ther they had ever been there) and  
 then retailed it into several cantons to  
 certain dealers, who carried over co-  
 lonies, but were all shipwrecked in  
 the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter  
 sold the said continent to other custo-  
 mers again, and again, and again, and  
 again, with the same success.'

Mr. Myrtle, if you publish this ri-  
 baldry I now send you, be sure you  
 chuse the day auspicious to the Crab-  
 trees, to wit, the first of April, a day  
 wherein, time out of mind, people have  
 thought fit to divert themselves with pas-  
 sing upon their neighbours nonsense and  
 imposition for wit and art. But to go  
 on. In order to amass a vast sum of  
 money, which he designs to place in the  
 fund, the benefits of which are so myste-  
 riously described in the above-mentioned  
 political discourse, Sir Anthony has re-  
 solved to part with the most valuable  
 manuscripts in his library, which are  
 actually sent to town to be sold on the  
 said first day of April, and catalogues  
 given gratis to all the fellows of the  
 Royal Society. The things which he  
 expects most for, are as follows. *Feder  
 Camolanthi's Rudiments of Letters*;  
 being the first scrawls made by the said  
 Camolanthi with his own hand, before  
 the invention of writing, wherein is to  
 be seen the first B that ever was made.

The second curiosity is the very *rubite  
 Wax* which John a Gant had in his hand  
 when he made the famous conveyance  
 by an overt act of biting, and the fol-  
 lowing words:

In witness that this is sooth,  
 I bite the white wax with my tooth.

The third is an Egyptian Mummy.

very fresh, and fit to be kept as a predecessor to any house which is so antient as to have lost the records of it's ancestry.

The fourth is *the first hollowed Slipper which was kissed in honour of St. Peter*, who is reported by heretics to have worn none at all himself, but to have gone a fishing barefoot. It would be endless to tell you all circumstances of these prodigious fellows, but Zachariah and Brickdust are gone post to London to vouch for these antiquities. Zachariah, Sir Anthony says, has a very good countenance to stand by the *Mummy* at the sale, as well as to vouch for the *white wax* in the conveyance. I don't know what they may do with you Londoners, but they have quite lost themselves at Gotham, and the twelve wise men are ashamed of them; upon which the Crabtrees say they will have twelve others, but this is supposed to be only a bounce; for the Gothamites begin to perceive, though too late, that the Crabtrees are not such cunning curs as they pretend; but are at the bottom fools, though they set up for the other character. I suppose you must have heard the story of the *Book-man*: falling upon that inconsiderable fellow has explained them more than any thing that ever happened; and Sir Anthony, by all intelligent people, was reckoned a Cudden for meddling with him; for, say they, there were a thousand ways of getting rid of him; and it was not worth doing it, whatever chastisement they might put him to, at the rate of exposing themselves and their affairs to the examination which that impotent vengeance brought upon them.

Thus the Crabtrees, who indeed never had sense, have now lost the appearance of it; and Sir Anthony, for these ten days last past, could not get any body to whisper him: when he offers it, the party attempted stands full before

him; and there you see poor Sir Anthony, in a need to whisper, jerking and writhing his noddle, and begging an audience of a starrer, who stands in the posture of a man stiff with amazement, that he had not found him out before. If you'll turn to the next page to that I quoted above, to wit, the next to the 94th, (which phrase I own I steal from Juvenal's *Volueris à prima que proxima*) you will find that Sir Anthony stole the manner of his Levy from Lord Peter's invention of erecting a *whispering office*, for the public good and eating of all—*eyes-droppers, physicians, and-wives, small politicians, friends jailed out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, barwds, privy counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons.*—*An aji's head was placed so conveniently, that the party might easily with his mouth accept either of the animal's ears.* The other parts of that paragraph are too coarse to be repeated. Sir Anthony is mightily afraid his dear relations will hardly get safe back again to him; and therefore, like the country fellow who said, It was pity there was not an act of parliament against all foreigners that should pretend to invade this land, he has given them a pass which he thinks will be of as much force all over England, as it would lately have been in this county, where he is a justice. There is one particular pleasant clause in it, wherein he requires all people, notwithstanding their looks, to let them pass for honest men.

Zachariah disputed carrying that clause, and said, he was sure nobody could take him for any other; but Sir Anthony over-ruled him, and, in his sneering way, said, It could do him no harm to have it about him. Which is all at present, from the most unfortunate of lovers,

RICARDETTO LANGUENTL



## THE LOVER.

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### XVII. SATURDAY, APRIL 3.

UGHT THE PARROT HUMAN NOTES TO TRY,  
H A VOICE ENDU'D THE CHATT'RING PIE?  
VITTY WANT, FIERCE HUNGER TO APPEASE:  
TAUGHT THEIR MASTERS, AND THEIR MASTERS THESE.

DRYDEN'S PERSIUS.

Page was smiling very upon me, in a dream, leight yetterday morn- thundering knocks at the fair image from my as hurried to the moon and trumpets of Hera- t came up to me while a rude hand that had delivered me a letter, him, as he said, by oured young man in oat, who promised to 20 days hence, at the dread of such another eak open the letter with

ort, is this. My fa- e under, after I came nubbed me consumed- and twenty; and then me three thousand *per* to London this winter, married to a fine young get her in the mind. how, there is no pleas- hath made my heart I have resolved to fol-; but she hath such a that I cannot do with- I first came to town, I say, how that I was which I shaved every my hands once in half week together. Being : hoped I might be po- t a broad French bea- ddered coat, that cost nds. I cannot, in- or complaining that I r I have lost my sto- ely agree with her that am almost choked in . But this is not all. ut, that she wishes I she told me, no longer ay, that the man she ke the *tour* of Italy.

Now, Sir, I would be at any expence, in building, to please her; but as for go- ing into outlandish countries, I thank her for that. In short, she would have me out of the way: for, you must know, there is a little snipper-snapper from Oxford, that is mightily in her books. I don't know how it comes to pass, but, though he hath but a plain grey suit, he hath such a fawning way with him, that my mind misgives me plaguily. He hath words at his fingers ends; and I can say nothing, but he has some answer or another that puts me out; and yet he talks so, that one cannot be angry neither. He always reads your Lovers to her; and I hear her say often, that she should like such an in- genious man as Mr. Myrtle. Now, what I desire is your advice; for, as I told you before, I cannot do without her. I am a hearty fellow; and, believe me, if you do me any good, you shall have gloves, and dance at my wed- ding. Your humble servant to com- mand,

TIMOTHY GUBBIN.

It falls out very luckily, that I can recommend Mr. Gubbin to a person for his purpose, without further risking my own repose. The following letter, which I received a week ago, shall serve for an answer to his. And I further declare, that I constitute the author thereof my Esquire, according to the prayer of his petition. I have accordingly assigned him an apartment in the Lover's Lodge; and shall further encourage him, as I find his merits answerable to his preten- sions.

LAUNCELOT BAYS TO MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

COURTEOUS KNIGHT,

AS you are a professor and patron of Love, I throw myself at your feet to beg a boon of you. When I have told you my story, you will confess that I am

that



the most amorous and chaste of swains. I am, Sir, by profession, an author, and the scene of my labours is a garret. My genius leads me to love, and I have a gentle manner. When I have occasion for money, I fancy to myself a lady, and write such soft things, as you would bless yourself to hear. But living at present in the city, where such ware fetches but little, I shall, without your assistance, fall shortly into great poverty of imagination. Would you believe it, Sir? I have lived this month on a penny for a ring.

My request is, that I may be transported from this barren soil into Covent Garden. My greatest ambition is to be received in the quality of Esquire to so courteous a knight as you are; to carry your pen in this your gentle warfare, and do the squirely offices established in this order of chivalry. You may not, perhaps, find me unqualified to take some drudgeries off your hands; which you must otherwise undergo; and may possibly appoint me sub-tutor to the British savages, before they approach the fair. It is thought sufficient, that the taylor and dancing-master have managed an awkward body at his first coming to town: nay, upon the strength of a box of *fine Myrtle Barcelona*, a young fellow, now-a-days, sets up for love and gallantry. The ill success of such unformed cavaliers makes a person of my talents necessary in a civilized country. You know, the ladies will be attacked in form, before they listen to terms; and, though they do not absolutely insist upon hanging or drowning, they think it but decent that such attempts be made in rhyme and sonnet. I believe you will agree with me, that no woman of spirit thinks a man hath any respect for her, till he hath played the fool in her service; and the mean opinion that sex hath of a poet, makes any thing in metre, from a lover, an agreeable sacrifice to their vanity.

Now, since there are few heads turned both for dress and politeness, since witty sayings seldom break out from two rows of fine teeth, and true spelling is not often the work of a pretty hand; I propose, for the good of my country, to set up a toy-shop of written baubles, and poetical trinkets. The perfumes of flattery, the cordials of vows, the salts of wit, and the washes of panegyric, are ranged in due order, and placed in pro-

per receptacles to be retailed out at reasonable prices. Here the spark may be furnished with satirical lilies, when he has lost his clouded cane. Here he may purchase points, conceits, and repartees, as useful against an enemy as the most pushy fencing-master can teach him. The most graceful bow he can learn, shall be still improved by a compliment I can put in his mouth, and, to say no more, his periwig shall by my means be the least valuable thing upon his shoulders.

No generous lover will repine at my good fortune, when he hears that I get a warm coat by that which gains him the embraces of a bride. While he feeds all his senses, I shall content myself with the luxury of some meat, and much drink. Thus an equal distribution will be made of worldly pleasures. As they become undoubtedly happy, I shall grow undoubtedly fat: hearts will be at rest, and duns be paid.

The following list of my wares I desire you to advertise; which will not fail, I hope, to bring customers, and may lay a foundation for the commerce of love in this trading island.

LOVE-LETTERS and Sonnets, by the quire, at five Guineas the *Prise*, and ten the *Verse*; with allowance to those that buy quantities.

A set of Rhymes, ready paired for any ordinary Amour; never used but twice.

The Art of Pleasing; or, Rules for Defamation; with a complete Index.

An Apology for the Colour of a Lady's Hair; with a Word or two in defence of white Eye-lashes.

A Treatise for, and another against, growing Fat. Sharp Sayings against Faults which People cannot help; with Answers to each.

A Compliment for a Masque, and a Repartee for a Rival. Neither ever spoken before.

An Investive against embroidered Coats, for the Use of younger Brothers; to which is added, an Appendix concerning Fringed Gloves.

A List of the Heathen Goddesses, with the Colour of their Hair and Eyes; for the Assistance of young Gentlemen that were never at the University.

Double Entendres, and Feeling Language, collected from the Works of

oft celebrated Poetesses of the  
s for young Virgins, to be sold  
nber; and Flattery for old Maids,  
ight.

Raptures, Transports, and Exclama-  
tions, at a Crown a Dozen.

Turtles, Fountains, Grottos, Forests,  
Roses, Tigresses, Rocks, and Nightin-  
gales, at common Prices.

N<sup>o</sup> XVIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 6.

PARVA LEVES CAPIUNT ANIMOS. OVID.

s the other night in the box of the  
lery at Sir Courtly Nice, a col-  
l never miss, for the sake of the  
himself, Hothead and Testimony,  
s in themselves very diverting, and  
ntly performed by the actors. Sir  
y's character exposes, to an extra-  
e, those shallow creatures, whose  
ations are wholly taken up with  
nd outside, and labour only at an  
nce in indifferent things. To ut-  
words, *Your humble servant*, and  
ith a different air each time they  
eated, makes up his whole part in  
fant a scene as any of the comedy.  
uts me a musing upon the force  
g able to act fashionably in ordi-  
cations, and filling up their part  
room with a tolerable good air,  
here is nothing passing which en-  
he attention of the assembly or  
ny to any one other point. It is  
ous to observe how few amongst  
able to do it, till half their life is  
away, and then, at last, they ra-  
t over it as a thing they neglect,  
ehave themselves in it as a thing  
ave ever regarded. This matter  
here so conspicuous as in an as-  
of men of parts, when they are  
ether upon any great point; as at  
lege of Physicians, the Royal So-  
or any other place where you have  
 opportunity of seeing a good  
English gentlemen together. I  
een mightily at a loss whether this  
is from a too great respect for  
lves, or too great deference to  
but it seems to be partly one, part-  
er. Whatever the cause is, I have  
en the effect to a very great degree  
tantly. You shall, in the instant  
is going to speak, see him stunt  
; and not rise within three inches  
atural height, but lean on one side,  
ken with a sudden sciatica; and 'tis  
one whether he recovers, without  
of falling quite down with dist-  
; and I have known it, when a very

ingenious gentleman has tried both his  
legs, almost to tripping himself up, and  
then caught at himself with his arms in  
the air, turned pale, and finding by this  
time all his speech stared out of his  
head by a set of ill-natured curs that  
rejoiced in his confusion, sat down in  
a silence not to be broken during his  
life. There is no man knows, till he  
has tried, how prodigious tall he himself  
is: he cannot be let into this till he has  
attempted to speak in public; when he  
first does it, in an instant, from sitting  
to standing up, the air is as much too  
fine for him, as if he had been conveyed  
to the top of the Alps. You see him  
gasp, heave, and struggle, like an ani-  
mal in an air pump, till he falls down  
into his seat; - but enjoys his health  
well enough ever after, provided he can  
hold his tongue. If the intended orator  
stand upon the floor, I have seen him  
miscarry by taking only too large a step  
forward; and then, in the air of a beg-  
gar who is recommending himself with a  
lame leg, speak such bold truths, as  
have had an effect just equal to the as-  
surance with which they were uttered.  
A too great regard for doing what you  
are about with a good grace, destroys  
your capacity of doing it at all; but if  
men would place their ambition first up-  
on the virtue of the action, and attempt  
things only because it is their duty to  
attempt them, grace of action and be-  
coming behaviour would naturally at-  
tend truth of heart and honesty of design;  
but when their imaginations are bent  
only upon recommending themselves,  
or imposing upon others, there is no  
wonder that they are stizzed with such  
awkward derelictions in the midst of their  
vanity or falshood. I remember, when  
I was a young fellow, there was a young  
man of quality that became an accom-  
plished orator in one day. The circum-  
stance was this; A gentleman who had  
chastised a ruffian for an insolence  
towards a kinswoman of his, was  
attacked

attacked with outrageous language in that assembly. When his friend's name was ill treated from man to man, this ingenuous youth discovered the utmost pain to those that sat near him; and having more than once said, 'I am sure I could fight for him; why can't I speak for him?' at last stood up. The eyes of the whole company were upon him; and though he appeared to have utterly forgot what he rose up to speak, yet the generous motive which the whole company knew he acted upon, procured him such an acclamation of voices to hear him, that he expressed himself with a magnanimity and clearness, proceeding from the integrity of his heart, that made his very adversaries receive him as a man they wished their friend. I mention this circumstance to show, that the best way to do a thing as you ought, is to do it only because you ought. This thing happened soon after the Restoration, and I remember a set of fellows, they called the new Converts, were the chief speakers. It is true, they always spoke against their conscience; but having been longer used to do so in public, (as all are gifted at their meetings) they excelled all other prostitutes in firm countenances and stiff bodies. They were indeed ridiculous, but they could bear to be ridiculous, and carried their points by having their consciences feared, while those of others lay bleeding. But I am got into chat upon circumstances of a higher nature than those of ordinary life, compliment and ceremony. I was speaking of Sir Courtly's *Your humble servant, Madam*.

As for my part, I always approve rather those who make the most of a little understanding, and carry that as far as they can, than those who will not condescend to be perfect, if I may so speak, in the under parts of their character. Mrs. Page said very justly of me one day, (for you must know I am as mute as a fish in her presence) 'If Mr. Myrtle can't speak for love, and his mistress can't speak out of decency, their affair must end as it began, only in dumb show.' I have a cousin at the university who lately made me a visit; I knew him to want no learning, wit, or sense, if he would please to dispense it to us by retail. He can make an oration or write a poem, but won't let us have any thing of his in small parcels. He is come, indeed, to bear our rallying him upon

it, without being furly. I asked him, if he should talk with a man who had a whole language except the conjunctions copulative, how would he be able to understand him?—Small matters it is absolutely necessary to capacitate ourselves for; great occasions do not occur every moment. The Jew said very prettily, in defence of his frequent superstitious washings, and the like outward services, 'I do these because I have not always opportunities to manifest my devotion in acts of virtue.' I had abundance to do to make my cousin open his mouth at all. He and I, one evening, had sat together three hours without uttering a syllable. I was resolved to say nothing till he began the discourse; but finding the silence endless, I desired him to go down with me from my Lodge, and walk with me in the Piazza. We took two or three turns there in the dark, in utter silence; at last, said I to him, 'Cousin Tom, this taciturnity of thine, considering the sense I know thou hast in thee, is a vexation I can no longer endure with patience: we are now in the dark, and I can't see how you do it; but here, give me your hand, let me, while I hold you here, intreat you to exercise the use of your lips and tongue, and oblige me so far as to utter, with as much vehemence as you can, the word *Coach*.' My youth took my friendship as I intended it, and, as well as he could, in a laughing voice he cried, 'C-o-o-a-c-h!'—'Very well, cousin,' says I, 'try if you can speak it at once;' with which he began to cry, 'Coach! coach!' pulling himself out of my hand. 'No,' says I, 'cousin, you shall not go till you are perfect;' with that he called loudly and distinctly, inasmuch that we had in an instant all the coaches from Will's and Tom's about the Portico or Little Piazza. The fellows began to call names, as thinking themselves abused, since no one came to take coach; upon which, one cried out, 'What rats are those in the Piazza?'—'You scoundrels,' said I, 'what are you good for but to keep your horses and selves in exercise? Would you stare and stand idle at coffee-house doors all night?' I went on with great fluency, in the language those charioteers usually meet with; upon which they came down, armed with whips, and my cousin complaining his sword was borrowed of another college, and would not draw,

modified

I would bring myself and him a scrape. He had not done before a whip-lash took him; upon which my young snatched my cane out of my hand, and found every limb about him his tongue. I stood by him, and would fain have to that, that my cousin might before a justice, by way of different circumstances, rather

than go on the insipid, dull, useless thing, which an unmanly bashfulness had made him; but he improved daily after this adventure of the coachmen, and can be rough and civil as properly, and with as good an air, as any gentleman in town. In a word, his actions are genteel, manly, and voluntary, which he owes to the confidence into which I at first betrayed him, by the silly adventure I have now related.

N<sup>o</sup> XIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 8.

—QUID DECEAT, NON VIDET ULLUS AMANS. OVID.

He mightily in arrear with my conditions, if I do not; for some time one day in the week to take perusal their epistles.

It that falls into my hands, out of the before me, is from an unknown who is fallen in love, but with whom. Take his case in my epistle.

RTLE; APRIL 3, 1714.  
A young gentleman of a moderate fortune, have spent the greatest part of his time for these two or three years past in what they call seeing, but am now resolved to marry; and that unsatisfied kind of life. His sisters are at present divided between him and his friends; and as they are both can't as yet determine which my addresses to, but must beg in this critical posture of affairs. Lucinda has sense enough, is very young, and excellently well shaped; commands respect from all who see her: it is impossible to see and hear her; she dances to the greatest advantage; and is, in short, so well accomplished, that her suit would be irresistible, had she not a mixture of pride, and did not station, in some measure, obscure her beauty. Celia is not so good as her sister, yet is very pretty: talks, she captivates her hearers; seems wholly ignorant at the time of her own charms; and when the whole company are fixed upon her, with all the innocence in the world, she wonders at their attention. She rather apprehends that some person or conversation, than any one in either, is the cause of

their earnest observance. When I am with Celia, her agreeable easy conversation, and good-humour ravish my soul, and 'tis then I resolve with myself to fix my thoughts on her alone; but when Lucinda approaches, all my resolutions vanish, and I'm Celia's no longer. I have endeavoured to search into my own thoughts as nicely as possible, and have at last discovered that 'tis Lucinda I admire, but Celia I love. I would therefore beg your advice which I ought to choose; her, that by the delicacy of her face and shape, and stateliness of her mien and air, enforces my adoration; or her, that by the agreeableness of her good-humour and conversation, engages my love. An answer to this will be very acceptable to your humble servant,

CHARLES DOUBT.

The circumstance of this gentleman puts me in mind of a paper of verses in Sir John Suckling, upon two sisters, whose beauties were so equal and so alike, that they distracted the choice and approbation of their beholders. While the eyes of their admirers were taken up in comparing their several beauties, their hearts were safe by being unresolved on which of the two to fix. That witty author on this occasion concludes,

He sure is happiest that has hopes of either,  
Next him is he that sees them both together.

My correspondent has not told me, that he has not easy access to both his young ladies; while he enjoys that, I cannot but propose the expedient of seeing them both together, as an effectual method towards coming to a determination in this case, though it had the contrary effect in the case of the sisters reported

by Suckling. If my correspondent has stated the matter right, Celia will gain ground of Lucinda; for beauty palls by intimate conversation, but good-humour and affability gain new strength the more frequently they discover themselves. I expect this correspondent, provided he goes into my method, should give me an account how he finds himself, that I may note it in my book of receipts.

The next gentleman, I find, is extremely high in his fever; for he starts from one thing to another in the present hurry of his spirits, and makes it impossible for me to give any regular judgment of his condition. I find he is but lately fallen into it, and I must observe his future letters very attentively, before I can be able to prescribe any thing for his recovery. It is the nature of his disease, in the first place, that the patients think every man delighted with their ravings. The title of the letter seems to me to be that which the learned in love distinguish by the Sublime Unintelligible; but take it from himself.

OH! MR. MYRTLE,

**H**AD you seen her for whom my breast pants this moment, your Anne Page had been as utterly no more as Cleopatra who ruined Anthony, or Saviira who captivated Alexander! Heedless man that I was——But what could wisdom have availed me, after seeing her! As she is fair, she is also inexorable. Alas! that what moves passion should also be a check to our desires; and how miserable is his fate, who conceives despair from the merit of what inspires his admiration! Oh, dear Sir! send me your advice, but I am sure I can't follow it; and I shall not have time to shew you how much I am your humble servant, though I know I shall be yours till death,

CINTHIO LANGUISSANTE.

I shall end to-day's work with this notable piece of complaint from poor Tim. Gubbin, whose lamentation you must take in his own words.

MR. MYRTLE,

**S**INCE I writ to you last, I have visited this gentlewoman that I told you of, and whom I cannot be without every day in the week, except Sundays. You cannot imagine how very proud she is, and scornful, though at the same time she knows that I am better born than herself; but she loves none but dissemblers. The young spark, who I complained to you was so much in her favour, told her such a parcel of lyes to other day, that I told him to his face I wondered he was not ashamed on it. You must know, I believe most of what he says is out of a book. I am loth to be quarrelsome; but if he talks, and makes a jest of me any longer, as I find he does, I'll make him understand that I am as good a scholar at the rapier as himself. I only speak it to you as a case of conscience, and ask you the question, Whether, if a man has more wit than I, and uses it against me, I may not use what I think I have more than he against him? Therefore, if I may have your leave, I would try my young spark about the business of courage. I have told my mistress as much; but I don't know what she means, but I think she has as mad a way of talking as he, and says, the way to win her is to die for her myself; and, if I won't do that, not to interrupt people who are better bred than myself, who are willing to die for her. Pr'ythee, Mr. Myrtle, tell me what all this means; for, though I have a very good estate, I am as unhappy as if I were not worth a groat, and all for this proud minx. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

TIMOTHY GUBBIN.

## Nº XX. SATURDAY, APRIL 10.

SHE DROPT A TEAR, AND SIGHING SEEM'D TO SAY,  
YOUNG MAIDENS, MARRY! MARRY, WHILE YOU MAY!

FLATMAN.

**I** Am apt to believe the circumstances of the following letter are unfeigned, and therefore shall not labour to make them more entertaining, by fabulous ornaments. I shall have, I dare say,

enough to do in the progress of the matter, to shew my skill in Love; therefore, let the following letter lie before the town, as a plain narrative of what, I fear, will have more incidents in it than it should have.

have, were I myself either the son or the father in the narration. I appeal to the tea-tables on the matter.

DEAR MR. MYRTLE,

I Have long had a secret (and I hope no criminal) ambition to appear in your writings, and an equal desire to be under your direction. If, therefore, you have kindness enough to gratify the vanity of an enamoured female, (who has a mind to be admired in coffee-houses, and is willing to believe that, by a little of your management, she may make a tolerable figure among your Lovers) and to convince the world that you are resolved to be as good as your word, by your readiness to give your sage advice to those who need it, and humbly sue for it; I earnestly intreat you to print me off to-morrow, and, at the same time, to publish your opinion of the following case: for the gentleman who, next myself, is more concerned in it, has perused the letter I now presume to send you, and has positively declared he will stand to your determination.

Mr. Careless is a gentleman of the Middle Temple: he was sent thither very young to study the law. He has a vivacity in all his words and actions, which has acquired him the esteem and good graces of a great many of our sex. This kind of happiness made him entirely neglect the chief design which brought him up to London. Coke upon Littleton grew mouldy and dusty in his solitary study, while he shined among the ladies in his coat turned up with velvet, and negligently graced with oil and powder. He better knew how to write a billet-doux than to engross a bill, and he was much more expert in repeating scraps of plays than in wording a petition. A certain art he has of saying the most common things after an extraordinary manner, was of very great use to him in effectually recommending him to those ladies who are fond of that kind of innocent mirth which keeps virtue always in danger, and consequently alarmed, and not in a stupid security which tents neither to virtue nor vice.—But, alas! where am I going?—I ask ten thousand pardons, dear Mr. Myrtle, for this long preamble. What I am going to consult you in is this: I am a young woman who have been but fourteen these three years past, though to you I may venture to

own, that I was six and twenty the first day of May last. My father was an officer in the army, and though pretty well stricken in years, yet no man was a greater encourager of mirth and diversion than himself. This turn of humour in the good old man, made him extremely pleased with Mr. Careless; and, unless the business of his family required his more serious attention, he thought his hours passed slowly on, if young Careless happened to be absent from our house. This gentleman's close intimacy with my father gave him frequent opportunities of being in my company; and he has often, in gaiety of heart, called me his Maria, his mistress, his charmer; and has told me a thousand times over he was in love with me, in a way which goes far no more than—*Madam, I like your company*. However, Mr. Myrtle, you, who seem no stranger to the weaknesses incident to our sex, can't but imagine that a single woman, and no professed enemy to matrimony, was not displeased at such like declarations from a pretty fellow that was young, lively, brisk, and did not want wit. Though he was thus agreeable, and I neither insensible of his professions, nor displeased at his addresses to me, yet my modesty laid too great a restriction on me, to permit me to discover to him at first the secret satisfaction I took in hearing him praise me, and how I was delighted when I listened to the declaration of his passion. What he prattled at last began to dwell upon me; I grew afraid that all his professions of this nature were mere amusements to him; till one evening, when we were all very merry in the parlour, dancing country dances, and playing plays, he said somewhat to me in secret, which I fear I shall all my life with I had never heard.

I remember we were engaged at a play called Servants and Mistresses, when, among the variety of gentlemen which were given me to chuse out of, I pitched upon Mr. Careless, as a gentleman the most agreeable to my fancy of any in the company. Upon which he rose up, made me a very modest and respectful bow; and when, according to the custom of the play, he had given a very graceful, and I methought somewhat awful salute, he whispered me, and wished, with a sigh, that he might be so happy as to be my choice in earnest—I hear

the words still tingle in my ear. I stole my eye towards Mr. Careless the whole night after; and if he happened to compliment any of the ladies, I took particular notice of her countenance; I could not help thinking her very ugly, and that she did not at all deserve to have any thing said in her praise: if he smiled at my cousin, who was tolerably handsome, I was ready to cry; and when, in a fondling manner, he took my sister Sally on his knee, methought my poor heart grew as heavy as lead. Well! certainly my iniquities all that night are not, and to Mr. Myrtle need not, to be described—But, Mr. Myrtle, to make short of my story, by mutual endearments, and a reciprocal desire to please, Mr. Careless and I, from that time forward, became lovely and agreeable in each other's eyes. I thought myself happy in his company; and a sight of him never failed to fill me with the most ravishing delight. He would often discourse to me of marriage, and long till he was of age, that he might have me all his own. I conversed with him as with the man who was to have been my companion for life. I seldom dressed but on the day I expected a visit from him. Thus we lived and loved, for some months, till the malicious world talked of our behaviour, and made Mr. Careless's father acquainted with our whole proceedings. He sends for his son. Oh, Mr. Myrtle, how shall I describe my concern for his departure! I dreaded his father's power over him, and trembled when I considered that his father, who was able to leave him a good fortune, might possibly awe him into a neglect of me. Mr. Careless leaves me and London, in obedience to his father's command. As soon as he got home, he sent me word his father severely menaced him, and swore solemnly he would not leave him a groat if he continued to love me, or entertained the least thought of making me his wife.

In Mr. Careless's absence my father and mother both died, and I survived them an orphan of a very slender fortune. Mr. Careless writes a second letter, wherein he lets me know, that his father persists in his resolution; however, he assures me, that if I pleased he would quit to London unknown to the old man, and there marry me. I now had a difficult card to play. I reasoned

thus; that if I took Mr. Careless at his word, I should thereby prove the unhappy instrument of making him guilty of disobedience, and, by incurring his father's displeasure, put his fortune in danger. I thought it would be no argument of my affection to involve the young man I pretended to love, in these dangers. After some struggle, my passion gave way to prudence, and I resolved to lose my lover, rather than take him at the expence of his fame or discretion. After I had wept heartily, I writ him a letter in the stile of one who had never loved; I told him I believed it most advisable to lay aside the thoughts of a match which was attended with many difficulties, and could not but prove a very disadvantageous one to him; and, if his father remained irreconcilable, to me too. Mr. Careless followed my advice, he commended my freedom, ceased to be my lover, but continued to be my friend ever since.

Mr. Careless is now at age, unmarried, and has attained to a plentiful fortune without the assistance of his father: I am still unprovided for, and confess Mr. Careless is this moment as much matter of my heart as ever. Dear Mr. Myrtle, be speedy in your determination, and say what you think should be Mr. Careless's sentiments towards me. I wait with impatience for to-morrow's paper, which is seriously to determine the fate of your constant reader,

PRUDENCE LOVESICK.

It is a very hazardous point to determine a matter attended with such nice circumstances: but supposing the facts are honestly stated, if the father of Careless has any taste of merit, he ought to give his consent to a lady to whom he owes so generous a refusal of his son, rather than be his daughter, when it was incommensurable to the circumstances of his family. If an accession of wealth is thrown in, which ought to be accounted as a portion sent by Providence to take off all prudential objections that stood between the young lady and her happiness, I won't say what the son should do; but if the father does his duty, it will have the same good effect on the lovers. Till that is refused, I shall not play the casuist in a case wherein no one can err, but with a guilt which cannot but be obvious to any man who has the least sense of humanity.

N<sup>o</sup> XXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 13.

NATIO COMEDA EST

Juv.

at people will trouble me no accounts of the Crabtrees, and the following letter, sick of a people so eminent-objects of the contrary passion love.

our paper, the other day, the richardetto Languenti, ridiculous and mischievous crabtrees. I must confess I find words better put together an mischievous and ridiculous-unaccountable, lamentable, and every other word ending intolerable. You may see, and in which I write, that I ; and by the stile and passion an angry woman : at the don't know whether I may Woman, only because I am twenty-nine, since I am still I am sure I should have been fore now, if it had not been receable, I would say execrable Crabtrees. As fast, and y passion will let me, I will account of my sufferings. daughter of a gentleman of , who has several other children-anthony always giving him a great friend to the landed he calls it, has ever been in with my father. To find porance, and education, for a mily, my father has practised improvement of a country estate, grazing cattle, and s to the market of London, the whole with one eminent St. James's Market, with ounts once a year, and takes s which are made to the said balance of their accounts. now there is a great lady in urhood, eminent for her justice, who uss Sir Anthony d: the knight has got a great pressing her tenants, and ter-people in her service with his in her. The lady above-ved my father's correspond-

ent, the butcher, a sum of money, which was to have been my fortune in marriage with an agreeable young man, the son of a neighbouring gentleman. My father had so great a respect for this lady, that he engaged himself to take any demands upon her in payment without the least scruple. By Sir Anthony's management, a third part of the lady's debt to the butcher is paid in a coin I never heard of before, called Tin Tallyes. My father has written to Sir Anthony, and offered them to Zachariah his brother, they being out of my father's way to know what to do with ; but Zachariah has told the poor butcher, who carried my father's letter, and written to my father, that he can't meddle with them ; but has gravely advised him to stick to the landed interest, and not mind projects, for so the half-witted impudent wretch calls receiving money for the product of his land. Thus, Sir, I have lost a good husband by this trick of Sir Anthony, and the whole race of them wonder why our family curses them ; but, Sir, it is the nature of the Crabtrees to be blind to the evils they themselves commit, and don't think themselves guilty of mischiefs, wherein they are the original causes, except they are the immediate instruments. These gross abuses the graceless crew, by bragging of their power, have committed against all the world without being found out and thoroughly explained ; till the devil, who owed them a shame, prompted them to meddle with those that could draw their pictures. I owned to you, in the beginning of this letter, that I was an angry woman ; and I think I have made it out that I have reason for it. I have nothing now left to divert my poor aching heart from reflection upon it's disappointment, but gratifying my resentment against the infamous cause of it. When I reflect upon this race, especially the knight himself, I confess my anger is immediately turned into mirth ; for how is it possible that an ungainly creature, who has what he is writ in his face, should impose upon any body ? He looks so like a cheat, that he passes upon people who do not know him from an



other advantage in the world, but that they are ashamed to be governed by so silly an art as physiognomy. With this mischievous aspect, there is something so awkward, so little, and bristly comic, in Sir Anthony's mien and air, that one would think the contempt of his figure might save people from the iniquity of his designs; but Sir Anthony has the happiness next to a good reputation, which is to be insensible of shame, and therefore is as smug as he is ugly. Forgive me personal reflections, but ugly is a woman's word for knavish. I observe, Sir, you affect putting the sentence of some poet, English or Latin, at the top of your paper; and as I desire you would let my letter be as remarkable as possible, I beg you to put these words out of Sir John Suckling's play of the Sad One, at the head of this my writing, except you would put in all my letter, which I had much rather you would: the place in Sir John Suckling will agree well enough with the knight; for though his name is Anthony, and Suckling has used the word Robin, every one of this country will think him meant, when you do but say, 'The Sad One,' for such indeed he is. The passage is thus: A poet and an actor are introduced discoursing about characters in a play. The actor is telling the author, that he wonders why he will represent what cannot be in nature, an honest lawyer. 'Why,' says the actor, (that is the name of the poet) 'Dost think it impossible for a lawyer to be honest?' The actor answers—

- \* As 'tis for a lord-treasurer to be poor,
- \* Or for a king not to be crowned;
- \* There's little Robin, in debt within these  
    three years,
- \* Grown fat and full—

As for using the word Treasurer instead of Steward, there is nothing in that; for Sir Anthony, in a sneering way, calls himself so; and pretends he deserves that word more than any one else who ever served her, though it's well known he has disparaged her more than any one that ever served any body: and my father says, since he has got me and the tin tallies lying upon his hands, that he will send you an account, wherein he will prove, that if she had given him a year's income of all she has in the world to have nothing to say to him, she had saved above a year's revenue by it. But there's no dealing with him; he has got all

the country to call the honest man, who managed her business before him, all the names that malice could invent; so that, whenever he is dismissed, he knows he cannot be worse used than the best men have been before him. Thus Sir Anthony thinks himself secure against defamation; first, because he deserves all the ill that can be said of him; and, secondly, because the same thing has been said of those who deserve all the praise which language can bestow. I have a great deal more to say of the ugly creature; but I had like to have forgot Brickdust and Zachariah. You must know they have different apartments about Sir Anthony's house, to examine every one who comes for money, or admit their accounts. These animals, if possible, are more hideous than Sir Anthony himself: they are both in town; and they are as much desired in the country, as their arrival in it formerly was feared and dreaded. The Presbyterian ministers in these parts have a very pleasant tale of Zachariah, who, it seems, was made a trustee in a donation for ministers dissenting from the Church of England. The description of ministers dissenting from the Church of England suits as well with Nonjurors as Dissenters; and Zachariah being a new convert, forsooth, to the church, has a pious compassion rather for those who were of our church, and are gone higher, than to those who will not come up to it; and therefore, out of scruple of conscience creates the Dissenters. I desire you would be sure to print this, because it would be well that the truth were known; for some do not fail to say, that under the notion of it's being a gift to pious uses, Zachariah has reserved it for that good Christian himself. When Zachariah went through the town of Worcester—but that is a long story—I had like to have forgot Brickdust; but what signifies talking of him? I remember a whimsical saying of one speaking of a silly creature with a manly aspect; he called him a Coal-black Silly Fellow; so I say Brickdust is a Soft Ugly Cur; he has a pliz fit only for accusation and abuse; if he designed to commend, it would have that effect; and it is nonsense for you to set up for a Lover, when you let these creatures go about to frighten women with child, and bear false witness against honest men. I fear I have said more than will come within your paper; but pray don't leave any of it out, for my lover was a very pretty fellow—  
was

## THE LOVER.

47

was forced to leave me because of these cursed tallies. I am, dear Mr. Myrtle, very much your servant,

SUSAN MATCHLESS.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Beg the favour of you to acquaint the town, that in the most necessary earthen ware, I have, with great pains and

curiosity, wrought round the exterior superficies of them, the true effigies of Sir Anthony Crabtree, Mr. Zachariah Crabtree, and Mr. Peter Brickduitt. They will be sold at all potters shops within London and Westminster on the 19th instant, and country customers may have them at a cheaper rate.

RUBENS CLAYWRIGHT.

Nº XXII. THURSDAY, APRIL 15.

SECRETUM ITER—

HOR.

THE business of Love alters in every family in England; and, I must confess, I did not sufficiently weigh the great perplexity that I should fall into, from the vast variety of cases, when I undertook my present province. The author of the following letters is in very whimsical circumstances, which will be best represented by his epistles.

SIR,

AS I am about thirty, and of such a round untroubled countenance as may make me appear not so much, I must complain to you of a general calamity that obstructs or suspends the advancement of the younger men in the pursuit of their fortunes. I now make love to the daughter of a man of business, who is so fantastical as to threaten to marry the young lady to a contemporary of his own, I mean one of his own years. He says no young man can be good for any thing but filling an house full of children, without being wise enough to know how to provide for them. Now, as I am to succeed in love, as I can argue my father-in-law into an opinion of my ability for business, give me leave to think it not foreign to your design, to print my thoughts concerning the prejudices which men in one stage of life have to those in another. The utmost inconveniencies are owing to the difficulty we meet with in being admitted into the society of men in years, and adding thereby the early knowledge of men and business to that of books. for the reciprocal improvement of each other. One of fifty as naturally imagines the same insufficiency in one of thirty, as he of thirty does in one of fifteen; and each age is thus left to instruct itself by the natural course of its own reflection and

experience. I am apt to think, that before thirty, a man's natural and acquired parts are at that strength, as, with a little experience to enable him (if ever he can be enabled) to acquaint himself well in any business or conversation he shall be admitted into. As to the objection, that those that have not been used to business are consequently unfit for it, it might have been made one time or other against all men that ever were born; and is so general a one, that it is none at all. Besides he that knew men the best that ever any one did, says, that 'Willow cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise.' And my Lord Bacon observes that those governments have been always the most happy, which have been administered by such as have spent part of their life in books and leisure; and instances in the governments of Pius Quintus and Sixtus Quintus about his own time, who, though they were esteemed but pedantical friars, proceeded upon truer principles of state than those who had had their education in affairs of state and courts of princes. If this rule holds in the dispatch of the most perplexed matters, as of public politics, it must of necessity in that of the common divisions of business, which every body knows are directed by form, and require rather diligence and honesty than great ability in the execution.

A good judgment will not only supply, but go beyond experience; for the latter is only a knowledge that directs us in the dispatch of matters future, from the consideration of matters past of the same nature; but the former is a perpetual and equal direction in every thing that can happen, and does not follow, but makes the precedent that guides the next.

— This

This everlasting prejudice of the old against the young, heightens the natural disposition of youth to pleasure, when they find themselves adjudged incapable of business. Those among them, therefore, whose circumstances and way of thinking will allow them such freedom, plunge themselves in all sensual gratifications. Others of them, of a more regulated turn of thought, seek the entertainment of books and contemplation, and are buried in these pleasures. These pursuits, during our middle age, strengthen the love of retirement in the sober man, and make it necessary to the libertine. They gain philosophy enough by this time to be convinced 'tis their interest to have as little ambition as may be; and considering rather how much less they need to live happily, than how much more, can't conceive why they should trouble themselves about the raising a fortune, which in the pursuit must lessen their present enjoyment, and in the purchase cannot enlarge it.

I confess the impious and impertinent way of life and conversation of youth in general, exposes them to the just disesteem of their elders; but where the contrary is found among any of them, it should be the more particular recommendation to their patronage. There are some observations, I have by chance met with, so much in favour of young men, that I cannot suppress them. As sincerity is the chief recommendation both in public and private matters, it is observed, that the young are more sincere in the dispatch of business, and professions of friendship, than those that are more advanced in years; for they either prefer public reputation to private advantage, or believe it the only way to it. They are generally well-natured, as having not been acquainted with much malice, or soured with disappointment; the less disposed to pride or avarice, as they have neither wanted nor abounded. They are unpractised in the ways of flattery and dissimulation, and think others practise it as little as themselves. This arises from their boldness, as having not been yet humbled by the chances of life; and their credulity, as having not yet been often deceived.

I shall conclude by saying, it is very

hard upon us young fellows, that we are not to be trusted in business and conversation with those in years, till due age, together with its consequences, ill health and ill humour, have marked us with a faded cheek, a hollow eye, a busy ruminating forehead; and, in short, rendered us less capable of serving and pleasing them, than we were when we were thought unable to do either. I beg your pardon for so many serious reflections, and your leave to add to them a love-letter to the father, inclosed in one to the daughter, and addressed to her for his perusal. I am, Sir, your most humble servant.

MADAM,

MY life is wrapped up in you. I distrust every conversation wherein there is not some mention made of you; whenever you are named, I hear you commended, and that gives ease to the torment I am in, while I am forced to smother the warmth of my affection towards you. You know your father is not displeased that I love you; but I am, I know not how, to prefer your interests to yourself. But all the business of the world is impertinence, and all its riches vexation, in comparison of the joy there is in being understood, Madam, your most faithful, most devoted, humble servant.

P. S. When your father asks whether I have writ, hide this, and shew him the inclosed. Look displeased, and he will plead for me.

MADAM,

I Have a great respect for you, but must beg you would not take it amiss, if I can reckon no woman a beauty whose father's favour does not add to her other qualifications. He is, as I am, a man of business; and I doubt not but he will acquaint you, that business is to be minded. Your declaration, joined with his in my favour, will make me more frequent at your house; but till I know what I have to trust to, I do not think it is proper for me to intrude upon your time, and lose my own. I am, Madam, your most humble servant.

N<sup>o</sup> XXIII: SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

QUOD LATET ARCANA NON ENARRABILE FIBRA.

PERS.

MR. MYRTLE,

**W**HEN you first erected your Lodge, you then took upon you to be a patron of Lovers, and at the same time promised your assistance to all those who should address themselves to you for advice, the better to conduct them through all those paths of love which, it is to be presumed, you have often trod before them.

It is this consideration which emboldens me to give you the trouble of this, without offering at any formal apology for it. It is a mighty pleasure and a solid satisfaction to a man, to reflect that he has it in his power to be serviceable to others; and since I am confident of your ability, if you deny me the benefit of it, I shall grudge you the possession of such an advantage, and value you no more, though a master in the art of love, than I would a miser for his wealth, when he poorly reserves it to himself, and can't find in his soul to bestow the least part of it on the most needy and indigent.

That you may be the better able to prescribe, I shall beg leave to lay my real condition before you without art or dissimulation. I am, in plain terms, what you call a rover, or a general lover. I am of the most perverse, untoward, amorous constitution imaginable; I have scarcely ever seen that female who had not some charm or other to catch my heart with; and I dare say I have been a slave to more mistresses than (well the account of Cowley's ballad called *The Chronicle*. I have frequently been lost in transports at the sight of a Chloe or a Sacharissa, and have admired many an ugly Corinna for wit or humour. Myra has charmed me ten thousand times with her singing; and my heart has leaped for joy when Miss Airy has been dancing a jig, or Isabella has moved a minuet. It has burnt and crackled like charcoal at the flirt of a fan; and I have sometimes fallen a sacrifice to an hooped petticoat. In short, there is scarce a woman I ever laid my eyes on, that I have not liked

and loved, admired and wished for: the pretty, the wise, the witty, the gay, the proud, and the coquet; all, all from the fine lady down to the dextrous Molly who waits with the kettle at my sister's tea-table, have made scars or wounds in my heart. And yet, after all this—which is somewhat strange—my heart is as whole as ever. What I mean is this; that notwithstanding the multiplicity of darts which have been shot at me, yet they never made any lasting impression on me, or have been able to throw me into an humour serious enough to think of marriage. Though I confess the temper I am now complaining of has been exceeding troublesome to me, yet I could not help thinking matrimony a cure worse than the disease. Besides, how shall I be certain I shan't be the same latitudinarian in love after I have swallowed the bitter dose? It is for this reason that I have long used my endeavours to find out some other remedy for my distemper; and to that end I have had recourse to all those famous physicians who have pretended to write for the good of those persons who have been in my whimsical circumstances. But, alas! after a long and tedious consultation among these mighty professors, I could not perceive myself one jot the better. I am convinced they are all a parcel of pretenders; and that I had no more reason to expect any benefit from them, than one afflicted with the gout has to hope for an infallible cure from your boasting sham doctors, who disperse their bills and advertisements through every street in London.

The first I addressed myself to was that Galen in love, Ovid. The fellow had a smooth tongue, and really talked very prettily. He shewed me a great many soft letters of his own composing; told me some odd surprising stories; made me sigh at his mournful elegies; and promised me, that if I would carefully observe his rules, and follow those directions laid down in his *Philo-dispensatory*, or *Arte Amandi*, I need not doubt but my business was done. He delivered

ph's with so serious an air, that silly I began to believe him, and gather hopes of a perfect recovery; till one day, when I was giving great attention to him, I heard him break off in the midst of his harangue, and immediately cry out, in the exclamatory stile—

*Hei mihi quid nullis amor est medicabilis  
l'rbis.*

From that very moment I thought him an ignorant cockcomb, and never meddled with him since.

The next I ventured upon was good Abraham Cowley. He was looked upon as a proficient in his way; and was very much in vogue among the ladies, for gently handling their hearts, and easily getting at their passions. His greatest business lay among such as had but newly received their wounds, and some expected great refreshment from his balmy compositions: but it has been said by others, that he was the worst in the world at a green wound; and that whoever took him in hand when they were first hurt, they rather grew worse than better. However, I was resolved to undergo one course with him: I was introduced into his company by a young cousin of mine, who was at that time either in love, or the green sickness; and in a little time I was intimately acquainted with his *mistress*. I was, I remember, mightily pleased to hear him tax the ladies, and justify his own fickleness, by asking them, 'Could they call the shore inconstant which kindly embraced every wave?' 'Ah!' thought I, 'this is a doctor after my own heart; his case is exactly mine.' But, alas! I had not kept him company long, before I discovered that, for all his skill in numbers, he was but an ignorant physician, since he could not cure himself. The third I went to was Mrs. Behn. She indeed, I thought, understood the practice part of love better than the speculative; but she was a dangerous quack, for a sight of her always made my distemper return upon me. I liked some parts of her *Lover's Watch*, and would have bought it from her: she told me she would hire the use

out to me for a little time, but that she would not sell it outright.

The last I advised with was the most renowned Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. He was a person of great note and fashion; and had very good practice in this city for some years. He had acquired a large stock of fame and reputation for his experience in the world, his acquaintance with all the little weaknesses and infirmities incident to human kind; and was more particularly had in esteem for his knowledge and proficiency in the occult sciences. From a gentleman thus qualified, what might I not have hoped for? But, Sir, I soon understood that all his predictions and prophecies were but dreams and fables to amuse and divert us, and that he understood himself very well when he called himself *Tatler*.

And now, Sir, after all these fruitless and repeated inquiries, my last and only refuge is in you. You are certainly acquainted with all the secret springs of love, and know the hidden causes which make my heart rise up to every *She* I meet. You can't be ignorant how it comes to pass that my temper is so various; and my inclination so floating and changeable, that one object can't confine them, but, like a wandering bee, they fly at every flower. I assure you, Mr. Myrtle, my present disposition is what gives me great concern and uneasiness. Tell me how I may reclaim this volatile heart of mine, this desultory imagination, and keep it within bounds: shew me the way to fix it to one, or not love at all. I am not uneasy for your answer, for I must own to you I feel but very little pain; but in some distempers they say that is an ill sign. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

CHARLES LAZY.

My correspondent is come already to the condition he desires; for what is not confined to one, is not love at all: and my friend Charles needs not further information in his case, but to be told, that he does not labour under the passion of love, but the vice of wantonness.

N<sup>o</sup> XXIV. TUESDAY, APRIL 20.

THERE DWELT THE SCORN OF VICE, AND PITY TOO.

WALLER.

**T**RUE Virtue distinguishes itself by nothing more conspicuously than charity towards those who are so unhappy as to have, or be thought to have, taken a contrary course: it is in the very nature of Virtue to rejoice in all new converts towards its interests, and bewail the loss of the most inconsiderable votaries. It would, perhaps, be thought a severity to make conclusions of the innate goodness of ladies at a visit, by this rule: beauty, wit, and virtue, in those conversations, generally receive all the limning imaginable; and little faults, imperfections, and misfortunes, are aggravated not without bitterness.

Diana, though she is commended for singular prudence and economy, appears in conversation never to have known what it is to be careful.

Decia, who has no virtue, or any thing like it but the forbearance of vice, cannot endure the applause of Diana. Ladies who are impatient of what is said to the advantage of others, do not consider that they lay themselves open to all people of discernment, who know that it is the want of good qualities in themselves which makes people impatient of the acknowledgment of them in others.

Among the many advantages which one sex has over the other, there is none so conspicuous as that the same of men grows rather more just and certain by examination; that of women is almost irreparably lost by so much as a disadvantageous rumour. This case is so tender, that, in order to the redress of it, it is more safe to try to dissuade the aspersers from their iniquity, than exhort the innocent to such a fortitude as to neglect their calumny.

It should, methinks, be a rule to suspect every one, who insinuates any thing against the reputation of another, of the vice with which they charge their neighbour; for it is very unlikely it should flow from the love of virtue: the resentment of the virtuous towards those who are fallen, is that of pity; and that is best exerted in silence on the occasion. What then can be said to the numerous tales that pass to and fro in this town, to

the disparagement of those who have never offended their accusers? As for my part, I always wait with patience, and never doubt of hearing, in a little time, for a truth, the same guilt of any woman which I find the reports of another. It is, as I said, unnatural it should be otherwise: the calumny usually flows from an impatience of living under severity; and they report the sallies of others against the time of their own escape. How many women would be speechless, if their acquaintance were without faults! There is a great beauty in town very far gone in this vice. I have taken the liberty to write her the following epistle by the penny-post.

MADAM,

**I** Have frequently had the honour of being in your company, and should have had a great deal of delight in it, had you not pleased to embitter that happiness by the unmerciful treatment you give all the rest of your sex. Several of those I have heard you use unkindly were my particular friends and acquaintances. I can assure you, all the advantage you had above those you lessened on these occasions was, that you were not absent, for the company longed for the same opportunity of speaking as freely of you. Believe me, your own dress fits never the better on you for tearing other people's cloaths. While you are rising every one that falls in your way, you cannot imagine how much that fury discomposes your own figure. You believe you carried all before you the last time I had the happiness to be where you were. As soon as your cousin (whom you are too inadvertent to observe does not want sense) had mentioned an agreeable young lady which she met at a visit in Soho Square, you immediately contradicted her, and told her you had seen the lady, and were so unhappy that you could not observe those charms in her. 'Her name,' says your cousin, 'is Mrs. Dulcet.'—'The same,' said you. Your cousin replied—'She is tall and graceful.' You again, with a scornful smile—

smile—' She is long and confident.'—  
 ' But,' says your kinswoman, ' I cannot but think her eye has a fine language.'—' I don't know but she might,' said you, ' if one could see her awake; but that sleepiness and insensibility in them, added to her ungainliness, makes me doubt whether I ever saw her but as walking in her sleep.'—' Well, but her understanding has something in it very lively and diverting.'—' Aye,' says you, ' they that will talk all, or have memories, cannot but utter something, now and then, that is passable.' Your cousin seemed at a loss what to say in support of one she had pronounced so agreeable; and therefore she retired to the lady's circumstances, since you had disallowed every thing in her person, and said, her fortune would make up for all, for she had now ten thousand pounds, and would, if her brother died, have almost two thousand a year. This, too, you knew the contrary of; and gave us to understand the utmost of her fortune was four thousand, and the brother's estate had a very heavy mortgage, and, when cleared, would not be a neat thousand a year. Your cousin, when you took so much pains to contradict her misrepresentations, grew grave with you; and told you, since you were so positive, you were the only one in town who did not think Mrs. Dulcett, besides her being a considerable fortune, a woman of wit, that danced gracefully, sang charmingly, had the best mien, the prettiest way in every thing she did; that she had the least affectation, the most merit; was—  
 Upon which you, with the utmost impatience, after ruffling your fan, and riggling in your seat, as if you had heard your mother abused, rose up, and, declaring you did not expect to be allowed one word more in the conversation, since your cousin had once got the discourse, left the room. Your cousin held the lady of the house from following you out; and, instead of the anger we thought her in when you were in the room, fell into the most violent laughter. When she came to herself, she prevented what we were going to say on the occasion, by telling us there was no such creature in nature as Mrs. Dulcett; that she had

laid this plot against you for some days and was resolved to expose you for that scandalous humour of your's, of allowing nobody to have any tolerable good qualities but yourself. ' You see,' said she, ' how suddenly she made objections, from the sort of character I gave the woman, assigning the proper impression to the quality in her according to my commendation.' I think we said all together—' What, no such woman in the world!'—' What,' said the lady of the house, ' she to be so particular in the estate mortgaged, and all those dislikes to one she never saw, to one not in being, to one you had invented!' You may easily imagine what raillery passed on the occasion, and how you were used after such a demonstration of your censoriousness.

I desire, whenever hereafter you have the evil spirit upon you to lessen any body you hear commended, to think of Mrs. Dulcett: if you do not, you may assure yourself you will be told of her. Among your acquaintance, whenever any one is spoken ill of, Mrs. Dulcett is the word; and no one minds what you say, after you have been thus detected. I advise you to go out of town this season; go into a milk diet; and, when you return with country innocence in your blood, I will do justice to your good-humour; and am, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

The painful manner women usually receive favourable accounts of one another, shews that the ill-nature in which this young woman was detected, is not an uncommon infirmity. But let every woman know, she cannot add to herself what she takes from another; but all that she bestows upon another, will, by the discerning world, be restored tenfold: and there can be no better rule or description of a right disposition than this—

There dwelt the Scorn of Vice, and Pity too.

The scorn of it, in virtuous persons, is in respect to themselves; the pity, in regard to others.

N<sup>o</sup> XXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 22.

— QUID NON MORTALIA PECTORA COGIT.

VIRG.

TO MR. MYRTLE.

se that you begin to repent you shed my last letter to you, since indulgence to me occasions this trouble. I don't know, Sir, may be to you, but I am sure pleasure to me to embrace all cities of shewing myself your servant; therefore give me leave before so great a matter of Love, see the true simile of making a son of war before Hannibal.

NG all those passions to which frailty and weakness of man is, there is not any that extends boundless and despotic empire whole species as that of Love. Weak, the mild, and the humble, gers to envy, anger, and ambition neither the malicious, the proud, can say their have been always free from the of Love. This has subdued the minds of the most aspiring tyrant has melted the most sanguine passion into an effeminate softness. A haughty hero has been known to when he approached the fair, mighty Hercules let fall his club man's feet. The scholar, the soldier, and the soldier, have all been and the most ignorant swain lectured both his flocks and pipe Daphne or Sylvia.

though Love be a passion which common to all, yet how widely votaries differ in their manner of it! The pleasing enjoyment of the object is what they all pursue; it few agree in the same method obtaining their ends, or accomplishing their desires. Every lover has peculiar whim, and each resolves on his own way. Some fancy has a sovereign charm in it, and so rhetoric is so irresistibly pleasant as a golden shower. Others think their mistresses, as they do towns, by flattery or undermining them; cannot beat them down by force, they will try to blow them up with false music. Some attempt, to

frighten their mistresses into a compliance, and threaten to hang or drown themselves if they refuse to pity them. Others turn tragedians, and expect to move compassion by a falling tear, or a rising sigh. Some depend upon dress; and conclude, that if they can catch the eye, they'll soon seize the heart. One man affects gravity, and another levity, because some women prefer the solemnity of a Spaniard to the gaiety of a Frenchman. An handsome leg has found the way to a widow's bed; and a coquette has been won by a song or a caper. A pride may be caught by a precise look and a demure behaviour; and a Platonic lady has lain with her humble servant out of a refined friendship, when she would not listen to a declaration of love. Some will be attacked in mood and figure; and others will have it, that a great scholar will never make a kind husband. The witty Clara is delighted with impertinence, and a celebrated town has languished for the beautiful outside of a painted butterfly. Some women are allured by the resemblance of their own follies; and I have seen a rake, by the help of a whining accent, triumph over a sanctified Quaker.

But of all the arts which have been practised by the men on the other sex, I have not observed any kind of address which has been so generally successful as flattery. Whether it be that, by making a woman in love with herself, you thereby engage her to love the person who makes her so; as, who would not be apt to be fond of the cause which produces so agreeable an effect? or whether the partiality and self-love which most women abound in, does the more readily induce them to believe, that all the praise which is given them is really due to their merit, and therefore they admire you for your justice; or whatever other reason may possibly be assigned for this weakness; I shall not now go about to enquire: but so it is, that the shortest and surest way to a woman's heart is through the road of skilful flattery. This, like a subtle poison, insinuates itself almost into every female; and a dose of it, rightly prepared, seldom fails



fails to produce an extraordinary operation. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with an universal acceptance and approbation; while sincerity and plain-dealing are looked upon as nauseous and disgusting physic. In opposition to what I here advance, it may perhaps be said; we may love the traitor, and yet hate the traitor. How true this maxim may be in politics, (treachery being a moral evil, which, though of use to us for our safety, is yet sufficient to beget an aversion in us towards the wretch who is guilty of it) I shan't dispute; but I am sure in love affairs it will scarcely hold: for she must be a woman of uncommon virtues and qualifications, who can so nicely distinguish between the gift and the giver, as to refuse the one, and yet receive the other. They do not think flattery a vice, and therefore can't be persuaded to dislike a lover for being a courtier; nay, though they are conscious of some of their own imperfections, yet if their admirers are not quick-sighted enough to discern them, they are willing to impute their blindness to their love; nay, though some defects are grossly visible even to the lover, yet if he will compliment his mistress with what she really wants, I dare appeal to the whole sex, whether either such incense or the offerer of it be one jot nearer the losing their favour, and whether they are not ever delighted with both the delusion and the deceiver. But if they really believe themselves as amiable as the flatterer tells them they are, then, in point of gratitude, they conclude themselves obliged to think kindly of their benefactor; that he is one none can deny, since the greatest kindnesses you can confer on a mistress are praise and commendation. These are those melting sounds, that soft music, which never sounds harshly in a woman's ear. Before I conclude this paper, I shall relate a story which I know to be fact.

Miss Witwoud was a young gentlewoman of good extraction, and an handsome fortune. She was exactly shaped, and very pretty. She dressed and danced genteelly, and sung sweetly. But, notwithstanding these advantages, (which one would imagine were sufficient to make any one woman satisfied) she had an insufferable itch after the reputation of a wit. She fancied she had as much wit as she wanted, (though indeed she wanted more than ever she'll

have) and this conceit made her fond of scribbling and shewing her talents that way, as taking great delight in applause.

My friend Meanwell is a gentleman of good sense and a sound judgment: he is a professed enemy to flattery; and is of opinion, that to commend without just grounds, is to rob the meritorious of that which only of right belongs to them. He says a compliment is a modest lie; and declares he would not be guilty of so much baseness as to cry up a beautiful fool for wit, not even in her own hearing, though he were sure to have his falsehood rewarded by the enjoyment of his mistress. Undeterred applause is to him an argument of either want of judgment, or of insincerity; and he resolves he will never go about to establish another's reputation at the expense of his own. With the honest useless qualities he has made long but fruitless courtship to young Miss Witwoud. Ned Courtly is a new but violent pretender to the same lady. Ned is a shallow well-dressed coxcomb. He was bred at court; and is of a graceful and confident behaviour, tempered with civility. The shallow thing can wait at a distance, and look at her, and with a smile approach her, and say—'Your ladyship is divinely pretty.' He is wonderful happy also in particular discoveries; and whenever he renews a visit to his mistress, she is sure of being presented with some additional charm, which would have for ever lain concealed, had not Ned most luckily found it out. Ned quickly perceived Miss Witwoud's weak side, and carefully watched all opportunities of making his advantage of it. Miss grows enamoured of Ned's company, and begins to despise Meanwell as an unpolished clown. She likes Ned as she does her glass, and for the same reason, that it always shews her her beauties; and she takes as much pleasure in hearing him, injudiciously as he does it, give her also the beauties of her mind, as she does to see the glass reflect those of her body. One evening last week Meanwell had the honour to sup with her. The cloth being taken away, she delivered him a copy of verses, which she said had been the product of her leisure hours, and desired the opinion of so good a judge. My friend had the patience to read them twice over, finds nothing extraordinary in them, so smilingly returns them with a silent bow. He was just going to speak

his mind impartially, when in came Ned Courtly. He perused and hummed them over in a seeming rapture; looked at the lady, and then at the paper, for almost half an hour, in full admiration; and then, with a better air than ever critic spoke, he pronounced, that the author of those verses had Congreve's wit, and Waller's softness, and that there was nothing so

completely perfect in all their works. The consequence of this was, Meanwell was discarded, because he would be rigidly honest in trifles; and Ned made his mistress his wife, because, in spite of nature, he allowed her a poetess; or perhaps very justly, because he really thinks her so. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
VESUVIUS.

## Nº XXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 24.

DURUM; SED LEVIUS FIT PATIENTIA  
QUICQUID CORRIGERE EST NEFAS.

HOR.

SIR,

**I** Find you are an author who are more inclined to give your advice in cases which raise mirth in your readers, than in those which are of a more serious and melancholy nature. But you know very well, that in virtuous love there are many unhappy accidents which may lay a claim to your compassion, and consequently to your assistance. I myself am one of those distressed persons, who may come in for my share of your concern. About eight years ago I married a young woman of great merit, who was every way qualified for a bosom friend, that is, for advancing the innocent pleasures of life, and alleviating it's misfortunes. She had all the good sense I ever met with in any male acquaintance, with all that sweetness of temper which is peculiar to the most engaging of her sex. Life was too happy with such a companion in it; for I must tell you, with tears, that she was snatched away from me by a fever about twelve months since. I was the more unable to bear this unspeakable loss, as having conversed with very few besides herself during the whole time of our marriage. We were the whole world to one another; and whilst we lived together, though scarce either of us were ever in company, we were never alone. Being thus cut off from the society of others, and from the person who was most dear to me, I naturally betook myself to the reading of such books as might tend to my relief under this my great calamity. After many others which I have perused upon this occasion, I lately had the good fortune to meet with a little volume of sermons just published, intitled, *Of Contentment, Patience, and*

Resignation to the Will of God, in several Sermons, by Isaac Barrow, D. D.

The duty of contentment is so admirably explained, recommended, and enforced by arguments drawn from reason and religion, that it is impossible to read what he has said on this subject without being the better for it. I shall beg leave to transcribe two or three passages which more immediately affected me, as they came home to my own condition.

'The death of friends doth, it may be, oppress thee with sorrow. But canst thou lose thy best friend? Canst thou lose the presence, the conversation, the protection, the advice, the succour of God? Is he not immortal, is he not immutable, is he not inseparable from thee? Canst thou be destitute of friends whilst he stands by thee? Is it not an affront, an heinous indignity, to him, to behave thyself as if thy happiness, thy welfare, thy comfort, had dependence on any other but him? Is it not a great fault to be unwilling to part with any thing, when he calleth for it? Neither is it a loss of thy friend, but a separation for a small time: he is only parted from thee, as taking a little journey, or going for a small time to repose; within a while we shall be sure to meet again, and joyfully to congratulate, if we are fit, in a better place, and more happy state. *Premissimus, non amissimus*—We have lent him thither before, not quite lost him from us.

'Thy friend, if he be a good man, (and in such friendships only we can have a true satisfaction) is himself in no bad condition, and doth not want thee: thou canst not therefore reason—

'ably grieve for him; and to grieve only for thyself, is perverse selfishness and fondness.'

What follows runs on in the same vein of good sense, though it is a consolation which I myself cannot make use of.

'But thou hast lost a great comfort of thy life, and advantage to thy affairs here. Is it truly so? Is it indeed an irreparable loss, even including the consideration of God, whose friendship repaireth all possible loss? What is it, I pray, that was pleasant, convenient, or useful to thee, in thy friend, which may not in good measure be supplied here? Was it a sense of hearty good-will, was it a sweet freedom of conversation, was it sound advice, or kind assistance in thy affairs? And mayest thou not find those which are alike able and willing to minister those benefits? May not the same means which knit him to thee, conciliate others also to be thy friends? He did not alone surely possess all the goodness, all the fidelity, all the wisdom in the world, nor hath carried them all away with him? Other friends therefore thou mayest find to supply his room; all good men will be ready, if thou art good, to be thy friends; they will heartily love thee, they will be ready to cheer thee with their sweet and wholesome society, to yield thee their best counsel and help upon any occasion. Is it not therefore a fond and unaccountable affection to a kind of personality, rather than want of a real convenience, that disturbeth thee?

'In fine, the same reasons which in any other loss may comfort us, should do it also in this: neither a friend, nor any other good thing, we can enjoy under any security of not soon losing it; our welfare is not annexed to one man, no more than to any other inferior thing. This is the condition of all good things here, to be transient and separable from us, and accordingly we should be affected towards them.

*'Fragile fractum est, mortale mortuum est.'*

Give me leave to cite also, out of this great author, a very agreeable story which is taken from Julian's Epistles, and which perhaps pleases me the more, as it is applicable to my own case.

'When once a great king did excessively and obstinately grieve for the

death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, a philosopher observing it, told him, that he was ready to comfort him, by restoring her to life, supposing only that he would supply what was needful towards the performing it. The king said he was ready to furnish him with any thing. The philosopher answered, that he was provided with all things necessary except one thing. What that was, the king demanded. He replied, that if he would upon his wife's tomb inscribe the names of three persons who never mourned, she presently would revive. The king, after enquiry, told the philosopher, that he could not find one such man. "Well," then, O absurdest of all men!" said the philosopher, smiling, "art thou ashamed to moan as if thou hadst more fallen into grievous a case, when as thou canst not find one person that ever was free from such domestic affliction?" So might the naming one person, exempted from inconveniences like to those we undergo, be safely proposed to us as a certain cure of ours; but if we find the condition impossible, then is the generality of the case a sufficient ground of content to us; then may we, as the wise poet adviseth, sulace our own evils by the evils of others.'

I have observed, Sir, in your writings, many hints and observations upon the most common subjects, which appeared new to me; I should therefore beg of you to turn your thoughts upon that melancholy accident which is the occasion of this letter. If you can give me any additional motives of comfort, I shall receive them as a very great piece of charity; and I believe you may oblige many others who are under the same kind of affliction, as well as, Sir, your most humble servant,

R. B.

This gentleman has too favourable an opinion of me, if he thinks me capable of adding any thing material to what has been handled by the excellent author whom he has mentioned in his letter. That learned man always exhausts his subjects, and leaves nothing for those who come after him. He was not only a great divine, but was perfectly well acquainted with all the ancient writers of morality, whose thoughts he has every where digested into his writings; and, at the same time, had a most inexhaustible

ble

ble fund of observation and good sense in himself. He has scarce a sermon that might not be spun out into a hundred modish discourses from the pulpit: for

which reason I am very glad to find, that we are likely to have a new edition of his works.

## Nº XXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 27.

INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES  
EMOLLIT MORES——

OVID.

**A**MONG the many letters of correspondents, I have of late received but very few which are not mixed with satire. I am a little tired with such ideas as the reading those performances raise in the mind; so are those who imagine they are alluded to by what has passed through my hands; and I doubt not but my readers in general cease also to be delighted with that kind of reflections. When, therefore, it is irksome to us all, it is time to pass to more pleasing arguments. But as I told the town at my first setting out, that Mr. Severn was my favourite of all the characters which I have represented to compose our little club, mentioned in my first paper, I shall declare myself farther on this subject, by printing my letter I have writ to Mr. Severn, which he will receive to-morrow morning.

TO MR. SEVERN.

SIR,

**T**HIS comes with a sett of Latin authors, just now published by Tonsen. You see they are in twelves, and fit to be carried on occasion in the pocket. He sent me two sets, one for myself, the other for the gentleman whom I meant by Mr. Severn. You will please, therefore, to accept the present he makes you. You need not be enjoined to be partial to them as they are a gift; for, as you'll observe Mr. Maittaire has had the care of the edition, you need not be farther encouraged to recommend them to your friends and acquaintance. The learned world is very much obliged to that gentleman for his useful labours; and his elegant addresses to those to whom he dedicates the book, as well as to the reader in general, shew him a perfect master in what he undertakes, for he introduces his authors in a style as pure as their own. You know he had the good fortune to

live in the favour, and, as it were, under the patronage of the famous Dr. Busby, to whose great talents and knowledge in the genius of men we owe very great ornaments of this age, and the supply of men, of letters and capacity for many generations, or rather classes of remarkable men during his long and eminent life. I must confess, and I have often reflected upon it, that I am of opinion Busby's genius for education had as great an effect upon the age he lived in, as that of any ancient philosopher, without excepting one, had upon his contemporaries; though I do not perceive that admirable man is remembered by them, at least not recorded by them, with half the veneration he deserves. I have known great numbers of his scholars; and am confident I could discover a stranger who had been such, with a very little conversation: those of great parts, who have passed through his instruction, have such a peculiar readiness of fancy and delicacy of taste, as is seldom found in men educated elsewhere, though of equal talents; and those who were of slower capacities, have an arrogance (for learning without genius always produces that) that sets them much above greater merit that grew under any other gardener. He had a power of raising what the lad had in him to the utmost height in what nature designed him; and it was not his fault, but the effect of nature, that there were no indifferent people came out of his hands; but his scholars were the finest gentlemen, or the greatest pedants, in the age. The soil which he manured always grew fertile: but it is not in the planter to make flowers of weeds; but whatever it was, under Busby's eye, it was sure to get forward towards the use for which nature designed it.

But I forgot what I sat down to write upon, which was to hand to you these pretty volumes of Terence, Sallust, Plautus

drus, Lucretius, Velleius Paterculus, and Justin. But it will be said, How comes this matter to have at all a place in the Lover? Why, very properly; for to you, whose chief art in recommending yourself is to act and speak like a man of virtue and sense, that which contributes to make you wiser and better is serviceable to you, as you are a gentleman and a lover. Take my word for it, the oftener you take these books in your hand, you will find your mind the more prepared for doing the most ordinary things with a good grace and spirit; that is, the agreeable thoughts of these writers frequently employing your imagination, will naturally and insensibly affect your words and actions. It will, in a greater degree, do what good company does to all who frequent it, make you in your air and mien like those with whom you converse.

Mr. Maittaire has promised to go through the best remaining authors with the same diligence. The large indexes, which lead with so much ease to any beautiful passage one has a mind for, are of great use and pleasure; they are made with so much judgment and care, that they serve the purpose of an abbreviation of the book; and carry a secret instruction, in that they lay the sense of the author still closer in words of his own, or as good as his own. I am mighty well content with the province of being esteemed but a publisher, if I can be so happy as to quicken the passage of useful arts in the world; and I wish this paper's coming, where otherwise works of this kind would not be spoken of, may be of any use to a man who deserves so well of all lovers of learning as Mr. Maittaire. Perhaps a fond mother may,

by my means, lighten her son's satchel, and get him these little volumes, instead of the heavy load the body was before encumbered with; and her own eyes may judge, that this is a print which cannot hurt the child's.

But I must leave these ancients, and give a cast of my office to a living writer, a sifter of the quill.

The sentiments and inclinations of my mind are so naturally turned to love, that it is with a great deal of pleasure I frequent the play-house, where I have often an opportunity of seeing this passion represented in all it's different shapes. I have for some years been so constant a customer to the theatre, that I have got most of our celebrated plays by heart; for which reason, it is with more than ordinary pleasure that I hear the actors give out a new one. It is no small satisfaction to me, that I know we are to be entertained to-night with a comedy from the same hand that wrote *The Gamester* and *The Busy Body*. The deserved success these plays met with, is a certain demonstration that wit alone is more than sufficient to supply all the rules of art. The incidents in both those pieces are so dextrously managed, and the plots so ingeniously perplexed, as shew them at once to be the invention of a wit and a woman. The curious will observe the same happy conduct in the entertainment of this night; and as we have but one British lady who employs her genius for the drama, it would be a shameful reflection on the polite of both sexes, should she want any encouragement the town can give her. I desire your interest in her behalf, and am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

## Nº. XXVIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 29.

— NIHIL INVITÆ TRISTIS CUSTODIA PRODEST:  
QUAM PECCARE PUDET, CYNTHIA, TUTA SAT EST.

PROPERT.

**M**Y correspondents shall do my business for me to day.

MR. MYRTLE,

**I** Throw this letter from two pair of *stairs*, with half a crown with it, in an *old glove*, in hopes he that takes it

up (for I am watching till a porter, or some such body, passes by) will carry it to your Lodge. I have none to complain to but yourself. I am locked up for fear of making my escape to a gentleman, whose address I received by my father's approbation, though now  
bin

are disallowed for the  
r man. I have no help in  
condition, nor means to  
but by desiring you to  
ed in your very next Lov-  
leman who is to marry  
me twice or thrice a one;  
ee such infallible marks of  
gned and respect I pass-  
ne, that it is with great an-  
to him in the sincerity of  
h I know will be a sin-  
to him. It is no matter  
by his name; he reads  
nd will too soon gather,  
ntances of my letter can  
himself.

ill return which I make to  
you have for me, when I  
to you, that though the  
riage is appointed, I am  
oving you. You may have  
the long conversations we  
at times that we were lately  
that some secret hung upon  
was obliged to an ambigu-  
s, and durst not reveal my-  
because my mother, from a  
e place where we sit, could  
d see our conversation. I  
minands from both my pa-  
ive you; and am undone  
pt you will be so kind and  
to refuse me. Consider,  
try of bestowing yourself  
o can have no prospect of  
t from your death. This is  
made, perhaps, with an of-  
sive; but that conduct is  
ferred to a covert dislike,  
not but pall all the sweets of  
offing on you a companion  
nd languishes for another.  
o far as to say, my passion  
leman whole wife I am by  
old lead me to any thing en-  
t your honour; I know it is  
ough to a man of your sense  
thing but forced civilities in  
nder endearments, and cold  
deserved love. If you will,  
sion, let reason take place of  
out not but Fate has in store  
e worthier object of your af-  
recompence of your good-  
ly woman that could be in-

sensible of your merit. I am, Sir, your  
most humble servant,

M. H.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Am a young woman perfectly at my  
own liberty, two and twenty, in the  
height and affluence of good health, good  
fortune, and good humour; but, I know  
not how, I must acknowledge there is  
something solitary and distressed in the  
very natural condition of our sex, till we  
have wholly rejected all thoughts of  
marriage, or made our choice. The  
man has not yet appeared to these eyes,  
whom I could like for a husband. I  
therefore apply myself to you, to let the  
town know there is, not many furlongs  
from your Lodge, one that lives with too  
much ease, and is undone for want of  
that acceptable kind of uneasiness, the  
impunity of lovers. If you can send  
me half a dozen, I promise to take him  
who addresses me with most gallantry  
and wit, and to yield to one of them  
within six months after their first decla-  
ration that they are my servants; but, at  
the same time, I expect them to fight  
one another for me, and promise to be  
particularly civil to him who first has his  
arm in a scarf for my sake. I expect  
that they turn their fury and skill to-  
wards disarming, or slightly wounding,  
not killing, one another; for I shall not  
take it for respect to me to lessen the num-  
ber of my slaves: at the same time, the  
conquered is to beg; and the victor is to  
give life, for my sake only. You must  
know, Sir, I value more being envied by  
women, than loved by men; and there is  
nothing procures a beauty so effectually,  
as an interview of her lovers behind  
Montague House. In hopes of a serene-  
nade, soon after the publication of this  
letter, I rest, in dull tranquillity, your  
most affectionate humble servant,

CLIDAMIRA.

MR. MYRTLE,

YOU must know I am one of those  
coxcombs who know myself to be  
abused, but have not resolution enough  
to resent it as I ought. To tell you plain-  
ly, I am a kind keeper, and know my-  
self to be the most servile of cuckolds, for  
I am wronged by a woman whom I may  
part with when I please; but am afraid  
that when I please will never happen.  
As other people write verses and sonnets

to deplore the cruelty of their mistress, I could think of nothing better this morning than diverting myself, and soothing my folly by the example of men of wit who have formerly been in my condition. I was glad to meet an epigram of a gentleman I suppose your worship is acquainted with, that hit my condition; and make you a present of it, as I have improved and translated it in the janty stile of 'a man of wit and pleasure about the town.' Pray, allow me to call her my dear for the rhyme sake; for I never wrote verses till the vexed me.

DE INFAMIA SUÆ PUELLÆ.

*Rumor ait: crebro nigram peccare puellam;*

*'Nunc ego me: furdis auribus off: vola.  
'Crimina non habet: sunt nigræ: sine jussu dilata:  
'Quid miserum torquet, rum: r: uerbet: ita:*

'The town reports the falsehood of my dear,  
'To which I cry, 'Oh that I could not hear!  
'I love her still; peace, then, thou basker  
'Fare,  
'And let me rest contented in my shame.'

Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Page. You honourable lovers have a good conscience to support you in your vexations; but we, alas—— I am your humble servant,

GILES LIMBERHAM.

## Nº XXIX. SATURDAY, MAY I.

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT FUDOR AUT MODUS  
TAM CHARICAPITIS?

HOR.

THE reader may remember, that in my first paper I described the circumstances of the persons whose lives and conversations my future discourses should principally describe. Mr. Oswald, who is a widower, and in the first year of that distressed condition, having absented himself from our meetings, I went to visit him this evening. My intimacy made the servant readily conduct me to him, though he had forbidden them to let any body come at him. I found him leaning at a table, with a book before him; and saw, methought, a concern in him much deeper than that seriousness which arises from reading only, though the matter upon which a man has been employed has been never so weighty. He saw in me, I believe, a friendly curiosity to know what put him into that temper; and began to tell me, that he had been looking over a little collection of books of his wife's; and said, it was an inexpressible pleasure to him, that, though he thought her a most excellent woman, he found, by perusing little papers and minutes among her books, new reasons for loving her. 'This,' continued he, 'now in my hand, is the Contemplations Moral and Divine of Sir Matthew Hale: she has turned down, and written little remarks on the margin, as she goes on. In order to give

'you a notion of her merit and good sense, pray give me leave to read three or four paragraphs which she has marked with this pencil.' He here looked upon the pencil, till the memory of some little incident, of which it reminded him, filled his eyes with tears; when, to hide new reasons for loving her, (but he only discovered his grief the more) he began, in a broken voice, to read Sir Matthew's second chapter in his discourse of Religion.

'The truth and spirit of religion comes in a narrow compass, though the effect and operation thereof are large and diffusive. Solomon comprehended it in a few words, *Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.* The soul and life of religion is the fear of God, which is the principle of obedience; but obedience to his commands, which is an act or exercise of that life, is various, according to the variety of the commands of God. If I take a kernel of an acorn, the principle of life lies in it: the thing itself is but small; but the vegetable principle that lies in it takes up a less room than the kernel itself, little more than the quantity of a small pin's head, as is easy to be observed by experiment; but the exercise of that spark of life is large and comprehensive in its operation.

tion ; it produceth a great tree, and in that tree the sap, the body, the bark, the limbs, the leaves, the fruit : and so it is with the principles of true religion ; the principle itself lies in a narrow compass, but the activity and energy of it is diffusive and various.

This principle hath not only productions that naturally flow from it ; but where it is, it ferments and assimilates, and gives a kind of tincture even to other actions that do not in their own nature follow from it, as the nature and civil actions of our lives. Under the former was our Lord's parable of a Grain of Mustard-seed ; under the latter of his comparison of Heaven, just as we see in other things of nature. Take a little red wine, and drop it into a vessel of water, it gives a new tincture to the water ; or, take a grain of salt, and put it into fresh liquor, it doth communicate itself to the next adjacent part of the liquor, and that again to the next, till the whole be fermented : so that small and little vital principle of the fear of God doth gradually, and yet suddenly, assimilate the actions of our life flowing from another principle. It rectifies and moderates our affections, and passions, and appetites ; it gives truth to our speech, sobriety to our senses, humility to our parts, and the like.

Religion is best in it's *simplicity* and *purity* ; but difficult to be retained so, without superstitious and accessions ; and those do commonly, in time, *sift* and *choak* the *simplicity* of Religion, unless much care and circumspection be used. The contemplations are so *many*, and so *cumberfome*, that Religion loseth it's *nature*, or is strangled by them : just as a man that hath some excellent simple cordial spirit, and puts musk in it to make it smell sweet, and honey to make it taste pleasant ; and, it may be, *cantharides*, to make it look glorious. Indeed, by the infusions, he hath given it a very *fine smell*, and *taste*, and *colour* ; but yet he hath so *clogged* it, and *sophisticated* it with superadditions, that, it may be, he hath

altered the nature, and destroyed the virtue of it.

Here my friend could go on no farther ; but, reaching to me the book itself, he leaned on the table, covering his eyes with his hands, while I read the following words on the margin : ' Grant that this superaddition which I make, may be Love and Conitancy to Mr. Oswald.' No one could be unaffected with this incident ; nor could I forbear falling into a kind of consolatory discourse, drawn from the satisfaction it must needs be to find new proofs of the virtue of a person he so tenderly loved : but observing his concern too quick and lively for conversation on that subject, I broke off with repeating only two distichs of Mr. Cowley to my Lady Vandyke, on the death of her husband.

Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be ;  
Begin not now, blest pair ! to disagree.

I cannot but think it was a very right sentiment in this lady, to make that duty of life in which she took pleasure, the superstructure upon the motive of Religion ; for nothing can mend the heart better than an honourable love, except Religion. It sweetens disasters, and moderates good fortune, from a benevolent spirit that is naturally in it, and extends itself to things the most remote. It cannot be conceived by those who are involved in libertine pleasures, the sweet satisfactions that must arise from the union of two persons who have left all the world in order to place their chief delight in each other ; and to promote that delight by all the methods which reason, urged by religion and duty, forwarded by passion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleasant the ways of innocence. A deviation from the rules of such a commerce would be courting pain ; for such a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal satisfactions, (to speak of it in the mildest terms) as sobriety and elegant conversation are to intemperance and rioting.



N<sup>o</sup>. XXX. TUESDAY, MAY 4.

DESPICERE UNDE QUEAS ALIOS, PASSIMQUE VIDERE  
ERRARE, ATQUE VIAM PALANTEIS QUERRERE VITA.

Luc.

**I**T is a very great satisfaction to one who has put himself upon the Platonic foot, to look calmly on, while carnivorous lovers run about howling for hunger, which the intellectual and more abstracted admirer is never gnawed with. The following letters give a lively representation of this matter.

MR. MYRTLE,

**I**F ever any man had reason to dispatch himself for love, I am the person: I am lost to all intents and purposes, though I was the happiest man in the world, and have no one to accuse but myself of my present misfortunes; and yet I am not to be accused neither. To open this riddle, you must know, Mr. Myrtle, that I am not now twenty years of age: I think that circumstance necessary to tell you, for they say the misfortune which befel me cannot happen but from the height of youth and blood. I live in the neighbourhood of a young lady of wealth, wit, and beauty. I love her to death; and she loves me with no less ardour. We have had frequent meetings by stealth, which are now interrupted by a very uncommon accident. I have a father, who can never be enough satisfied that his house is not to be burnt before next morning; and for this reason, as well as, perhaps, other jealousies, insists upon the liberty of coming into my chamber when I am asleep, to see whether my candle is out. One night he stole softly in, as indeed he always does, for fear of disturbing me, when I, fast asleep, was talking of my mistress. As he has since told me, I named her; and then thought fit to go on as follows.

'The happiness we now enjoy is doubled by the secrecy of it. I will come again to-morrow night; and have ordered the hackney-coachman to be ready to let me get up to your window at the hour appointed. Be ready to throw up the sash when I tinkle with a piece of money at the

'glass. Your letters I keep always in a box under my bed, and my father can never come at them. Pray be sure to write; for the day-time 'tis mighty sad should be troubled with the impertinence and bustle of the world, and we never to meet or hear from each other but at midnight.'

The old gentleman took my key out of my pocket, and by that means made himself master of my papers; and in an high point of honour, the next day told the parents of my mistress the danger their daughter was in of being carried off by his son, who had no pretensions to a woman of her fortune, though he can do very handsomely for me.

This matter has been very indiscreetly managed by both our parents; the servants, and consequently the neighbourhood, have the story amongst them, and the innocentest woman in the world is at the mercy of busy tongues. Now, Sir, I am not to judge of the actions of my father; but, as he has a longer purse than he will own, I desire you would lay before him, that he did not come at my secret fairly; and that he ought, since he goes upon punctilios, to have made no use of what he arrived at by the infirmity of a troubled imagination. He says indeed for himself, that he had this thought in his head; and therefore, had I owned the thing to him when he taxed me, without shewing my mistress's letters, he should have been obliged, by the manner of getting the secret, to have kept it; but since I had not owned it, had I not been confronted by her letters, which he got by taking my key out of my pocket, I am under the same degree of favour as a man who committed any other crime would have been who had betrayed himself in the same manner. Mr. Myrtle, you are a great casuist; and you see what a jumble of unhappy circumstances I am involved in, which I desire you to extricate me from by your best advice, which will come very reasonably to two families who are much your friends, among whom none so much

## THE LOVER.

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dy concerned in the story; and e approves, you have an admirer your most humble servant,

ULYSSES TRANSMARINUS.

notice given me, that I must e seas for this business; but I ved to stay, at least in the same ith my fair one, till I hear far-

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1714.

MYRTLE,

'LL oblige extremely your most nble servant in inserting this in xt Lover,

IM,

TH would have been welcomer in your letter in Thursday's for I must survive the misery uld have ended. Your *sincerity* from being *offensive*, that my (were it now lawful to indulge greater for you; and I cannot rove the truth of mine than by you, and making you as happy choice, as with you would have e most unfortunate

TO MR. MYRTLE.

RE is a young woman in our ghsbourhood that makes it her s to disturb every body that passes h her beauty. She runs to the r when she has a mind to do misf- and then, when a body looks up she runs back, though she came n purpose. Her hands and arms, ist know, are very fine; for that she never lets them be unemploy- is feeding a squirrel, and catch- ople that pass by all day long- s a way of heaving out of the v to see something, so that one nds in the street just over-against sken with her side face; one that ng down fixes his eyes at the pole neck till he stumbles; and one

coming up the street is fixed stock-still by her eyes. She won't let any body go by in peace. I am confident, if you went that way yourself, she would pretend to get you from Mrs. Page. As for my own part, I fear her not; but there are several of our neighbours whose sons are taken in her chains, and several good women's husbands are always talking of her; and there is no quiet. I beg of you, Sir, to take some course with her; for she takes a delight in doing all this mischief. It would be right to lay down some rules against her; or, if you please, to appoint a time to come and speak to her: it would be a great charity to our street, especially to, Sir, your most humble servant,

ANTHONY EYELID.

SIR,

HERE is a young gentlewoman in our street, that I do not know at all, who looked full in my face, and then looked as if she was mistaken, but looked so pretty, that I can't forget her: she does something or other to every one that passes by. I thought I would tell you of her. Yours,

CH. BUSY,

SIR,

HERE is a young woman in our street that looks often melancholy out of the window, as if she saw nobody, and nobody saw her, she is so intent. But she can give an account of every thing that passes, and does it to way-lay young men. Pray say something about her. Yours, unknown,

TALL-BOY GAPESEED.

SIR,

THERE is a young woman in our neighbourhood that makes people, with bundles on their backs, stand as if they had none; and those who have none stand as if they had too heavy ones. Pray take her to your end of the town, for she interrupts business. Yours,

RALPH DOODLE.

## N° XXXI. THURSDAY, MAY 6.

RIDET HOC, INQUAM, VENUS IPSA; RIDENT  
SIMPLICES NYMPHÆ, FERUS ET CUPIDO,  
SEMPER ARDENTES ACUENS SAGITTAS

COTE CRUENTA.

HOR.

LONDON, MAY 4.

MR. MYRTLE,

I Remember, some time ago, that I heard a gentleman, who often talked out of a book, speak of a king that was so fond of his wife, that his mind overflowed with the happiness he had in the possession of her beauties. I remember it was just so that talking fellow expressed himself; but all that I want of his story is, that he shewed his queen naked from a chink in the bed-chamber; and that the queen, finding this out, resented it so highly, that she, after mature deliberation, thought fit to plot against her husband, and married the man to whom he had exposed her person. I have but a puzzled way of telling a story; but this circumstance, among such great people, may give you some thoughts upon an accident of the like kind, which happened to me, a man of middle rank.

There is a very gay, pleasant young lady, whom I was well acquainted with, and had long known, as being an intimate of my sister's. We were, the other day, a riding out; the women and men on single horses: it happened that this young lady and I out-rid the company, and in the avenue of the wood between Hampstead and Highgate her horse threw her full upon her head. She is a quick-witted girl; and finding chance had discovered more of her beauty than ever she designed to favour me with, she in an instant lay on the turf in a decent manner, as in a trance, before I could alight and come to her assistance. I fell in love with her when she was topsy-turvy; and from that instant professed myself her servant. She always laughed, and turned off the discourse, and said she thought it must be so. The whole family were mightily amazed how this declaration came all of a sudden; and why, after two or three years intimacy, nor a word, and yet now I so very eager. Well, the father had no exception to me, and the wedding-day was named; when,

all of a sudden, the father has sent my mistress to a distant relation in the country, and I am discarded. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is to insert this, that her father may understand what she meant, when she said—'I shall be ashamed to be the wife of any other man;' and what I meant, when I said that—'I know more of her already than any other husband, perhaps, ever may.' These expressions were let drop when the father shewed some signs of parting us; and I appeal to you, whether, according to nice rules, she is not to prefer me to all others. This is a serious matter in it's consequences, and I won't be choused; therefore pray insert it. The whole is humbly submitted by, Sir, your most unfortunate, humble servant,

TIM. PIP,

TO MR. MARMADUKE MYRTLE.

SIR,

OBSERVING you play the casuist, the doctor, nay, often descend even to the letter carrier, for the service of Lovers, I am apt to think my present condition brings me within your cognizance, and countenances this application. Sir, I ever was a great admirer of a single state; and my chief study has been to collect encomiums in it's favour, and instances of unhappy marriages to confirm me. I never could think myself the sad half of a man, or that my cares wanted doubling. The best exercise I ever performed at school was a translation of Juvenal's sixth Satire. I remember my master said, smiling—'Sirrah, you will die a batchelor.' Since I came to man's estate, I have every day talked over, with little variation, the common-place sayings against matrimony: I believe they have been more constant than my prayers. I must now, Sir, acquaint you how I became disarmed of those principles in an instant, and how other thoughts took place.

that I beg leave hereby to re-  
 protect against those damnable

And further, I humbly be-  
 adies with whom I converse, to  
 me the encouragement which  
 true converts generally meet  
 was riding in the country last  
 f all the days in the week, it  
 a Tuesday; when, on a sud-  
 ard a voice which guided my  
 vo young women unknown to  
 were negligently, I won't say  
 rested, had large stiffs in their  
 id were followed by spaniels  
 ounds. One, whom I now see  
 ver's telescope, wore a bonnet:  
 salt my eyes till the brightness  
 ade them fail me; that is, I  
 nothing in it's true light since.  
 eece of a scholar, yet am not  
 Myrtle, to affirm what I saw,  
 his object struck the organs of  
 affected my soul and mind;  
 iced this lasting idea. The old  
 ers, you know, attributed a  
 e loadstone, when they could  
 ut the reason of it's union to  
 hence shall I deduce the cause  
 ndition? Shall I speak of an  
 pressure of insensible particles,  
 er, destiny, the stars, magic?

or shall I say, in the lawyers term, that  
 every feature had it's copies? or must I  
 mention occult quality, or, as the gen-  
 teel world translate it, *je ne sçai quoy*?  
 I should have told you I was a hunting  
 when I saw this object; that, when it  
 fled, my good-spirited gelding refused  
 the gate that parted us, and run away  
 with me. This was as good as a se-  
 cond game; for I, who before was the  
 greatest sportsman in the country, have  
 ever since haunted the woods to sigh,  
 not halloo. In lonely shades by day,  
 and moonshine walks by night, (the ever  
 by my side) I have found my only plea-  
 sure. This condition I have suffered for  
 a long series of time; but, wandering in  
 the same wood, I saw a country girl in  
 the same bonnet in which I formerly be-  
 held my great calamity. I followed  
 her, and found the abode of her for  
 whom I languish. *Ma Charmante* is  
 your constant reader, who hereby will  
 have some notion of me and my name.  
 I crave, Sir, your assistance herein; and  
 (to ease yourself of another troublesome  
 letter) your advice, in case of a denial to  
 wait upon her. I have abundance more  
 to say; but defer you to say it to your-  
 self in behalf of, Sir, your enamoured  
 humble servant.

## Nº XXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 8.

Ἐν δικάσει τῇ συλλαβῇ πᾶς ἀρετὴ ἐστίν.

ARISTOT.

task which I have enjoined  
 self in these papers, is to de-  
 re in all it's shapes: to warn  
 y of those rocks, upon which  
 all ages have split formerly,  
 ll, and will split hereafter, as  
 en and women shall be what  
 are; and to delineate the true  
 gned delight which virtuous  
 d in the enjoyment of their  
 d warranted passions. This  
 arther I go, I find grows the  
 n my hands. The dreadful  
 ick have attended irregular  
 this way, have led some shal-  
 ophers to arraign that as sim-  
 ful, or at least as unbecoming  
 n, which is certainly one of  
 ad fundamental laws of na-  
 they have seemed to look up-  
 a curse which, rightly ma-  
 he greatest blessing which our

Creator has given us here below; and  
 which is, in truth—

That cordial drop Heaven in our cup has  
 thrown,  
 To make the nauseous draught of life go  
 down.

Yet, on the other hand, when (com-  
 paratively speaking) to very many mis-  
 carry in this particular, more than in  
 any other single circumstance belonging  
 to human life, one is tempted to cry out,  
 with my Lord Brouke, in his *Alaham*—

O wearisome condition of mortality,  
 Born to one law, and to another bound!  
 Vainly begotten, yet forbidden vanity;  
 Created sick, commanded to be sound!  
 If Nature, sure, did not delight in blood,  
 She would have found more easy ways to good.

But since complaints under most pres-  
 sures avail but little; since in every spe-  
 cies

cies of actions there is a right and a wrong, which circumstances only can determine; since our Maker (for greater reasons than those which our laws ascribe to our princes) cannot possibly do any wrong, or, as the divines speak, cannot be the author of sin; since what was essential to human nature before the Fall, is in itself most certainly good, when rightly pursued; and since one may observe that mistakes and false steps in this matter meet with harsher censures, and are often more severely punished in this world, than many other crimes which seem to be of a higher nature; I have thought it worth while to enquire into this matter as exactly as I could, and to present the public with my thoughts concerning the real differences between the several sorts of evil actions, as I shall find opportunity, and as my importunate correspondents, who are often in haste, and who must not be disobliged, will give me leave.

One method, as I take it, to induce men to avoid any evil, is to know not only wherein it consists, but how great it is. The Stoics of old pretended that all sins were equal; that it was as great a crime to steal a pin, as to rob upon the road. When their wife man was once out of his way, he lost his pretensions to wisdom; and when those were gone, whatsoever he did or said afterwards, in that state of aberration, it was all one: sins were sins; and where the essence was the same, the degrees mattered little. This contradicts human nature, and common sense; and the laws of all nations distinguish, in the punishments which they inflict, between crimes, as they are more or less pernicious to the society in and against which they are committed. That God does so too, we need not question. The Judge of the whole earth must certainly do right. When we know wherein the true greatness of every sin consists, we shall be able to judge of our own faults, and sometimes of the faults of others; we shall see why we ought to avoid them; where there is room for compassion; and where punishment is necessary, we may be sure then to be severe in the right place; and, by knowing how and when to forgive, may sometimes raise those that are sinking, and often save those from utter destruction, who, if abandoned, would be irrecoverably lost. This is a large, and,

I think, an useful theme; and it is what I have not seen sufficiently enlarged upon in those books of morality which have come in my way. Now, if in my inquiries I have an eye all along to the Christian institution, and take a view of the sins and irregularities of mankind in such a light as is consistent with the practice of our Saviour and his apostles, I hope the softer and politer part of my readers will not be, upon that account, disgusted.

The aggravation of all crimes is to be estimated either from the persons injured or offended, or from the intrinsic malice from whence those injuries and offences proceed. All offences are against either our Maker, our neighbour, or ourselves. Offences against our Maker have this particular aggravation, that they are committed against the Person to whom we have the greatest obligations, and consequently do more immediately contradict the light of our own conscience. The obligations of our original being, and of our constant predestination during the whole course of our lives, which takes in all the blessings that we daily receive from him, are so peculiarly due to God, that they are not communicable to any earthly being. For though we may, and do hourly, receive advantages from our fellow-creatures, yet those advantages are ultimately to be referred to God, by whose good providence those fellow-creatures are enabled to do us good. And besides, the good they do us is as much for their sakes as for ours; since the advantages they receive from us, and those we receive from them, are reciprocal. But though our Creator is always doing good to us, we can do none to him; and, upon that score, he has a title to our obedience, and that implicit, when once we are satisfied it is He that commands. This makes *Idolatry* to be so crying a sin, because it is a communication of that honour to the creature, (whether inanimate or animate it matters not) to which it can have no possible title, and is due to the Creator only. Upon this account also *Irreligion* and *Atheism* are still worse, because they tear up all religion by the roots; and all service and worship is denied to Him, to whom the utmost service and worship is justly due. This is so plain, that it needs neither enlargement nor proof.

The second degree of offences, is of those

those which are committed against our neighbours. They are equally God's creatures as ourselves, and have an equal title to his protection, and we ought to think that they are equally dear to him. Offences against them may be comprehended under one common title of *Injustice*: and what divines usually call *Sins* against the *Second Table*, are, if strictly examined, but so many sorts of injuries against our neighbours. The pains, the care, the trouble, and, above all, the love, of parents, demand honour from their children; and therefore, when they do not meet with it, they are injured. This shews the justice of the fifth Commandment. To take away our neighbour's life, is the greatest injury which can be done him, because it is absolutely irreparable. Next to that, are injuries done to his bed, and for the same reason too. The goods we enjoy are the means of our subsistence here; and he that against our wills takes them from us, does, more or less, according to the greatness of our loss, deprive us of our subsistence. This shews the justice of the sixth, seventh, and eighth Commandments. And since none of those things to which, by the original grant from our common Maker, we have a just title, are secure, if calumny and false accusations are once allowed; therefore false witnessing is also forbidden in the ninth Commandment. And since a desire of possessing what is not our own, and what we see others enjoy, will, if encouraged, naturally lead men to as many sorts of injustice as there are sorts of desires; therefore coveting what is not our own, is

fenced against by the tenth Commandment.

By this detail it plainly appears why I set offences against our neighbours in the second place. When God gave the Ten Commandments, he mentioned no offences but those against himself and our neighbours; and left the sins which are immediately against ourselves (which are properly sins of intemperance) to be forbidden by other laws.

But then, though sins against ourselves ought, with respect to their guilt, (which is what I here propose to consider) to be reckoned last; yet it does not follow from thence that they are not sins, and consequently do not deserve punishment. Whatsoever disables us in any measure from doing our duty to God or our neighbour, is so far an *injustice* towards them, and robs them of their due, and is so far a crime. I say, an *injustice*, because, as I said before, all faults, in my opinion, are ultimately to be referred to that. Even *uncharitableness* is *injustice*; because our common Creator, who has made us all liable to want, and consequently under a necessity of desiring assistance, expects we should be helpful to one another, because he is good to us. And when Aristotle says, in those words that are the motto of this paper, that *all virtues are contained in justice*, he states the true notion of good and evil; and it is applicable to virtues considered in a Christian light, as in a natural one. This, then, is the first rule by which we are to weigh the different degrees of good and evil.

## Nº XXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY II.

—ANIMUM PICTURA PASCIT—

VIRG.

I Went the other day down the River, and dined with some virtuosi friends at Greenwich. The purpose of the gentleman who invited us was, to entertain us with a sight of that famous Ceiling in the Great Hall at Greenwich Hospital, painted by our ingenious countryman Mr. Thornhill, who has executed a great and noble design with a masterly hand, and uncommon genius. The regularity, symmetry, boldness, and prominence of the figures, are not to be described; nor is it in the power of words to raise too

great an idea of the work. As well as I could comprehend it from seeing it but twice, I shall give a plain account of it.

IN the middle of the ceiling (which is about 106 feet long, and 56 feet wide, and near 50 feet high) is a very large oval frame, painted and carved in imitation of gold, with a great thickness rising in the inside, to throw up the figures to the greater height: the oval is fastened to a great support, adorned with roses, imita-

imitation of copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantic figures of slaves, four on each side, as though they were carved in stone. Between the figures, thrown in heaps into a covering, are all manner of maritime trophies in metazo-relievo; as anchors, cables, rudders, masts, sails, blocks, capstans, sea-guns, sea carriages, boats, pinnaces, oars, stretchers, colours, ensigns, pennants, drums, trumpets, bombs, mortars, small arms, granadoes, powder barrels, fire arrows, grappling irons, cross staves, quadrants, compasses, &c. All in stone colours, to give the greater beauty to the rest of the ceiling, which is more significant.

About the Oval in the inside are placed the twelve signs of the Zodiac; the six northern signs, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, are placed on the north side of the oval; and the six southern signs, as Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, are to the south, with three of them in a groupe which compose one quarter of the year. The signs have their attitudes; and their draperies are varied and adapted to the seasons they possess\*; as the cool, the blue, and the tender green, to the Spring; the yellow to the Summer; the red and flame colour to the Dog Days and Autumnal Season; and the white and cold to the Winter: likewise the fruits and the flowers of every season, as they succeed each other.

In the middle of the Oval are represented King William and Queen Mary, sitting on a throne, under a great pavilion or purple canopy, attended by the four cardinal virtues, as Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice.

Over the Queen's head is Concord, with the Fasces; at her feet two doves, denoting mutual concord and innocent agreement, with Cupid holding the king's sceptre, while he is presenting Peace with the Lamb and Olive-branch, and Liberty, expressed by the Athenian Cap, to Europe, who laying her crowns

at his feet, receives them with an air of respect and gratitude. The king tramples Tyranny under his feet; which is expressed by a French personage, with his leaden crown falling off; his chains, yoke, and iron sword, broken to pieces; cardinal's cap, triple-crowned mitres, &c. tumbling down. Just beneath, is Time, bringing Truth to light; near which is a figure of Architecture, holding a large drawing of part of the Hospital, with the Cupola, and pointing up to the royal founders, attended by the little Genii of her art. Beneath her is Wisdom and Heroic Virtue, represented by Pallas and Hercules destroying Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Detraction, Calumny, with other vices, which seem to fall to the earth, the place of their more natural abode.

Over the royal pavilion is shewn, at a great height, Apollo in his golden chariot, drawn by four white horses, attended by the Horæ, and morning dews falling before him, going his course through the twelve signs of the Zodiac; and from him the whole Plafond, or ceiling, is enlightened.

Each end of the Ceiling is raised in perspective, with a balustrade and elliptic arches, supported by groupes of stone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the hall; in the middle of which gallery, (as though on the stock) going into the upper hall, is seen in perspective, the Taffrail of the Bleenheim man of war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c. to one side of which is a figure of Victory flying, with spoils taken from the enemy, and putting them aboard the English man of war. Before the ship is a figure representing the City of London, with the arms, sword, and cap of maintenance, supported by Thame and Isis, with other small rivers offering up their treasures to her. The River Tyne pouring forth sacks of coals. In the gallery on each side the ship, are the arts and sciences that relate to navigation, with the great Archimedes;

\* Aries is of a turbulent aspect, with little winds and rains hovering about him; his drapery of a bluish green, shadowed with dark russet, to denote the changeableness of the weather. April, or Taurus, is more mild; May, or Gemini, in blue; June a calm red; July more reddish, and, as he leans upon his lion, veils a little from the sun. Virgo, almost naked, and flying from the heat of the sun; Libra in deep red; Scorpio veils him self from the scorching sun in a flame-colour mantle; Sagittarius in red, less hot. December, or Capricorn, bluish; Aquarius in a waterish green; Pisces in blue. Over Aries, Taurus, Gemini, presides Flora. Over Cancer, Leo, Virgo, presides Ceres. Over Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Bacchus. And over Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Hyems hovering over a black pot of fire.

many old philosophers consulting the compass, &c.

At the other end, as you return out of the hall, is a gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is the stern of a beautiful galley filled with Spanish trophies: under which is the Humber, with his pigs of lead; the Severn, with the Avon falling into her; with other lesser rivers. In the north end of the gallery is the famous Tycho Brahe, that noble Danish knight, and great ornament of his profession and human nature: near him is Copernicus, with his Pythagorean system in his hand; next to him is an old mathematician, holding a large table, and on it are described two principal figures of the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton, on which many extraordinary things in that art are built. On the other end of the gallery, to the south, is our learned Mr. Flamsteed, Reg. Astronom. Profess. with his ingenious disciple, Mr. Thomas Weston. In Mr. Flamsteed's hand is a large scroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipse of the sun that will happen on April 1715. Near him is an old man with a pendulum, counting the seconds of time, as Mr. Flamsteed makes his observations with his great mural arch and tube on the descent of the moon on the Severn, which at certain times forms such a roll of the tides as the sailors corruptly call the Higre, instead of the Ea-

ger, and is very dangerous to all ships in it's way. This is also expressed by rivers tumbling down by the moon's influence into the Severn. In this gallery are more arts and sciences relating to navigation.

All the great rivers, at each end of the hall, have their proper product of fish issuing out of their vases.

In the four great angles of the Ceiling, which are over the arches of the galleries, are the four Elements, as Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, represented by Jupiter, Juno, Cybele, and Neptune; with their lesser deities accompanying, as Vulcan, Iris, the Fauni, Amphitrite, with all their proper attitudes, &c.

At one end of the great Oval, is a large figure of Fame descending, riding on the winds, and sounding forth the praises of the Royal Pair.

All the sides of the Hall are adorned with fluted pilasters, trophies of shells, corals, pearls; and the jambs of the windows ornamented with roses impannelled, or the *opus reticulatum*, heightened with green gold.

The whole raises in the spectator the most lively images of Glory and Victory, and cannot be beheld without much passion and emotion.

N. B. Sir James Bateman was the first proposer and the first benefactor to this Ceiling.

## Nº XXXIV. THURSDAY, MAY 13.

—WAKING LIFE APPEARS A DREAM.

ROSAMOND.

**R**EPROACH is of all things the most painful to Lovers, especially to us of the Platonic kind. This makes it excessively grievous to me, that a paper, though a very dull one, called the Monitor, accuses me of writing obscenely. He is a stupid fellow, and does not understand, that the same object, according to the artist who represents it, may be decent, or unfit to be looked at. Naked figures, by a masterly hand, are so drawn, sometimes, as to be incapable of exciting immodest thoughts. I have, in my paper of May the 6th, spoken of an amour that owes it's beginning, and makes itself necessary to be lawfully consummated, from an accident of a lady's falling topsy-turvy; upon which this

heavy rogue says—'Is this suffered in a Christian country?'—Yes it is, and may very lawfully, but not when such awkward tools as he pretend to meddle with the same subject. None but persons extremely well-bred ought to touch ladies petticoats; but I aver, that I have said nothing to offend the most chaste and delicate, and all who read that passage may be very innocent; and the lady of the story may be a very good Christian, though she did not in her appearance differ from an Heathen, when she fell upon her head. We who follow Plato, or are engaged in the high passion, can see a lady's ankle with as much indifference as her wrist; we are so inwardly taken up, that the same ideas do



spring in our imaginations, as do with the common world; we are made gentle, soft, courteous, and harmless, from the force of the *belle* passion; of which coarse dunces, with an appetite for women, like that they have for beef, have no conception.

As I gave an account the other day of my passing a day at Greenwich, with much delight, in beholding a piece of painting of Mr. Thornhill's, which is an honour to our nation; I shall now give an account of my passing, yesterday morning, an hour before dinner, in a place where people may go and be very well entertained, whether they have, or have not, a good taste. They will certainly be well pleased, for they will have unavoidable opportunities of seeing what they most like, in the most various and agreeable shapes and positions; I mean, their own dear selves. The place I am going to mention is Mr. Gumley's Glass Gallery, over the New Exchange. I little thought I should ever, in the Lover, have occasion to talk of such a thing as Trade; but when a man walks in that illustrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have made in the manufacture of glass in thirty years time, and can suppose such an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonstrable that the nations who are possessed of mines of gold are but drudges to a people whose arts and industry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itself the shop of the world. We are arrived at such perfection in this ware of which I am speaking, that it is not in the power of any potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle, by all the cost and charge that he can lay out in his dominions. It is a modest computation, that England gains fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of foreign nations; the whole owing to the inquisitive and mechanic, as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham. This prodigious effect by the art of man, from parts of nature that are as unlikely to produce it as one would suppose a man could burn common earth to a tulip, opens a field of contemplation which would lead me too far from my purpose, which is only to celebrate the agreeable economy of placing the several wares to

sale, in the Gallery of which I am talking. No imagination can work up a more pleasing assemblage of beautiful things, to set off each other, than are here actually laid together. In the middle of the walk are set in order a long row of rich tables, on many of which lie cabinets inlaid, or wholly made of corals, conchs, ambers, or the like parts of matter, which Nature seems to have formed wholly to shew the beauty of her works, and to have thrown and distinguished from the mass of earth, as she does by great gifts and endowments those spirits and persons of men and women whom the designs to make instruments of great consideration in the crowd of her people. When I walked here, I could not but lament to my companion, that this method was not taken up when the Indian kings were lately in England. The surprise such appearances as these would put them into, would have been as great as a new sense added to one of us. To see the things about us so placed, as that three or four persons can, to the eye, in an instant, become a large assembly! You cannot move, or do any the least indifferent action, in a limb or part of your body, but you vary the scene around with additional pleasure. Among other circumstances, I could not but be pleased to see a lap-dog at a loss, for an instant, for his lady, and beginning to run to the image of her in a glass, till he was driven back by himself, whom he saw running towards him. The poor animal corrected his mistake, by tracing her footsteps by his sense, less subject to mistake, and arrived at her feet, to the no small diversion of the company who saw it, and the envy of several fine gentlemen, whom the odd accident diverted from looking at themselves, to behold the beautiful Belamara.

It would be an arrogance to pretend to convey distinctly by the ear a pleasure that should come in at the eye; but my gentle reader will thank me for many pleasing thoughts he or she had not ever had before, in a place more new than he could arrive at by landing in a foreign nation. About forty years ago, it was the fashion for all the gallants of the town, the wits and the braves, to walk in the New Exchange below, to shew themselves. What an happiness



## THE LOVER.

71

As have those whose fortunes and  
are capable of receiving grati-  
s in this place, that such a scene  
played in their life-time! The  
have not more reason to rejoice  
y live in the same days with

Newton, than the gay, the delicate, and  
the curious in luxury of dress and furni-  
ture, have, that there has appeared in  
their time my honest friend, and polite  
director of artificers, Mr. Gumley.

## Nº XXXV. SATURDAY, MAY 15.

— 'TIS CONFEST,

THE MEN WHO FLATTER HIGHEST, PLEASE US BEST.

HELEN TO PARIS—OVID'S EPISTLES.

I make the following letters the  
stainment of this day; and read  
the contents of the first in a  
articular manner to the serious  
ation of all my female readers.

MARMADUKE,

OUGH you have treated the fair  
with an air of distinction suitable  
haracter you bear, I presume you  
ke no scruple to admonish them  
aults, by the amendment of which  
ay still become more amiable.  
complain to you of, is from my  
perience. My case is this.

nde is in the bloom of sixteen,  
nes in all the beauties of her sex.  
ce, her shape, her mien, her wit,  
and engage all who have the  
fs to know her. Miranda is the  
my heart, the object of all my  
nd fears. None of her actions  
fferent to me; every look and  
gives me either pleasure or pain.  
omitted no reasonable methods to  
e her of the greatness of my pas-  
et, as she is one with whom I  
to pass the remainder of my life,  
at forbear mixing the sincerity of  
end with the tenderness of the

In short, Sir, I am one of those  
mate men who think young wo-  
ught to be treated like rational  
es. I forbear, therefore, to launch  
o all the usual excesses of flattery  
nance; to make her a goddess,  
self a madman; to give up all  
es and reason to be moulded and  
ed as she thinks proper.

hence arise all our differences.  
la is one of those fashionable la-  
ho, expecting an implicit faith  
eir admirers, are impatient and  
ed at the least shew of contradic-

fit to represent himself in his writings  
under the character of an old man, the  
was pleased to observe, that it was very  
uncommon to see a person at fourscore  
have so lively a fancy, and so brisk an  
imagination. I could not help inform-  
ing her, upon this occasion, that I had  
frequently had the honour to drink a  
glass with the gentleman; and that, to  
my certain knowledge, he was not yet  
turned of forty. Instead of thanking me  
for setting her right in this particular,  
she immediately took fire, and asked me,  
with a frown, Whether that was my  
breeding to contradict a lady? You  
must know, Sir, this question usually  
puts an end to all our disputes. A little  
while after she desired my opinion of her  
lap-dog; and I had no sooner unfor-  
tunately observed that his ears were  
somewhat of the shortest, than she round-  
ly asked me, Whether I designed that  
for a compliment? I took the freedom  
from hence, in an honest plain way, to  
expose the weakness and folly of being  
delighted with flattery, to tell her that  
ladies ought not always to be compli-  
mented, to enumerate the inconveniences  
it often leads them into, to make her  
sensible of the ill designs men generally  
aim at by it, and the mean opinion they  
must entertain of those who are delighted  
with it. All this would not do; I could  
not get one kind look from her that  
night.

I have told you already, that I have  
used all reasonable methods to convince  
her of my passion; and I am sure I have  
the preference in her esteem to all other  
pretenders. She knows I love; and, in  
spite of all her arts to hide it, I know I  
am beloved: yet, from these little diffe-  
rences, and a certain coquet humour  
which makes her delight to see her lover  
uneasy, though at the same time she ex-  
pects herself, I have often despaired of  
our ever coming together. I thought  
however

he was lately reading the works  
brated author, who has thought

however, the following verses, which I presented to her yesterday, made some impression on her; and if she sees you think them tolerable enough to allow them a place in your paper, I am in hopes they may help to hasten the happy day.

I.

**TELL** me, Miranda, why should I  
Lament and languish, pine and die;  
While you, regardless of my pain,  
Seem pleas'd to hear your slave complain?

II.

Dame Eve, unskill'd in female arts,  
And modern ways of tort'ring hearts,  
No sooner saw her spark than lov'd,  
Concels'd her flame, and his approv'd.

III.

Nature still breaks through all disguise,  
Glow in your cheeks, and rule your eyes;  
Love trembles in your hands and heart;  
Your panting breaths proclaim his dart.

IV.

No more, Miranda, then, be coy,  
No longer keep us both from joy;  
No longer study to conceal  
What all your actions thus reveal.

I am, dear Marmaduke, your most obedient humble servant.

MR. MYRTLE,

**I** Send you the inclosed letter, which I have lately received from a young Templar, who is my humble servant. I

desire you would inform me whether what he asserts be law or equity. His letter runs thus,

MADAM,

**HAPPENING** lately to be in company with a venerable lady who has a very large fortune, I was so complaisant as to ask her if she would allow me to do her the honour to make her a wife. She was so kind as to ask me again, whether I was in jest or earnest. Upon my repeating the question, she returned my civility, and told me she thought I was mad. But upon my third application she consented; that is, she told me positively she would never take me. This I take for an absolute promise, having been frequently informed, that women's answers in such cases are to be interpreted backwards.

I have consulted a professor in Doctors Commons, who seems to be of opinion that it has the full force of a contract; and that, having witness of it, I might recover half her fortune, should she offer to marry any one else.

I mention this, Madam, not only to let you see that I can have the same encouragement elsewhere which you give me, but to admonish you how much care you ought to take of promising any other man marriage, by declaring positively that you will never have him, except your most obedient, humble servant,

TOM TRUELOVE,

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVI. TUESDAY, MAY 18.

CONCUBITU PROHIBERE VAGO—HOR.

**I** Have heard it objected, by several persons, against my papers, that they are apt to kindle love in young hearts, and enflame the sexes with a desire for one another: I am so far from denying this charge, that I shall make no scruple to own it is the chief end of my writing. Love is a passion of the mind, (perhaps the noblest) which was planted in it by the same hand that created it. We ought to be so far, therefore, from endeavouring to root it out, that we should rather make it our business to keep it up and cherish it. Our chief care must be to fix this, as well as our other passions, upon proper objects, and to direct it to a right end.

For this reason, as I have ever shewn myself a friend to honourable love, I have constantly discountenanced all vicious passions. Though the several sorts of these are each of them highly criminal, yet that which leads us to defile another man's bed is by far of the blackest dye.

The excellent author of *The Whole Duty of Man* has given us a very lively picture of this crime, with all those melancholy circumstances that must necessarily attend it. One must, indeed, wonder to see it punished so lightly among civilized nations, when even the most barbarous have regarded it with the utmost horror and detestation. I was lately entertained with a story to this purpose.

purpose, which was told me by one of my friends, who was himself upon the place when the thing happened:

**I**N an out-plantation, upon the borders of Potuxen, a river in Maryland, there lived a planter, who was master of a great number of negro slaves. The increase of these poor creatures is always an advantage to the planters, their children being born slaves; for which reason the owners are very well pleased when any of them marry. Among these negroes there happened to be two who had always lived together, and contracted an intimate friendship, which went on for several years in an uninterrupted course. Their joys and their griefs were mutual; their confidence in each other was intimate; distrust and suspicion were passions they had no notion of. The one was a bachelor; the other married to a slave of his own complexion, by whom he had several children. It happened that the head of this small family rose early one morning, on a leisure day, to go far into the woods a hunting, in order to entertain his wife and children at night with some provisions better than ordinary. The bachelor slave, it seems, had for a long time entertained a passion for his friend's wife; which, from the sequel of the story, we may conclude he had endeavoured to stifle, but in vain. The impatience of his desires prompted him to take this opportunity of the husband's absence to practise upon the weakness of the woman; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his attempt. The hunter, who found his prey much nearer home than usual, returned, some hours sooner than was expected, laden with the spoils of the day, and full of the pleasing thoughts of feasting and rejoicing, with his family, over the fruits of his labour. Upon his entering his shed, the first objects that struck his eyes were his wife and his friend asleep in the embraces of each other. A man acquainted with the passions of human nature will easily conceive the astonishment, the rage, and the despair, that overpowered the poor Indian at once; he hurst out into lamentations and reproaches, and tore his hair like one distracted. His cries and broken accents awakened the guilty couple, whose shame and confusion were equal to the agonies of the injured.

After a considerable pause of silence on both sides, he expostulated with his friend in terms like these: 'My wrongs are greater than I am able to express, and far too great for me to bear. My wife:—but I blame not her. After a long and lasting friendship, exercised under all the hardships and severities of a most irksome captivity; after mutual repeated instances of affection and fidelity, could I suspect my friend, my bosom friend, should prove a traitor? I thought myself happy, even in bondage, in the enjoyment of such a friend and such a wife; but cannot bear the thoughts of life with liberty, after having been so basely betrayed by both. You both are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at rest. Live, and enjoy your crime. Adieu!' Having said this, he turned away, and went out, with a resolution to die immediately. The guilty negro followed him, touched with the quickest sense of remorse for his treachery. 'Tis I alone,' said he, 'that am guilty; and I alone who am not fit to live! Let me intreat you to forgive your wife, who was overcome by my importunities. I promise never to give either of you the least disquiet for the future: live and be happy together, and think of me no more. Bear with me but for this night, and to-morrow you shall be satisfied.' Here they both wept, and parted. When the husband went out in the morning to his work, the first thing he saw was his friend hanging upon the bough of a tree before the cabin-door.

If the wretches of this nation, who set up for men of wit and gallantry, were capable of feeling the generous remorse of this poor slave upon the like occasions, we should, I fear, have a much thinner appearance of equipage in town.

It thinks there should be a general confederacy amongst all honest men to exclude from society, and to brand with the blackest note of infamy, those miscreants, who make it the business of their lives to get into families, and to estrange the affections of the wife from the husband. There is something so very base and so inhuman in this modish wickedness, that one cannot help wishing the honest liberty of the Ancient Comedies were restored; and that offenders in this kind might be exposed by their names.

in our public theatres. Under such a discipline, we should see those who now glory in the ruin of deluded women, re-

duced to withdraw themselves from the just resentments of their countrymen and fellow-citizens.

## Nº XXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 20.

WHAT PAINS, WHAT RACKING THOUGHTS, HE PROVES,  
WHO LIVES REMOVED FROM HER HE LOVES !

CONGREVE.

**M**Y own unhappy passion for Mrs. Page has made me extremely sensible of all the distresses occasioned by love. I have often reflected what could be the cause that, while we see the most worthless part of mankind every day succeeding in their attempts; while we see those wretches, whose hearts are utterly incapable of this noble passion, appear stupid and senseless amidst the caresses of the fair; we cannot but observe, that the noblest and greatest flames which have been kindled in the breasts of men of sense and merit, have seldom met with a due return.

As the thoughts of those who have been thoroughly in love are frequently wild and extravagant, I have been sometimes tempted to think that Providence, never designing we should fix our thoughts of happiness altogether here, will not allow us to taste so large a share of it as we must necessarily do in the enjoyment of an object on which all the passions of our soul have been placed, and to which all the faculties of our mind have been long aspiring.

It is certain, however, that, without having recourse to a superior power, there are several accidents which naturally happen on these occasions, and from whence we may generally give a pretty good account why the greatest passions are usually unsuccessful. It has been long since observed by a celebrated French writer, that it is much easier for a man to succeed who only feigns a passion, than for one who is truly and desperately in love. The first is still master of himself, and can watch all the turns and revolutions in the temper of her whom he would engage. The latter is too much taken up with his own passion to attend to any thing else; it is with difficulty he can even persuade himself to speak, when he finds every thing he can say so short of what he feels, and that his conceptions are too tender to be

expressed by words. The fair, generally speaking, are not sufficiently sensible of the value they ought to put upon such a passion, nor consider how strong that love must be which shall throw the most eloquent into the utmost confusion before them. Flavia is an unhappy instance of what I am observing. She was courted at once by Tom Trifle and Octavio. The first could entertain her with his love with the same indifference he talked on any other occasion, and with great serenity of mind make a digression from what he was saying, either to play with her lap-dog, or give his opinion of a suit of knots. Octavio, when fortune favoured him with an opportunity of declaring himself, was often struck speechless in the midst of a sentence, and could for some time express himself no other way than by pressing her hand and dropping a tear. Flavia having duly weighed the merit of both, married Trifle. His unkindness to her after marriage, his inability for any thing of business, and carelessness in relation to his fortune, soon plunged her into so many unhappy circumstances, that she had long sunk under the weight of them, had she not been constantly supported by the interest and assistance of the generous Octavio.

But besides the reasons I have already assigned for the ill success of the most deserving passions, there is one which I must not omit. It is the unhappiness of too many women of fortune and merit (from a distrust of their own judgment) to submit themselves entirely to the direction of others, and rely too much on those friendships they have contracted with some of their own sex. These female acquaintance either immediately form some design of their own upon them, in order to accomplish which every other proposal is discouraged; or from a spice of envy, too incident to the sex, cannot endure to see them ardently be-  
love

or think of having them pass their arms of a man who they are would make it the business of to oblige them.

ve been led more particularly into ject of my present paper by the passion of poor Philander. ter, though of an age which the part of our youth think fit to n all the excesses of luxury and hery, has laid it out in furnishing d with the most noble and manly s of wisdom and virtue. He has the same time, forgot to make m matter of all those little accom- ents which the polite have agreed k necessary for a well-bred man; equally qualified for the most im- affairs, or the most gay conver-

A perfect knowledge of the has made him for a long time look e utmost contempt on that insipid the female sex who are killed ing but dress and vanity. His emained untouched amidst a thou- eauties, till a particular accident ougher him to the knowledge of ely, the virtuous Emilia. Emilia, fortune that might command the s of life, has shewn that she has d infinitely above them. Her

beauty serves but as the varnish to her virtues; while, with a graceful innocence peculiar to her, she declares that, if ever she becomes a wife, she has no ambition to be a gaudy slave, but shall prefer substantial happiness to empty shew. Philander saw and loved her with a passion equal to so much desert: his birth and fortune must have entitled him at least to a favourable hearing, had not his love given the alarm to the designs of a she-friend. There is something at all times highly barbarous in aspersing the absent, even where the case is doubtful; but the malicious creature, who takes it upon her to be Emilia's directress, is foolish enough to charge Philander with being deficient in those very things for which he is more remarkably conspicuous. As I am a constant patron to virtuous love, I am in hopes, however, that should this paper reach Emilia, she will be so just to herself, to be her own judge in a cause of this consequence; since, as a celebrated author observes, it is very certain that a generous and constant passion, in an agreeable lover, is the greatest blessing that can happen to the most deserving of her sex; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never after be found in another.

## Nº XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 22.

—SCRIBERE JUSSIT AMOR.

OVID.

ll make this paper consist of one or o letters. The first is from Phi- to Emilia; but was probably in- ed by the good-natured directress I mentioned in my last. There uch love and sincerity through the , as must have affected the most rn temper.

PHILANDER, TO EMILIA.

DAM,  
ou judge of my passion only by at I said, when I had last the ho- o see you, you very much injure a like mine, that is filled with senti- too lively, too tender, to be ex- l. I hardly know indeed what I What I very well remember is, was all love and all confusion; found it more difficult to speak the woman I was born to admire,

than I have formerly done before the largest assemblies.

At the same time, I must confess, I was not a little amazed at being so often interrupted by a creature whom the most common rules of civility ought to have kept at a much greater distance. I must own, Madam, I was perfectly at a loss how to behave myself on such an occasion; and whether I ought to stifle my resentments, or give way to them, while I was so near a person whom I had rather die than offend.

As to the business of fortune between us, I have no other proposal to make, but that I may put my whole estate into the hands of your council, to be settled after any manner which you think will make you most easy. I hope I have long since resolved that my carriage shall be such, if ever I have the honour to be called your husband, as shall unite our interest

interests by the surest tie; I mean that of *affection*. Give me leave to assure you, Madam, with a freedom which I think myself obliged to use on so serious an occasion, that, even as beautiful as you are, I could never be contented with your person without your *heart*. All I desire is, that I may have leave to try if my utmost endeavours to please and deserve you can make any impression on it. I only beg I may be allowed to explain myself at large on this head; though at the same time, to confess the truth, Madam, I cannot help entertaining a vain hope that Providence had a much more than ordinary influence in my first seeing you, and that I shall act with so much truth and sincerity in my pretensions to you, as may possibly move you to think, that though I can never fully deserve you, I am much too sincere to be slighted. Vouchsafe, Madam, to hear me; and either root out this foolish notion by a frank and generous denial, or bless me with an opportunity of dedicating my whole life to your service, and doing whatever the heart of man can be inspired with, when it is filled at once with *gratitude* and *love*. I am, Madam, with infinite passion, your most devoted, most obedient, humble servant, &c.

The next letter was sent me last week by a lady whose case is truly deplorable, if it is really such as she here represents it. I shall insert it, as she desires, for the sake of the moral at the end of it.

SIR,

I Am, perhaps, the most unfortunate woman living. My story, in short, is this. Cinthio—pardon those tears that will fall upon this paper at the sight of his name—I would tell you that I was long and passionately beloved by him—But how can I describe the greatness, the sincerity of his passion! What pains did he not take, what method did he omit, to shew how much he valued me? I must have been the worst, the most foolish of my sex, to have been insensible to so much truth and merit. I loved the dear, the unhappy youth, with a passion not inferior to his own; but out of a foolish reserve, which our silly sex seldom know when they ought to keep up, and when *ay aside*, I rather chose to receive his

messages, and send him his answers, by a female confidant, than to see him myself. Doria (for so I shall call the wretch) had long been a common friend to us both: she had a thousand times talked to me of Cinthio with all those praises he so truly deserved; when one day she came to me, and, with a seeming anguish of mind, told me that Cinthio was the worst of men, and had basely betrayed me. It would be too tedious to give you an account of the fact she charged him with. I shall only inform you, that there happened at that time to be so many unlucky circumstances which made what she had told me look like truth, that I could not help believing her. She found the way to work up my passion to such a height, that I made a vow never to see him, or receive a message from him more; and within a fortnight after, by her instigation, took a man for my husband whom I could neither love nor hate. I was no sooner married, than I was fully convinced my Cinthio had been abused. After I had for some days endured the sharpest pangs of rage, despair, jealousy, and love, I composed myself just enough to send him word that I was satisfied of his innocence; but conjured him, if he had ever loved, to avoid seeing me. I was this afternoon obliged to go to a near relation's. The first person I fixed my eyes on, when I came into the room, was Cinthio, who immediately burst into a flood of tears, made a low bow, and retired.

I had much ado to forbear fainting, but am got home, and am this moment enduring such torments as no words can give a notion of. I am undone; but, before my senses are quite lost, I send you this, that it may for the future be observed as a constant rule, by my unhappy sex, Never to condemn a lover, however guilty he may at first appear, till they have at least given him an opportunity of justifying himself. I am, Sir, the most unhappy of women,

J. C.

P. S. I had like to have omitted informing you, that when I sent a letter, in the anguish of my soul, to the wretch above described, to desire I might know why she had ruined me, I received the following answer.

JENNY,

fellow you mention talked so petually about you, and took soice of any body else, that I could no longer endure him. I plainly that, if you had ever come to-

gether, you would have been company for none but yourselves; for which reason I took care to have you marry a man with whom, if I am not mistaken, you may live as other women generally do with husbands. I am yours, &c.

## Nº XXXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 25.

NEC VERBUM VERBO CURABIS REDDERE FIDUS  
INTERPRET:—

Hoc,

IF I have given public notice of a boile, I have had many visits from fortunate fellow-sufferers, who are crossed in love as well as my-

Wormwood, who is related to my mother's side, is one of those men repair to me for my advice, a fellow of good sense, but puts no other use than to torment himself is a man of so refined an uning, that he can set a construction on every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an

He groans under imaginary injuries, and thinks himself abused by his friends, hates the whole world in a kind of passion against him. In short, poor Wormwood is devoured with the spleen, and is as sure a man of this humour as a very whimsical lover. Be that as it may, he is now over head and ears in love; and, by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has, in three months, reduced himself to a mere skeleton. As he is fortunate in this, she gives him all the enjoyment another man could wish; the mortification to find that her heart is not upon her hands. Willing to be satisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming forward, that would make another man dance for joy, pangs poor Wormwood makes him be awake all night. As he is going on with Will Wormwood, I received a present from a friend, which I found to be Theophrastus, translated from the Greek into English by Mr.

with me, as I believe it will be to those who look into this translation. I had begun to peruse it, I could not stop till I had gone through the

whole book; and was agreeably surprized to meet with a chapter in it, intitled, A Discontented Temper, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin Wormwood than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows.

## C H A P. XVII.

## A DISCONTENTED TEMPER.

A Discontented Temper is a frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice—'What,' says he, 'your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?' He complains of his mistress at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments—'I will,' says he, 'all this came from your heart.' In a dry season he grumbles for want of rain; and when a shower falls, mutters to himself—'Why could not this have come sooner?' If he happens to find a purse of money—'Had it been a pot of gold,' says he, 'it would have been worth stooping for.' He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him—'I am sure,' says he, 'thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.' When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers—'That is as much as to say, friend, I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.' Though he has gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains that his council did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a

voluntary



voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry—' How is that possible,' says he, ' when I am to pay every one of you his money, again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?'

The instances of a Discontented Temper which Theophrastus has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite; and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman who has obliged the public with it, has followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegancies in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thoughts and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a faithful interpreter; but, in works of wit and humour, will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of the Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be

something too gross in the description. The reader will see with how much delicacy he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

## CHAP. XIX.

### A SLOVEN.

SLOVENLINESS is such a neglect of a man's person, as makes him offensive to other people. The Sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you, for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to do so before him. However, that he may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the company. In drinking, he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his oil, and distinguish him when he is dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the most solemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a concert of music, he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune to himself; or, if he thinks it long, asks the musicians, Whether they will never have done? He always spits at random; and, if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him.

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my Lord Roscommon—

None yet have been with *admiration* read,  
But who, beside their *learning*, were *will-brad*.

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

If, after this, the reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in it's worst light, he may see how it looks in the former English version.

, which was published some years and is done from the French of

#### NESS, OR SLOVENLINESS.

**VENLINESS** is a lazy and hly negligence of a man's own whereby he becomes so fordid as ensive to those about him. You'll come into company when he is all over with a leprosy and scurf, th very long nails; and says, istempers were hereditary; that er and grandfather had them be- n. He has ulcers in his thighs, ls upon his hands, which he takes to have cured, but lets them run they are gone beyond remedy. pits are all hairy, and most part ody like a wild beast. His teeth k and rotten, which makes his tink so that you cannot endure ome nigh you: he will also snuff ose and spit it out as he eats, and peak with his mouth crammed lets his victuals come out at both He belches in the cup as he is

drinking, and uses nasty stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in fordid ragged cloaths. If he goes with his mother to the soothsayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane expressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave exploit. At the finest concert of music he can't forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude noise; will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full upon the servants who wait there.

I cannot close this paper without observing, that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other Greek or Roman author that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet; the world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into English and *translating* him.

## Nº XL. THURSDAY, MAY 27.

— NEC TARDA SENECTUS  
DEBILITAT VIRES —

VIRG.

2 bosom into which Love enters, dlines the person who is inspired with a goodness towards all with e converses, more extensive than which is infilled by Charity. I o so much of this noble passion, to overlook the excellences of n; and I forgive Mrs. Page all s my passion has given me, since, am never to have her, all other re become more agreeable to me, large good-will, the beginning I owe to the admiration of her. e no excellences of mind or bo- y person that comes before me, ape my observation, and I take afure in divulging my sense of

confess, entertainments of the ring theatre frequently engage ngs. I do not take it to be a con- n, that some of my papers are hrasies upon play-bills. I na c

grown old in the observation of the feats of activity and genius for intelligent movements, which I have always loved in my old acquaintance Jo. Prince, who is to entertain us on Monday next with several new inventions, wherein he has expressed the compass and variety of his excellent talent. One of those diversions he calls The Rattle, from the Harlequin, irregular, and comic movements, with which it is performed; another, which he has termed The Looby, is performed by himself, bearing a prong; and Mrs. Bick-nall, managing a rake; with as much beauty (though a little higher dancing) as an Arcadian shepherdes. The next dance he will give us, is very aptly called The Innocent, to be performed by Mrs. Younger; a genteel movement, consisting of a saraband and jig, to represent both the simplicity and gaiety of that character.

The fourth act will be followed by a

*motion*

motion contrived to represent the midnight mirth of link-boys: the dance is very humorous, and well imagined.

His play concludes with what they call a Figure Dance, performed by an elegant assembly of gentlemen and ladies; and is as much different from any of the preceding movements, as the stile of a poem is above that of a ballad.

But I must turn my thoughts from this performer to a person who has also diverted many different generations on the theatre, but in a much higher sphere; to wit, in the character of a poet. The person whom I am about to mention, is the celebrated Mr. D'Urfey, who has had the fate of all great authors, to have met with much envy and opposition; but the sagacious part of mankind ward (as soon as they begin to grow conspicuous) themselves against the envious, by representing the nobility of their birth; and I do not know why I may not as well defend the writings of my friend against the malice of critics, by shewing how ancient a gentleman he is from whom they pretend to detract. I will undertake to shew those who pretend to cavil at my friend's writings, that his ancestors made a greater figure in the world, nay, in the learned world, than their own.

MONSIEUR PERRAULT, THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACADEMIST, IN HIS MEMOIRS OF THE WORTHIES OF FRANCE, GIVES THIS TESTIMONY OF THE HOUSE OF D'URFEY.

**H**ONORIUS D'Urfey, (says he) cadet of the illustrious house of D'Urfey, in the province of Foretst, was chosen Knight of Malta, and discharged the devoirs of his profession with all the bravery, and all the exactness, it could require.

He had two brothers, the eldest of which married the heiress of Chatteaurmorant; but the marriage afterwards being declared null, by reason of his insufficiency, he became religious, and died prior of Mountverdon, and dean of the chapter of St. John de Mountbriffen.

The second brother was master of the horse to the Duke of Savoy, and lived to be above one hundred years old.

Honorius was very much admired for many noble and witty performances: but

what principally obliges us to put him into the number of our illustrious men, was the beauty and fertility which appears with so much splendour in *Astrea*, the romance he has left us; in which are lively pictures of all the conditions of human life, in so genuine a manner, that the idea he gives of them has not only for above fifty years past charmed all France, but all Europe.

Whatever veneration we are obliged to have for the admirable poems of Homer, which have been the delight of all ages, yet, I believe, it may be said that, to consider them on the score of invention, manners, passion, and character, Monsieur D'Urfey's *Astrea*, though prose, deserves no less the name of a Poem, and not in the least inferior to Homer's. This is the judgment of very learned men viz. Cardinal Richlieu, Mr. Waller, Cowley, &c. and those who have been very much prepossessed for the ancients against the moderns.

Of this excellent romance we mention, though finished by another, (he dying before the last *volume* was written) yet he left enough from his own hand to establish his fame: nor was it found to be merely romance, but an enigmatical contexture of his own principal adventures, before he set out for his noble station at Malta, where he remained several years.

He had conceived a love for Mademoiselle de Chatteaurmorant, soie heiress of her family; beautiful, rich, and haughty, but of that noble haughtiness which is commonly inspired by great virtues. In his absence, she was married to his eldest brother, more upon a political account than any united affection, as will thus appear.

The houses of D'Urfey and Chatteaurmorant, the two greatest of the whole province, were always at enmity with one another, and their interests had divided all the nobility of the country, so that the parents on both sides were willing by this alliance to dry up the source of the quarrels and misfortunes which usually happened every moment.

D'Urfey, at his return from Malta, found his mistress married to his brother, yet still he could not cease to love her; and in all likelihood was not ignorant of his secret defect; who, after ten years marriage, confessing at last his impotence, was divorced; and then the cavalier, (obtaining a dispensation of his vow)

ALICE

had surmounted several difficult-pouied Mademoiselle Chatteau-

his adventures gave occasion to Celadon, Silvander, Astrea, and who are the mystical images of divers affairs of persons of the best at court, in his time, having also matter for the ingenious conclusion of the work.

So far Perrault.

inus D'Urfev, his near kinsman, pre-mentioned chevalier being his uncle, for the extravagancy of his or some other reason which has been a secret to those about him, inherited some time before he came gland; where, being excellently skilled in all gentleman-like qualifications, undoing all by his immoderate of gaming, he married a gentlewoman of Huntingdonshire, of the family of the Armions, from whom descended a D'Urfev, the ornament of this

fev's quality may know how to receive him, when on the seventh of next month he shall appear (as he designs) in honour of the ladies, to speak an oration, by way of prologue to the Richmond Heireis.

That gentleman has so long appeared in the cities of London and Westminster, attended only by one servant, and him all along under age, that the generality have too familiar a conception of him; but it is to be hoped that the ladies, for whose sake only he appears in public, will smile upon him, as if he himself were a knight of Malta; and receive him, as if they beheld Honorius and Severinus in their professed servant Thomas D'Urfev. It is recommended to all the fine spirits, and beautiful ladies, to possess themselves of Mr. D'Urfev's tickets, lest a further account, which we shall shortly give of his family and merit, may make the generality purchase them, and exclude those whom he most desires for his audience.

## EXTRACT FROM MENAGE.

seems to be no blot in this pedigree but that of the insufficiency of a gentleman who married the heiress of a fortune; but as he could, by that defect, have no descendants, the lords of Germany, Scotland, and all agree, that insufficiency in a male line cannot affect the heirs general; that thus my friend and his are safe against the most malicious in this particular.

Monsieur Menage reports, that the family descended from the Emperors of Constantinople on the father's side, the Viceroy of Naples on the mother's.

I shall put Menage's words, by advertisement, at the end of my work. This long account I have, that the ignorant of Mr. D'Ur-

MESSIRE D'Urfev se nomment Lascaris en leur nom de Family, et pretendent etre issus des anciens Lascaris, Empereurs de Constantinople. Le dernier Marqui D'Urfev, qui avoit epouse une dalegre, disoit a son fils, qui etoit exempt des Gardes—' Mon fils, vous avez de grands exemples a suivre, tant du cote paternel que maternel: de mon cote vos ancetres etoient Empereurs d'Orient, et du cote de votre mere vous venes de Vicerois de Naples.' Le fils repondit—' Il faut, Monsieur, que ce soient de pauvres gens, de n'avoir pu faire qu'un miserable exempt de Gardes, d'où vient qu'ils ne m'ont laissé ni l'Empire ni leur Viceroyaute.'

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